SOURCE-BOOK OF THE RENAISSANCE

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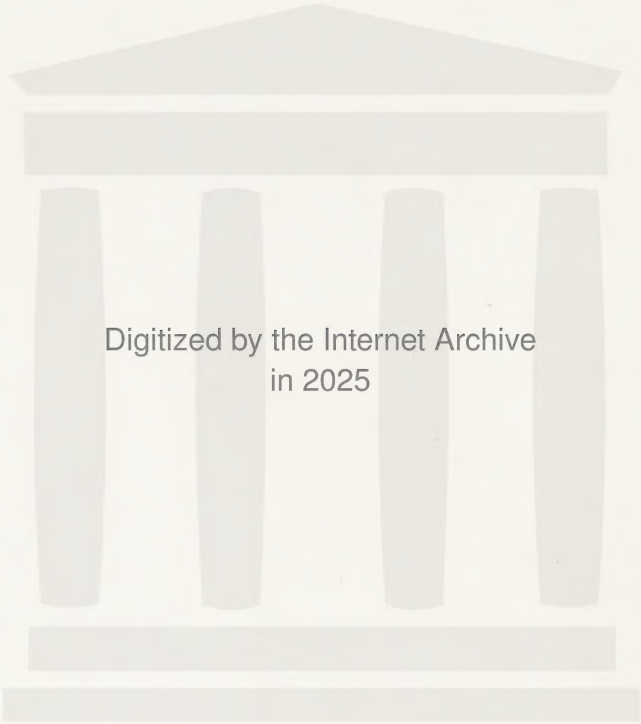
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A LITERARY SOURCE-BOOK

OF THE

RENAISSANCE

BY

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SECOND EDITION

WITH SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Renaissance is a period of especial interest for the student of history. In it are found the beginnings of modern times. A fresh impulse sweeps across the Italian lands and penetrates beyond the Alps to the nations of later development, stirring the Christian world to a recognition of the possibilities of earthly life.

Studied in the bare inventories of dates and dynasties this period has little meaning. The great achievements of the time are literary; the vanguard of progress won its victories with the pen rather than with the sword. With such conditions the study of the Renaissance requires a special apparatus. No mere catalogue of names, even when reinforced with biographical details, is sufficient to afford a lasting impression of the Petrarchs and the Poggios of the age. It is only by immediate contact with their utterances that these personalities are made a part of our permanent intellectual capital.

It is with this purpose in view that the following extracts have been arranged. Their highest utility for the student is to constitute an appendix to the comprehensive and valuable treatises of Symonds and of Burckhardt. The German humanistic period, although possessing an interest peculiarly its own, has not yet been dignified with especial treatment.* It has been thought worth the while, therefore, to preface the *German Source-Book* with a brief introduction on the general conditions of German intellectual life in the half century preceding the Reformation.

* Such treatment is at least not available for the English-reading public. The scholarly work of Ludwig Geiger, *Renaissance und Humanismus in Italien und Deutschland*, lacks the fluent style that might give it an international acceptance such as has been accorded to the work of Burckhardt.

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LIST OF BOOKS ON THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES:

Schaff, Philip: *The Renaissance.* Putnam, 1891. $1.50. This little book of 132 pages is now, unfortunately, out of print. It takes up the subject of the Renaissance both in Italy and in Germany. Chapter I. is devoted to the "Literature of the Renaissance" (pp. 3–6). Each of the 29 chapters following is prefaced with a special bibliography. Wide margins for additional notation.

Cambridge Modern History (noted below). Extensive bibliographies, topically arranged, are to be found in Vol. I., *The Renaissance*, pp. 693–792.

SETS:

We now possess, in a more or less complete form, three great sets covering extensive periods of European history. These are, in order of publication:

1. The "Oncken" Series: *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen.* Berlin, 1880, ff. The volume on the Renaissance is by Geiger, Ludwig: *Renaissance und Humanismus in Italien und Deutschland.* 1882. This work is considered an excellent authority. The volume is richly illustrated with reproductions of contemporary paintings and other works of art. Part I. deals with Italy. The contents are as follows: Chapters 1–16, Introduction—Dante—Petrarch—Boccaccio—Contemporaries and successors of Petrarch and Boccaccio—Cosimo de Medici—Founding of the Papal Maecenat—Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini—Renaissance in the Lesser Italian States—Lorenzo de' Medici—Urbino—Ferrara—Naples—Venice—Leo X.—Decline of the Italian Renaissance. Literary Notes (bibliog.) in Part I., pp. 564–573.

2. Lavisse et Rambaud: *Histoire Générale.* 12 vols. Paris, Colin, 1893, ff. Price, unbound, 12 francs per volume. Volumes III. and IV. contain material on the Renaissance. The work is a collaboration. Each contribution (or chapter) is followed by valuable bibliographical notes. The following chapters are of most importance for our purpose: Vol. III., *Formation des grands états.* Chap. 10, Italy; Republics and Tyrranies, by Pietro Orsi; Chap. 11, The Renaissance in Italy, by A. Berthelot (1. General Characteristics—2. Political Conditions; the Maecenats—3.

Architecture, Sculpture and Painting). Vol. IV., *Renaissance et Réforme.* Chap. 1, Italy and the Renaissance, by E. Gebhart (1. General Remarks on Italy and the Renaissance—2. The Italian States—3. Manners and Customs); Chap. 2, Wars of Italy, 1495-1515, by E. Gebhart; Chap. 3, Wars of Italy, 1515-1559, by H. Gaillard; Chap. 7, Art in Europe, by Michel and Lavoix; Chap. 8, The Sciences in Europe, by T. Tannery.

3. Ward, A. W., and others, editors: *The Cambridge Modern History*, Macmillan, 1902, ff. This set is planned to cover in a dozen volumes the period of modern history. Vol I., issued in 1902, is called *The Renaissance*, pp 807. $3.75. The work is a collaboration, with 19 contributions (chapters). Extensive, classified bibliographies, a special list for each chapter, are placed together at the end of the volume, pp. 693-792. The work is scholarly, with, perhaps, an over-emphasis on the political side, as compared with the sets above cited. The contents are as follows: Introductory Note (Creighton)—Age of Discovery (Payne)—The New World (Payne)—The Ottoman Conquest (Bury)—Italy and her Invaders (Leathes)—Florence: Savonarola (Armstrong)—Florence: Machiavelli (Burd)—Rome and the Temporal Power (Garnett)—Venice (Brown)—Germany and the Empire (Tout)—Hungary and the Slavonic Kingdoms (Reich)—The Catholic Kings (Clarke)—France (Leathes)—The Netherlands (Ward)—The Early Tudors (Gairdner)—Economic Changes (Cunningham)—The Classical Renaissance (Jebb)—The Christian Renaissance (James)—Catholic Europe (Barry)—The Eve of the Reformation (H. C. Lea).

WORKS ON THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE:

Symonds, John Addington: *The Renaissance in Italy.* Part I. *The Age of the Despots.* Holt, Scribner. $2.00. Pp. 644. Contents: Chap. 1, The Spirit of the Renaissance—2, Italian History (Middle Ages to Renaissance)—3, The Age of the Despots—4, The Republics (Genoa, Venice, Florence)—5, The Florentine Historians—6, "The Prince" of Machiavelli—7, The Popes of the Renaissance—8, The Church and Morality—9, Savonarola—10, Charles VIII. Appendices; no bibliography; meagre references to sources. Part II. *The Revival of Learning.* Pp. 546. Holt, Scribner. $2.00. Contents: Chap. 1, The Men of the Renaissance—2, First Period of Humanism—3, First Period of Humanism (cont.)—4, Second Period of Humanism—5, Second Period of Humanism (cont.)—6, Third Period of Humanism—7, Fourth Period of Humanism. Symonds' style is much appreciated, and his volumes have had more to do with creating interest in the subject of the Renaissance than any other work. Part II. is a very good class-book, on account of its systematic chronological arrangement.

Symonds, J. A.: *A Short History of the Renaissance*, prepared from the volumes of Symonds by A. Pearson. Holt. $1.75. Not important.

Burckhardt, Jacob: *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy.* Macmillan. $4.00. Pp. 559. Contents: Part I., The State as a Work of Art (Despots, Republics, Papacy, Foreign Policy of the Italian States) —II., The Development of the Individual (Modern Idea of Fame, Modern Wit and Satire)—III., The Revival of Antiquity (Rome, Old Authors, Universities and Schools, Reproduction of Antiquity, General Latinization of Culture)—IV., The Discovery of the World and Man (Travels, Natural Science, Natural Beauty, Discovery of Man, Biography, Life in Movement)—V., Society and Festivals (Social Classes, Refinement of Life, Higher Form of Society, Position of Women, Domestic Economy) —VI., Morality and Religion (Morality, Religion in Daily Life, Religion and the Spirit of the Renaissance, General Disintegration of Belief). This work, translated from the German of Burckhardt, for many years professor in the University of Basel, is of the highest value and interest. Topical in its arrangement, it admirably supplements the chronological relation of Symonds.

Van Dyke, Paul: *The Age of the Renascence.* Pp. 397. Scribner. $2.00 (one of the "Ten Epochs of Church History" Series). Contents: Period I., From the Return from Avignon to the Accession of Nicholas V., 1377-1447—II., From the Accession of the First Humanist Pope to the French Invasion of Italy, 1447-1494—III., From the French Invasion to the Sack of Rome, 1494-1527. Appendices; List of Popes and Antiquities; List of Humanists Mentioned. Interesting and scholarly nartative. The Renaissance and the Reformation are treated together and inextricably interwoven.

Villari, Pasquale: *The Life and Times of Niccolo Machiavelli.* One volume edition. Fisher Unwin, London, 1898. Illustrated. Contents (chapters of general interest are mentioned): Part I., pp. 1-511; Introduction, pp. 1-203 (this is one of the best general presentations of the subject of the Italian Renaissance that has been written) —1, The Renaissance—2, Principal Italian States—3, Literature—4, Political Condition of Italy at the end of the Fifteenth Century—9, The Fine Arts. Part II., pp. 1-547. Chapters 2 and 5, "The Prince"—6, Leo X., His Court and Policy. The work of Villari is of the first quality, and excels in form and clearness.

Voigt, Georg: *Die Wiederlebung des classischen Alterthums.* 2 vols. Berlin, 1893, pp. 591; 543. 20 marks, unbound. Contents: Introduction (Dante and the Forerunners of the Renaissance)—Book I, Petrarch—II., Boccaccio; The Greek Teachers; Discovery of the Classical MSS.—III., First Medicean Period; Humanism in the Italian Republics—IV., Humanism in the Italian Courts—V., Humanism in the Papal Curia; Age of Nicholas V.—VI., Propaganda of Humanism Beyond the Alps—VII., Tendencies and Contributions of the Humanists.

BOOKS ON SPECIAL TOPICS:

On the Papacy during the Renaissance we have:

Creighton, Mandell: *A History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome* (new edition, 1897, of the "History of the Papacy during the Reformation"). 6 vols. Longmans. Each $2.00. An interesting narrative, by one of the most admired historians of the later nineteenth century.

Pastor, Ludwig: *The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages.* Translated from the German by F. J. Antrobus. 6 vols. Herder, St. Louis, 1898. Each $3.00. This work, a monument of scholarship, covers the history of the Papacy from the beginning of the Avignon exile, 1303, to the end of the pontificate of Julius II., 1513. Extensive bibliography.

Gregorovius, Ferdinand: *History of the City of Rome.* Translated by Annie Hamilton. London, Geo. Bell. 4s. 6d. net per volume. Of this scholarly work Vols VI.-VIII. (each volume is printed in two parts) fall within our period. Vol. VI., 1305 1420; Vol. VII., 1421–1503; Vol. VIII., History of Rome in the Sixteenth Century.

Rashdall, H.: *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages.* 2 vols. (in three parts). Clarendon Press, 1895. $14.00 net. There is much in this standard work that has a bearing upon the Renaissance. Note Vol. II., Part II., Chapter VI., The Italian Universities; Chapter XIV., Student Life in the Middle Ages.

PICTURES:

Some knowledge of the art of the Renaissance may be obtained by means of the many reproductions of paintings and other works of art, which are, fortunately, to be obtained at a trifling expense. The "Perry Pictures" (Malden, Mass.) are sold at one cent each; the "Cosmos Pictures" (296 Broadway, N. Y.) at ten for twenty-five cents, or fifty for one dollar. The Soule Photographic Reproductions are from $1.50 per dozen up. A good series for guides in the selection of pictures will be found in the "College Histories of Art," Longmans, 1899. They are: *History of Painting*, by John C Vandyke; *History of Architecture*, by Alfred D. F. Hamlin, and *History of Sculpture*, by Allen Marquand.

It is important that the student should be familiar with the political divisions of Italy in the time of the Renaissance, and with the location of the chief Italian cities. Any good historical atlas will afford this information. A new *Atlas of European History*, by Prof. Earl W. Dow, is announced by Holt, New York.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Born at Florence, 1265. Took part in the political struggles of the time, and fought at the battle of Campaldino, 1289. Held office of prior in 1300, and as a result of factional strife was banished from Florence two years later. Some portion of the period of his exile he passed at the court of the lords of Verona. In 1310 attached himself to the cause of the Emperor, Henry VII. Died at Ravenna in 1321. The principal works of Dante are the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, *De Monarchia*, a treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio*, and the *Divina Commedia.*

EXTRACT FROM DE MONARCHIA.*

Dante refutes arguments which strive to prove that the Imperial power is subject to the Papal power. Book III., Sec. iv.

Those men to whom all our subsequent reasoning is addressed, when they assert that the authority of the Empire depends on the authority of the Church, as the inferior workman depends upon the architect, are moved to take this view by many arguments, some of which they draw from Holy Scripture, and some also from the acts of the Supreme Pontiff and of the Emperor himself. Moreover, they strive to have some proof of reason.

In the first place they say that God, according to the book of Genesis, made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; this they understand to be an allegory, for that the lights are the two powers, the spiritual and the temporal. And then they maintain that as the moon, which is the lesser light, only has light so far as she receives it from the sun, so the temporal power only has authority as it receives authority from the spiritual power.

* * * * * * *

Having thus first noted these things, I will proceed, as I said above, to destroy the argument of those who say that the two great lights are typical of the two great powers on earth; for on this type rests the whole strength of their argument. It can be shown in two ways that this interpretation cannot be upheld. First, seeing that these two kinds of power are, in a sense, accidents of men, God would thus appear to have used

* Translated by F. C. Church, in *Dante, an Essay*, by R. W. Church, M. A., D. C. L., London, 1878.

a perverted order, by producing the accidents before the essence to which they belong existed; and it is ridiculous to say this of God. For the two lights were created on the fourth day, while man was not created till the sixth day, as is evident in the text of Scripture.

Secondly, seeing that these two kinds of rule are to guide men to certain ends, as we shall see, it follows that if man had remained in the state of innocence in which God created him, he would not have needed such means of guidance. These kinds of rule, then, are remedies against the weakness of sin. Since, then, man was not a sinner on the fourth day, for he did not then even exist, it would have been idle to make remedies for his sin, and this would be contrary to the goodness of God. For he would be a sorry physician who would make a plaster for an abscess which was to be, before the man was born. It cannot, therefore, be said that God made these two kinds of rule on the fourth day, and therefore the meaning of Moses cannot have been what these men pretend.

We may also be more tolerant, and overthrow this falsehood by drawing a distinction. This way of distinction is a gentler way of treating an adversary, for so his arguments are not made to appear consciously false, as is the case when we utterly overthrow him. I say then that, although the moon has not light of its own abundantly, unless it receives it from the sun, yet it does not therefore follow that the moon is from the sun. Therefore be it known that the being, and the power, and the working of the moon are all different things. For its being, the moon in no way depends on the sun, nor for its power, nor for its working, considered in itself. Its motion comes from its proper mover, its influence is from its own rays. For it has a certain light of its own, which is manifest at the time of an eclipse; though for its better and more powerful working it receives from the sun an abundant light, which enables it to work more powerfully.

* * * * * * *

X. Certain persons say further that the Emperor Constantine, having been cleansed from leprosy by the intercession of Sylvester, then the Supreme Pontiff, gave unto the church the

seat of Empire, which was Rome, together with many other dignities belonging to the Empire. Hence they argue that no man can take unto himself these dignities unless he receive them from the Church, whose they are said to be. From this it would rightly follow that one authority depends on the other, as they maintain.

The arguments which seem to have their roots in the Divine words, have been stated and disproved. It remains to state and disprove those which are grounded on Roman history and in the reason of mankind. The first of these is the one which we have mentioned, in which the Syllogism runs as follows: No one has a right to those things which belong to the Church, unless he has them from the Church; and this we grant. The government of Rome belongs to the Church; therefore, no one has a right to it, unless it be given him by the Church. The minor premiss is proved by the facts concerning Constantine, which we have touched upon.

This minor premiss then will I destroy; and as for their proof, I say that it proves nothing. For the dignity of the Empire was what Constantine could not alienate, nor the Church receive. And, when they insist, I prove my words as follows: No man, on the strength of the office which is committed to him, may do aught that is contrary to that office; for so one and the same man, viewed as one man, would be contrary to himself, which is impossible. But to divide the Empire is contrary to the office committed to the Emperor; for his office is to hold mankind in all things subject to one will; as may be easily seen from the first book of this treatise. Therefore, it is not permitted to the Emperor to divide the Empire. If, therefore, as they say, any dignities had been alienated by Constantine, and had passed to the Church, the "coat without seam," which, even they, who pierced Christ, the true God, with a spear, dared not rend, would have been rent.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Born at Arezzo, 1304, during the exile of his family from Florence. Removed, 1313, to Avignon. Studied law at Montpellier, and later at Bologna, 1323. Returned to Avignon, 1326, and attached himself to the household of a member of the family of Colonna. Settled at Vaucluse in 1337, and in 1341 received the poet's crown at Rome. Petrarch's friendship with Boccaccio dates from their meeting at Florence in 1350. Made extensive journeys in Central Europe, and was a welcome guest in the courts of Italian princes. In 1369 retired to Arquà, not far from Padua, where he died in 1374. Petrarch's chief literary works are Poems, both in Latin and Italian, and Letters.

EXTRACT FROM THE EPISTOLÆ VARIÆ, NO. 25.*

Your letters are always more than welcome, especially when I have need of consolation, a need that I often experience amid the weariness of life. In the first place I cannot pass over in silence a certain ambiguous statement of yours, that you are well aware, from the direction my affairs are taking, that I am likely to make a permanent stay at Milan. You conceal your own feelings in the matter by ascribing your silence to the fact that you have not the hardihood to protest against my resolution. In this manner, by saying nothing, you say more than if you had said much. Surely, silence often plays a great part among the artifices of eloquence. I see in this economy of words your oft expressed solicitude and forethought, and not yours alone, but that of others. For almost all my friends, except those who are here and who dread the idea of my departure as a calamity—all my friends, I say, prefer that I should be elsewhere. There seems to be a harmony of opinion in this matter. But whither go? Upon this point exists a wide divergence of opinion. Some summon me to Padua, others beyond the Alps, still others to my native country. These appeals would be most opportune, if the affair did not present a difficulty that borders upon the impossible. Still others will invite me elsewhere; each, according to his desire, will offer me this or that place of residence. In all this I am less astonished at the variety of their opinions than at the unan-

* Fracassetti, J.: *Epistolae de rebus familiaribus et variae.* Florence, 1863. Vol. 3, pp. 364–371.

imity which exists in their sentiments of tenderness and affection. When I examine thoughtfully the causes of this variety, I confess the variety itself pleases me, and I am proud of being so dear to my friends, that their friendship for me blunts the edge and dims the clearness of their judgment.

If you should ask me, in the midst of these opinions of my friends, what I myself think of the matter, I can only reply that I long for a place where solitude, leisure, repose and silence reign, however far from wealth and honors, power and favors. But I confess, I know not where to find it. My own secluded nook, where I have hoped not alone to live, but even to die, has lost all the advantages it once possessed, even that of safety. I call to witness thirty or more volumes, which I left there recently, thinking that no place could be more secure, and which, a little later, having escaped from the hands of robbers and returned, against all hope, to their master, seem yet to blanch and tremble and show upon their foreheads the troubled condition of the place whence they have escaped. Therefore I have lost all hope of revisiting this charming retreat, this longed-for country spot. Still, if the expectation were offered me, I should seize it with both hands and hold it fast. I do not know whether I still possess a glimmer of hope, or am feigning it for self-deception, and to feed my soul's desire with empty expectation. My conversations with my friends, by day and night, in which I speak of almost nothing else, and the sighs which I have mingled in a recent letter to the bishop of the neighborhood, prove that I have not yet wholly turned my hopes aside. Truly it is strange, and I could not tell the reason for it, but here is what I think: our labors, even though announced by fame, can be brought to completion in that place alone where they have been undertaken, as though the place were destined by fate for both the beginning and the end. However much, moreover, I desire to determine the place and the manner of my living, according as my fortunes vary, I find myself confirmed in my indecision by several persons, particularly by you and still oftener by myself. In this, believe me, it is more difficult to arrange the things themselves than to quibble over words, because to provide for

the future is not only difficult, but uncertain; so that, although the result may be fortunate, the choice cannot be other than a matter of chance. What would you choose at a moment when your most established resolutions were baffled by a turn of the wheel of fortune? There is but one choice that never fails – to live, in whatever spot necessity or desire has placed us, with a contentment that has its origin in ourselves and not in our fortunes, knowing well that our most extensive plans will have only a brief duration.

But I proceed, recollecting that we had much conversation on this point last year, when we lived together in the same house, in this very city; and that after having examined the matter most carefully, in so far as our light permitted, we came to the conclusion that while the affairs of Italy and of Europe remained in this condition, there was no place safer and better for my needs than Milan, nor any place that suited me so well. We made exception only of the city of Padua, whither I went shortly after, and whither I shall soon return; not that I may obliterate or diminish—that I should not wish—but that I may soften the regret which my absence causes the citizens of both places. I know not whether you have changed your opinion since that time; but for me I am convinced that to exchange the tumult of this great city and its annoyances for the annoyances of another city would bring me no advantage perhaps some inconvenience, and beyond a doubt, much fatigue. Ah, if this tranquil solitude, which, in spite of all my seeking, I never find, as I have told you, should ever show itself on any side, you will hear, not that I have gone, but that I have flown to it. If I have dwelt at such length upon so trivial a thing, it is because I wish to satisfy you, you and my friends, in the matter of my affairs, of which this is the chief. This desire has been awakened in me by the numerous letters of my friends. Since it is impossible to reply to each one of them, and the greater part of them are of the same counsel, I have conceived the idea of replying to them all at once and of devoting an entire volume to a discourse upon the manner of my life. Alas! I comprehend now that living is a serious matter.

In the following paragraph of your letter you jest with much

elegance, saying that I have been wounded by Cicero without having deserved it, on account of our too great intimacy.* "Because," you say, "those who are nearest to us most often injure us, and it is extremely rare that an Indian does an injury to a Spaniard." True it is. It is on this account that in reading of the wars of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, and in contemplating the troubles of our own people with our neighbors, we are never struck with astonishment; still less so at the sight of the civil wars and domestic troubles which habitude has made of so little account, that concord itself would more easily cause surprise. But when we read that the King of Scythia has come to blows with the King of Egypt, and that Alexander of Macedonia had penetrated to the ends of India, we experience a sensation of astonishment which the reading of our histories, filled as they are with the deeds of Roman bravery in their distant expeditions, does not afford. You bring me consolation, in representing me as having been wounded by Cicero, to whom I am fondly attached, a thing that would probably never happen to me, either at the hands of Hippocrates or Albumazar.

But laying aside pleasantry, in order to acquaint you with the truth, this Ciceronian wound, at which at first I laughed, has converted my mirth into tears. For almost a year it was daily growing worse, so that between weariness and suffering, between physicians and remedies, I fell into despair. Finally, not only overwhelmed with disgust, but weary of life, I resolved to await, without physicians, the end, whatever it might be, and to trust myself to God and to Nature rather than to those peddlers of ointments, who, in attending my case, have taken the opportunity of making some experiments along the line of their profession.

And so it happened. The physicians excluded, thanks to the assistance of the heavenly Physician; thanks to the attentions of a young man who waits upon me, and who, in dressing my wound, has become a physician at my expense, so to speak

* Petrarch had been slightly injured by the fall of a heavy volume of Cicero's Letters.

thanks also to the use of certain remedies, which I determined by observation were most helpful to me, and to that abstinence which assists Nature, I have returned little by little to that state of health from which I was so far removed. This is the whole story. I might add, that although this life is a vale of sorrows, in which I have often met with strange accidents (not strange in themselves, but strange for me, of all men the fondest of repose and the most determined enemy of such tribulations), yet up to this time I have never experienced anything of the kind, if you consider the cause of the trouble, the suffering it entailed and the length of its duration. My beloved Cicero has imprinted in my memory an indelible mark, an eternal stigma. I should have remembered him, but he has brought it about, both internally and externally, that I am positively unable ever to forget him. Once more, alas! I have come to know that life is a severe affliction.

Leaving other things aside, I now come to the occurrence which has covered me with honor and with joy. When I learned that a number of distinguished personages, who certainly were not the least of the princes of Italy, finding themselves at the end of the world, by night, in winter, during a tempest, in time of war, reduced to extremities, were received in my name within the walls of a city and treated with distinction, I was astonished at first, and thought it must be an error in names. Later I recalled with some difficulty the time when, in my youth, I followed into that country him, who, by the token of his calm brow, might have led me beyond the Indies. Thirty summers have rolled by since that time, and ten since the death of this grand man, unripe in years, but ripe in virtues. Pursuing this train of recollection I have finally been able to conjecture who it might be that after so long a time still retained a memory of me, whom I, it must be confessed, had almost completely forgotten. I addressed to him by letter, as you have seen, the thanks which he deserved, for in no way could he place me under greater obligation, than by his honorable reception of such great personages, and he will be not the less surprised at my remembrance of him, if he does not dream

that he has refreshed my memory with a recent deed of kindness.*

You ask me finally to lend you the copy of Homer that was on sale at Padua, if, as you suppose, I have purchased it; since, you say, I have for a long time possessed another copy; so that our friend Leo † may translate it from Greek into Latin for your benefit and for the benefit of our other studious compatriots. I saw this book, but neglected the opportunity of acquiring it, because it seemed inferior to my own. It can easily be had with the aid of the person to whom I owe my friendship with Leo; a letter from that source would be all-powerful in the matter, and I will myself write him.

If by chance the book escape us, which seems to be very unlikely, I will let you have mine. I have been always fond of this particular translation and of Greek literature in general, and if fortune had not frowned upon my beginnings, in the sad death of my excellent master, I should be perhaps to-day something more than a Greek still at his alphabet. I approve with all my heart and strength your enterprise, for I regret and am indignant that an ancient translation, presumably the work of Cicero, the commencement of which Horace inserted in his *Ars Poetica*, should have been lost to the Latin world, together with many other works. It angers me to see so much solicitude for the bad and so much neglect of the good. But what is to be done? We must be resigned. If the zeal of strangers shall come to rouse us from our lethargy, then may the Muses and our Apollo help it on! The Chinese, the Arabs and the Red Sea offer in my eyes no more valuable merchandise (*merx*). I am not unaware of what I say. I know that this nominative (*merx*) is not used to-day by our grammarians; but it was used by the ancients, possibly not by the very earliest, whose style the ignorance of our times blushes to imitate; but by those nearest to us and the first in science and ability, whom blind and loquacious pride has not yet dared to set aside. In their writings, and notably in Horace, I remem-

* It is unknown to what occasion Petrarch here refers.

† Leo Pilatus.

ber that the nominative of which I speak is often found. Let us put it again into use, I beg of you, if we may; for I do not know why we should not dare to recall from unmerited exile this word banished from the Latin country, and introduce it into the tongue to which we are devoting all our time.

I wish to take this opportunity of warning you of one thing, lest later on I should regret having passed it over in silence. If, as you say, the translation is to be made literally in prose, listen for a moment to the opinion of St. Jerome as expressed in his preface to the book, *De Temporibus*, by Eusebius of Caesarea, which he translated into Latin. Here are the very words of this great man, well acquainted with these two languages, and indeed with many others, and of especial fame for his art of translating: *If any one*, he says, *refuses to believe that translation lessens the peculiar charm of the original, let him render Homer into Latin, word for word; I will say further, let him translate it into prose in his own tongue, and he will see a ridiculous array and the most eloquent of poets transformed into a stammerer.* I tell you this for your own good, while it is yet time, in order that so important a work may not prove useless. As for me, I wish the work to be done, whether well or ill. I am so famished for literature that just as he who is ravenously hungry is not inclined to quarrel with the cook's art, so I await with a lively impatience whatever dishes are to be set before my soul. And in truth, the morsel in which the same Leo, translating into Latin prose the beginning of Homer, has given me a foretaste of the whole work, although it confirms the sentiment of St. Jerome, does not displease me. It possesses, in fact, a secret charm, as certain viands, which have failed to take a moulded shape, although they are lacking in form, preserve nevertheless their taste and odor. May he continue with the aid of Heaven, and may he give us Homer, who has been lost to us!

In asking of me the volume of Plato which I have with me, and which escaped the fire at my trans-Alpine country house, you give me proof of your ardor, and I shall hold this book at your disposal, whenever the time shall come. I wish to aid with all my power such noble enterprises. But beware lest it

should be unbecoming to unite in one bundle these two great princes of Greece, lest the weight of these two spirits should overwhelm mortal shoulders. Let your messenger undertake, with God's aid, one of the two, and first him who has written many centuries before the other. Farewell.

(Milan, Aug. 18, 1360.)

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

Born in 1313, place of birth unknown; by some thought to be Paris, by others Certaldo. Was apprenticed for six years to a merchant, and for six years attempted the study of canon law. 1333 went to Naples on mercantile business, attached himself to the court of Robert of Anjou, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Neapolitan period, 1333–1350 (except 1341–1344 spent at Florence); a period of romantic and poetical production: *Filocopo*, *Teseide*, *Ameto*, *L'amorosa Visione*, *Fiametta* and *Filostrato*. 1350 entered the diplomatic service of the republic; met Petrarch, 1350, became interested in the discovery and preservation of classical manuscripts. *Decameron* published 1353. 1363–1373, Period of production of Latin works relating to the study of classics: *De Genealogia Deorum libri XV; De Montium, Silvarum, Lacuum, et Marium nominibus liber; De Casibus Virorum et Feminarum Illustrium libri IX;* and *De Claris Mulieribus*. Also other lesser works and *Rime* in the vernacular. Occupied the chair for the interpretation of the Divine Comedy at Florence, 1373. Died at Certaldo, 1375.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE DECAMERON.*

In the year then of our Lord 1348, there happened at Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant, and after passing from place to place, and making incredible havoc all the way, had now reached the west. There, spite of all the means that art and human foresight could suggest, such as keeping the city clear from filth, the exclusion of all suspected persons, and the publication of copious instructions for the preservation of health; and notwithstanding manifold humble supplications offered to God in processions and otherwise; it began to show itself in the spring of the aforesaid year, in a sad and wonder-

* From Kelly's translation in the Bohn edition.

ful manner. Unlike what had been seen in the east, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumours in the groin or under the arm pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg; and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body; in some cases large and but few in number, in others smaller and more numerous, both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady, neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect; whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians (the number of whom, taking quacks and women pretenders into the account, was grown very great), could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently devise a true method of cure; whichever was the reason, few escaped; but nearly all died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, some sooner, some later, without any fever or other accessory symptoms. What gave the more virulence to this plague was that, by being communicated from the sick to the hale, it spread daily, like fire when it comes in contact with large masses of combustibles. Nor was it caught only by conversing with, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or anything that they had before touched. It is wonderful what I am going to mention, and had I not seen it with my own eyes, and were there not many witnesses to attest it besides myself, I should never venture to relate it, however worthy it were of belief. Such, I say, was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, it has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time. One instance of the kind I took particular notice of: the rags of a poor man, just dead, had been thrown into the street; two hogs came up, and after rooting amongst the rags and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour they both turned round and died on the spot.

These facts, and others of the like sort, occasioned various fears and devices amongst those who survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end, which was, to avoid the

sick and everything that had been near them, expecting by that means to save themselves. And some holding it best to live temperately, and to avoid excesses of all kinds, made parties and shut themselves up from the rest of the world, eating and drinking moderately of the best, and diverting themselves with music, and such other entertainments as they might have within doors, never listening to anything from without to make them uneasy. Others maintained free living to be a better preservative, and would baulk no passion or appetite they wished to gratify, drinking and revelling incessantly from tavern to tavern, or in private houses (which were frequently found deserted by the owners, and, therefore, common to every one), yet strenuously avoiding, with all this brutal indulgence, to come near the infected. And such, at that time, was the public distress, that the laws, human and divine, were no more regarded; for the officers to put them in force being either dead, sick, or in want of persons to assist them, every one did just as he pleased. A third sort of people chose a method between these two, not confining themselves to rules of diet like the former, and yet avoiding the intemperance of the latter; but eating and drinking what their appetites required, they walked everywhere with odours and nosegays to smell to, as holding it best to corroborate the brain, for the whole atmosphere seemed to them tainted with the stench of dead bodies, arising partly from the distemper itself and partly from the fermenting of medicines within them. Others, with less humanity, but perchance, as they supposed, with more security from danger, decided that the only remedy for the pestilence was to avoid it; persuaded, therefore, of this, and taking care for themselves only, men and women in great numbers left the city, their houses, relations and effects, and fled to the country, as if the wrath of God had been restrained to visit those only within the walls of the city, or else concluding that none ought to stay in a place thus doomed to destruction.

Thus divided as they were in their views, neither did all die, nor all escape; but falling sick indifferently, as well those of one as of another opinion, they who first set the example by forsaking others now languished themselves without pity. I

pass over the little regard that citizens and relations showed to each other, for their terror was such that a brother even fled from his brother, a wife from her husband, and, what is more uncommon, a parent from his own child. Hence, numbers that fell sick could have no help but what the charity of friends, who were very few, or the avarice of servants supplied; and even these were scarce and at extravagant wages, and so little used to the business that they were fit only to reach what was called for, and observe when their employers died, and this desire of getting money often cost them their lives.

Novel II.

Abraham the Jew, at the instigation of Jeannot de Chivigni, goes to the court of Rome, and seeing the wickedness of the clergy there returns to Paris, and becomes a Christian.

* * * * * * *

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred: and though the Jew was well read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments: but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer

himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said: "Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God's vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am."

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself: "I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew." Then addressing Abraham, he said: "Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you? Or if you have doubt and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to him? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company."

"I believe it is as you say," replied the Jew, "but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither, else I will in no wise comply."

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said: "God be with you!" and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse,

and made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring further, he found them all such lovers of money, that they would not only buy and sell man's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians and sacred things of what kind soever, whether benefices, or pertaining to the altar; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities at Paris; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These and other things, which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure, and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court? The Jew immediately answered: "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you, that I have neither seen sanctity, devotion or anything good in the clergy of Rome; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people, that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if

you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength and becomes everyday more glorious, I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the Spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be, and taking his friend to our Lady's Church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot being his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

NOVEL III.

Melchizedeck, a Jew, by the story of three rings, escapes a most dangerous snare, which Saladin had prepared for him.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befell a certain Jew; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing, which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their

own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily; what I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so coveteous, that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him: "Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz., the Jewish, the Mahometan or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and must gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer:

"The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who among his most rare and precious jewels had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue for ever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichsoever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head

of the family. The son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and producing his ring: and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him; he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

Born at Florence about 1335. While a young man he became known as a poet, and appears to have traveled in the diplomatic service of the republic. Exempted from banishment with other members of the Sacchetti family in 1380, the remainder of his life was passed in official service in and about Florence. Died about the year 1400. Chief literary work the *Novelle*.

NOVEL CXIV.*

Dante Allighieri makes sensible of their errors a smith and an ass-driver, who were singing his book in garbled form.

That most excellent vernacular poet, whose fame will never grow less, Dante Allighieri the Florentine, was neighbor in Florence to the family of the Adimari. It came to pass that a certain young cavalier of that family fell into difficulty, I know not on account of what offense, and was about to come up for sentence, in the due course of justice, before a certain magistrate, who was, it seems, upon terms of friendship with Dante. He therefore besought the poet that he should intercede for him with the magistrate; and this Dante replied he would willingly do. So when the poet had dined, he left home and set out upon his way to accomplish the business; but just as he was passing by the gate of San Piero, a smith, hammering an iron upon his anvil, was singing Dante, as one sings a ditty, jumbling his verses together, clipping them and adding to them, in such a manner that it seemed to Dante they were suffering the greatest injury. He said nothing, however, but approached the smithy, where were lying the various tools with which the owner plied his trade. Dante seized the hammer and threw it into the street; seized the tongs and threw them into the street; seized the balances and threw them into the street, and so on with the remaining irons. The smith, turning about with an angry gesture, cried: "What the devil are you doing? Are you mad?" Said Dante: "And you, what are you doing?" "Working at my trade," the smith replied, "and you are spoiling my tools, throwing them into the street." Said Dante: "If you do not wish that I should spoil your

* *Le Novelle di Franco Sacchetti.* Ed. Eugenio Camerini. Milan, 1874.

things, do not spoil mine." "How am I injuring you?" said the smith. Said Dante: "You sing my book, but not as I have made it. I also have a trade, and you are spoiling it for me." The smith, swelling with rage, knew not what to reply, but gathered together his scattered tools and returned to his forge, and when he wished again to sing, he sang of Tristan and of Launcelot, but left Dante alone; and Dante went his way to the magistrate. But when he came into the presence of that official, it occurred to him that the cavalier of the Adimari, who had asked the favor of him, was a haughty youth with scant courtesy, who, when he went through the city, especially on horseback, rode with his legs outspread, until they filled the street, if it happened to be narrow, so that passers-by were compelled to brush the toes of his shoes; and to Dante, who was a close observer, such behavior was always displeasing. Thereupon Dante said to the magistrate: "You have before your court a certain cavalier, charged with a certain offense. I wish to speak a word for him. His manners however are such that he deserves a severe penalty, for I believe that to trespass upon the rights of the public is the greatest of offenses." Dante did not speak to deaf ears, and the magistrate asked in what respect the young man has trespassed upon the rights of the public. Dante replied: "When he rides through the city, he rides with his legs wide from his horse, so that whoever encounters him has to turn back, and cannot continue upon his way." Said the judge: "This may appear to you a trifle, but it is a greater offence than the other of which he is accused." "But see," said Dante, "I am his neighbor. I intercede for him with you." And he returned home, where he was asked by the cavalier how the affair stood. "He replied favorably," said Dante. Some days afterwards the cavalier was summoned to appear and answer the charge against him. He made his appearance, and after he had been informed of the nature of the first charge, the judge ordered that the second charge, concerning the loose manner of his riding, be read to him. The cavalier, feeling that the penalty would be doubled, said to himself: "I have done a fine thing indeed, when through Dante's visit I believed I should go free, and

now I am to be doubly fined!" Having been dismissed, accused as he was, he returned home, and finding Dante, said: "You have indeed done me a good turn. Before you went to him the judge was disposed to condemn me for one offense, and after your visit he wished to condemn me for two;" and much angered at Dante, he added: "If he condemns me I am able to pay, and when it is over I will settle with him who is the cause of it." Said Dante: "I have given you such a recommendation that if you were my own child I could not have given you a better. If the judge is ill-disposed toward you, I am not the cause of it." The cavalier, shaking his head, went home. A few days afterward he was condemned to pay a thousand lire for the first offense and another thousand for the careless riding; and neither he nor any of the house of Adimari were able to forget the injury.

And this was one of the chief reasons that a short time after he was driven as a Bianco from Florence, not without disgrace to the city, and died an exile in the city of Ravenna.

NOVEL CXV.

Dante Allighieri, hearing an ass-driver sing his book and say: "Arri," struck him, saying: "I did not put that there:" and left him, as the story relates.

The last novel moves me to relate another concerning the same poet, which is brief and good. One day as Dante was going along for his diversion in a certain part of the city, wearing the gorget and the armlet, as the custom then was, he encountered an ass-driver, driving before him certain loads of refuse. The driver was going behind his asses, singing the book of Dante, and every now and then as he sang he touched up an ass, and said: "*Arri!*" When Dante came up to him he gave him a sharp blow upon the shoulders with his armlet, saying: "I did not put that '*Arri*' there!" The driver did not know who Dante was, nor what he meant to say, and only struck his asses the more sharply, and again said: "*Arri.*" When he had gone a little further he turned to Dante, and, thrusting out his tongue and putting his thumb to his nose, said: "Take that." Dante, who saw him, said: "I would not give one of mine for a hundred of yours."

O gentle words, full of wisdom! How many there are who would have run after the ass-driver, crying and raising a disturbance; others again who would have thrown stones; but the wise poet overwhelmed the ass-driver, winning praise from passers-by that heard him with those clever words which he hurled after so vile a man as was the ass-driver.

NOVEL CXXI.

Master Antonio da Ferrara, having lost at hazard at Ravenna, comes to a church, where lay the body of Dante, and taking the candles from before the crucifix carried them all and placed them at the tomb of Dante.

Master Antonio da Ferrara was a most able man, and a poet as well, and something of a courtier; but he was a man of vice and a sinner. Being in Ravenna at the time when Bernardino da Polenta held the signory, it happened that the said Antonio, who was a great gamester, having played one day and lost about all that he possessed, in desperate mood entered the church of the Minorites, where stands the tomb of the Florentine poet, Dante; and having noticed an antique crucifix, half burned and black with smoke, on account of the great quantity of lights which had been placed before it; seeing, moreover, that many candles stood there lighted, he suddenly ran to the place, and seizing all the candles and tapers that were burning there, turned to the tomb of Dante and placed them before it, saying: "Take them, for you are indeed more worthy of them than He." The people seeing this were full of amazement, and said, "What does he mean to say?" and they gazed one at another. A steward of the signory, who happened to be in the church at that hour and witnessed what transpired, when he had returned to the palace, told the Signore what he had seen master Antonio do. The Signore, like all the others favorably impressed with the deed, communicated to the Archbishop of Ravenna what master Antonio had done, suggesting that he should summon him, and make a show of instituting a process against him as a heretic, on the ground of heretical depravity. The Archbishop immediately did as he was requested; Antonio appeared, and when the complaint against him was read in order that he might refute it, he denied nothing but confessed all,

saying to the Archbishop: "Even if you should be compelled to burn me, I should say nothing else; for I have always commended myself to the crucifix, and it has never done me anything but ill, and when I saw them place so many candles before it, half burned as it was (would it were wholly so!), I took away a few lights and placed them at the tomb of Dante, who seemed to me to merit them more than the crucifix; and if you do not believe me, look at the writings of one and the other. You will conclude that those of Dante are a wonder of nature and of the human intellect; and that the gospels are stupid; and indeed, if they contain anything high and wonderful, it is not surprising, that he who sees everything and has everything, should so express himself. But that which is remarkable is, that a mere man, like Dante, who not only has not everything, but no part of everything, has nevertheless seen all and has written all. And, indeed, it seems to me that he is more worthy of the illumination than the other; and henceforward I am going to recommend myself to him; as for the rest of you, you perform your functions and look well to your comfort, and for love of it you flee all discomfort and live like poltroons. And when you wish to understand me more nearly, I will tell you about it again, for I have not yet played my last coin." The archbishop appeared to be perplexed and said: "Then you have played and you have lost? You shall return another time." Said master Antonio: "If you too had lost, you and all your kind, all that you have, I should be very glad of it. As for returning to you, that will be my affair; but whether I return or not, you will find me always so disposed or worse." The archbishop said: "Go hence with God, or if you please, with the Devil, and unless I send for you we shall not see each other again. At least go and give of these fruits to the Signore which you have given to me." And so they parted. The Signore, informed of what had taken place and amused with the reasoning of Master Antonio, made him a present, that he might be able to go on gaming; and as for the candles placed before Dante, he took great pleasure in them for several days; and then he went away to Ferrara, perhaps better disposed than Master Antonio. At the time when Pope Urban

the Fifth died and his portrait was placed in a noble church in a certain great city, he saw placed in front of it a lighted wax candle of two pounds weight, while before the crucifix, which was not very large, was a poor little penny dip. He took the wax candle, and placing it in front of the crucifix, said: "It is an evil hour when we wish to shift and change the rulership of the skies, as we change everywhere the powers of earth." And with this he turned homeward. Such a fine and notable speech was this as seldom might happen upon a like occasion.

NOVEL CCXVI.

Master Alberto della Magna, arriving at an inn on the Po, made him a fish out of wood, with which he caught as many fish as he wished. This the host lost after a time and went to seek master Alberto, in order that he might make him another, but was unable to obtain this favor.

I am about to commence some other novels, and first of all I shall relate one concerning a most able and holy man, whose name was master Alberto della Magna, who, while passing through a certain district of Lombardy, arrived one evening at a village on the Po, which is called the Villa di Santo Alberto. Entering into the house of a poor inn-keeper, where he thought to sup and pass the night, he saw many nets, with which the owner was accustomed to fish, and furthermore he noted many female children: whereupon he asked the host concerning his condition; how he was prospering and if these were his daughters. To which the inn-keeper replied: "My Father, I am very poor and have seven daughters; and if it was not for my fishing I should die of hunger." Then master Alberto asked him how great was his catch. And he replied: "Indeed, I do not catch as many as I need, and I am not very fortunate in this business." Then master Alberto, before he left the inn on the following morning, fashioned a fish out of wood, and called the host to him and said: "Take this fish, and tie it to your net when you cast, and you will always catch a great quantity of fish with it, and perhaps there will be so many that they will be a great help to you in marrying off your daughters." The poor host hearing this, accepted the gift very willingly, and rendered thanks most profusely to the wise man; and so he

departed that morning from the inn, going on his journey to La Magna. The host, left in possession of the fish, and desirous to put its virtues to the proof, went the same day fishing; so great a multitude of fish were drawn to the bait and entered into the nets that he was scarcely able to draw them from the water and carry them home. His good luck continued; he did so well that from a poor man he became rich, to such a degree that in a short time he had married off all his daughters. It came about, however, that fortune, envious of such prosperity, brought it to pass that one day, as he was drawing his net with a great number of fish, the cord that bound the wooden fish broke, and the fish was swept away down the Po, so that he was never able to recover it, wherefore if ever there was one who grieved over an adverse circumstance it was he, bewailing his misfortune with all his might. And when he sought to fish without the fish of wood, it came to naught; he could not catch one out of a thousand. Wherefore lamenting: "What shall I do? what shall I say?" he finally concluded to set forth, and never to rest until he arrived at La Magna, at the house of master Alberto; and to ask of him as a favor to restore the lost fish. And so he never halted until he came where master Alberto was; and here with the greatest reverence and with weeping he knelt and related the benefits he had received from him; what an infinite number of fish he had caught and how, the cord being broken, the fish had gone down the Po, and had been lost. Moreover he besought his holiness, that for their welfare and out of pity for himself and his daughters, he should make him another fish in order that he might restore to him that favor which he had once conferred upon him. Master Alberto turned to him and with a voice full of sorrow said: "My child, I should be very glad if I were able to do that which you ask; but I cannot, for I must let you know that when I made you the fish which I gave you, the heavens and all the planets were at that hour so disposed as to confer especial virtue upon the fish; and if you and I presume to say, that this point and this conjunction may return, when another might be made with equal virtue, clearly and surely this cannot happen from now on for thirty-six thousand years: so that you can see if it be

possible to reproduce what once I made." Having listened for a while, the inn-keeper commenced to weep bitterly, bewailing loudly his misfortune, saying: "If I had known this, I should have bound it with a wire, and held it so firmly that I never should have lost it." Then master Alberto answered: "Child, be still, for you are not the first man that has not known how to retain his luck, which God has sent; but there have been many and abler men than you who not only have not understood how to use the small opportunity which you have used, but have not even known how to sieze it when it has been put before them." So after much conversation, and with such consolation, the poor inn-keeper departed and returned to his meagre life, still gazing out upon the Po, if perchance he might see his lost fish. But he might look well, for it was perhaps already in the greater sea, with many fish about it, and with it neither man nor fortune. And thus he lived what time pleased God, lamenting to himself the lost fish, so that it would have been much better if he had never seen it. So it happens every day that fortune shows herself propitious, only to see who has the wit to seize her; and often times he who best knows how to lay hold upon her, derives no benefit thereby; and many times it comes to pass that he who knows not how to seize upon her ever afterwards laments and lives miserable, saying: "I could have such and such a thing, but would not." Others seize upon her, but understand how to hold her only a short time as did this inn-keeper. But taking all our happenings together, he who fails to seize the opportunity which time and fortune offers, when he bethinks himself he looks again and finds it not, unless he waits thirty-six thousand years, as said our wise man, which saying seems to me to be in conformity with that which certain philosophers have already said, that six and thirty thousand years from now the world will turn into that disposition which it has at present. There have been already in my day those who have left their property so that their children were unable to sell or pledge it, wherefore it appears to me that they hold to this opinion, that they may find their own when they return at the end of six and thirty thousand years.

POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

Born at Terranova, in the territory of Florence, 1380. Studied Latin under John of Ravenna, and Greek under Manuel Chrysoloras. An able copyist, he was received into the service of the Roman curia about 1402. Here he served as secretary for a period of fifty years. Poggio acquired fame as a discoverer of classical manuscripts. In 1452, returned to Florence, and the following year was made chancellor and historiographer to the republic. Died here in 1459. Chief works are a History of Florence, the *Facetiae* and various moral essays.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FACETIAE.*

XVII. Concerning a tailor of Visconti, by manner of comparison.

Pope Martin had charged Antonio Lusco with the preparation of a letter. After having read the same he ordered him to submit it to one of my friends, in whom he had the greatest confidence. This friend, who was at the table and a little warmed with wine, perhaps, disapproved of the letter completely and said that it ought to be re-written. Here Antonio said to Bartholomew de' Bardi, who happened to be present: "I will correct my letter in the same way that the tailor widened the breeches of Gian Galeazzo Visconti; to-morrow, before dinner, I will return and the letter will be satisfactory." Bartholomew asked him what he meant by that. "Gian Galeazzo Visconti, father of the elder Duke of Milan," said Antonio, "was a man of high stature, and excessively corpulent. One day, when he had lined his stomach, as frequently happened, with an abundance of food and drink, and betaken himself to bed, he summoned his tailor and overwhelmed him with reproaches, charging him with having made his breeches too narrow, and ordering him to enlarge them in such a way that they would no longer inconvenience him. 'It shall be done,' replied the tailor, 'according to your desire; to-morrow morning this garment will fit you to perfection.' The tailor took the breeches and hung them upon a peg without changing them in the least. Somebody said to him: 'Why don't you widen this garment which the great belly of Monsignor

* *Les Facéties de Pogge Traduites en Français, avec le Texte Latin.* 2 v. Paris, 1878.

filled to bursting?' 'To-morrow,' said the tailor, 'when Monsignor rises, his digestion finished, the breeches will be quite large enough for him.' Next morning he returned with the breeches and Visconti, drawing them on, remarked: 'Now you see they fit me perfectly; they no longer bind me anywhere.' And in the same way will the letter please," Antonio said, "when once the wine has been slept away."

XX. Exhortations of a cardinal to the soldiers of the Pope.

It was in Piceno, during the war which the Cardinal of Spain waged against the enemies of the Pope. The two armies found themselves face to face, and it was necessary that the partisans of the Pope should once for all conquer or be conquered. The Cardinal encouraged the soldiers to fight with fair words: he swore that those who fell in the battle should sup with God and with the angels; that all their sins should be forgiven; hoping by these means to spur them on to give themselves to death. Having come to the end of his promises, he was retiring from the fray, when one of the soldiers said to him: "How about you? don't you want to sup with us too?" "No," he replied, "this is not my hour for supper; I am not hungry."

XXII. Concerning a priest who, instead of priestly vestments, carried capons to his bishop.

A bishop of Arezzo, Angelo by name, an acquaintance of ours, convoked one day his clergy for a synod, and ordered all who were clothed with any dignity whatsoever to set out upon the journey with the priestly habits, or, as they say in Italian, with *cappe e cotte*. A certain priest who did not possess these vestments, reflected sadly to himself, not knowing how he might procure them. His housekeeper, seeing him thoughtful with downcast head, asked the reason of his grief. He replied that, according to the orders of the bishop, it was necessary to go to the synod with *cappe e cotte*. "But, my good man," replied the housekeeper, "you have not grasped the meaning of this order: Monsignor does not demand *cappe e cotte*, but rather *capponi cotti;* that is what you must take him." The priest followed the woman's advice. He carried along cooked capons, and was exceedingly well received. The bishop went so far as

to say, with a smile, that he alone, among all his brethren, had comprehended the true sense of the command.

XXXVI. Concerning a priest who gave burial to a pet dog.

There was in Tuscany a wealthy country priest. He lost a little dog, of which he was very fond, and buried him in the churchyard. This came to the ears of the bishop, who, coveting the priest's money, summoned him for punishment, as if he had committed a great crime. The parish priest, who understood his bishop quite well, presented himself before his superior with fifty golden ducats. The prelate reproached him sternly with having given burial to a dog, and ordered him to be thrown into prison. "O father," replied the cunning fellow, "if you only knew the wisdom of that little dog, you would not wonder that he deserved burial along with human beings. His intelligence was more than human in his lifetime, and especially at the moment of his death." "What do you mean by that?" asked the bishop. "At the close of his life," the priest continued, "he made his will, and, knowing that you were needy, he left you fifty golden ducats. Here they are." The bishop then approved the will and burial, pocketed the money and dismissed the priest.

LV. A story of Mancini.

Mancini, a peasant of my village, used to carry grain to Figlino upon a drove of asses, which he hired for the purpose. One time, as he was returning from market, tired with the journey, he mounted upon the best of the animals. As he approached home he counted the asses ambling along before him, and, forgetting the one upon which he was riding, imagined that one of them was lacking. Greatly agitated, he left the asses with his wife, telling her to return them to their owners, and returned to the market, more than seven miles away, without dismounting. On the way he inquired of every passer-by if he had not seen a stray ass. Each one replied that he had not. At night he returned home sad and totally discouraged at having lost an ass. Finally, upon his wife's entreaty, he dismounted and discovered that which he had sought with so great pains.

LVII. Ingenious retort of Dante, the Florentine poet.

Dante Allighieri, our Florentine poet, received for some time at Verona the hospitality of the elder Cane della Scala, a most generous prince. Cane had ever in his company another Florentine, a man without birth, learning or tact, who was good for nothing but to laugh and play the fool. His silly jokes, for they were not worthy the name of wit, so pleased Cane that he made him rich presents. Dante, a man of the greatest learning, modest as he was wise, regarded this person as a stupid beast, as he had reason to. "How does it come to pass," said one day the Florentine to Dante, "that you are poor and needy, you who pass for learned and wise, while I am rich, I who am stupid and ignorant?" "When I shall find," replied Dante, "a master like myself, and whose tastes are similar to my own, as you have found one, then he will enrich me too." Excellent and just reply; for the great are ever pleased with the company of their like.

LVIII. Witty reply of the same poet.

Dante was one time at the table between the elder and the younger of the Cani della Scala. In order to put the joke upon him the attendants of the two lords threw stealthily all the bones at the feet of Dante. On arising from the table the whole company turned toward Dante, astonished to see so great a quantity of bones at his place. But he, quick to take advantage of the situation, said: "Surely it is nothing to wonder at if the Dogs have eaten their bones. I myself am no dog."

LX. Concerning a man who searched for his drowned wife in the river.

Another man, whose wife was drowned, searched for her body up the stream. A passer-by, much surprised, said to him that he ought to search for her down the current. "I should never find her that way," replied the man. "She was, when living, so stubborn and self-willed, and so contrary in her habits, that even after death she would never have been willing to float except against the stream."

LXXI. Concerning a shepherd who made an incomplete confession.

A shepherd of that part of the kingdom of Naples where

brigandage is a profession, came once to seek a confessor, to whom he might relate his sins. Kneeling at the priest's feet in tears, he said: "Pardon me, father, for I have sinned deeply." The priest urged him to confess all, but he hesitated for a long time, like a man who had committed some horrible crime. Finally, as the confessor urged him, he said: "One fast-day, as I was making cheese, some drops of milk from the curd which I was pressing flew into my mouth, and I neglected to spit them out." The priest, who knew the customs of the neighborhood, smiled when he heard this man accuse himself of having failed to observe the fast, as if it were a great sin, and asked him if there were not some other misdeeds upon his conscience. The shepherd said there were not. "Have you not, you and your comrades, robbed or assassinated any traveler, as so often happens in your neighborhood?" "O, as for that," replied the other, "I have killed and robbed more than one of them, I and my friends; but that happens so often with us that nobody attaches any importance to it." The confessor had difficulty in making him understand that these were two grave crimes. The shepherd, unable to believe that murder and robbery, which were habitual occurrences in his country, could be productive of serious results, desired absolution only for the milk which he had drunk. Sad result of the habit of sin, which causes the greatest crimes to be regarded as trivial occurrences.

LXXV. Concerning the Duke of Anjou, who showed to Ridolfo a rich treasure.

They were censuring, in a group of learned men, the foolish anxiety of those who give themselves so many pains and so much labor in searching for and in buying precious stones. "Ridolfo da Camerina," said one of the company, "very cleverly chided the stupidity of the Duke of Anjou, on his departure for the kingdom of Naples. Ridolfo had come to see him in his camp; the Duke showed him objects of great cost, and amongst others, pearls, sapphires, carbuncles and other stones of immense value. After having looked at them, Ridolfo asked what these stones were worth and of what good they were. The Duke replied that their cost was enormous,

and that they produced nothing. "Indeed," said Ridolfo, "I will show you, myself, two stones which have cost me ten florins, and which bring me in two hundred yearly." The Duke was astonished; Ridolfo conducted him to a mill which he had caused to be built, and showed him a pair of mill stones: "Behold," he said, "those which surpass in usefulness and profit all your precious stones."

CXXIV. Pleasantry at the expense of an envoy from Perugia.

At the time when the Florentines were at war with Pope Gregory, the people of Perugia, who had deserted the party of the sovereign pontiff for those of Florence, sent to that city certain ambassadors to demand aid. One of them, who was a Doctor, began a long discourse, and at the start, as an introduction to the matter in hand, pronounced these words: "*Date nobis de oleo vestro.*" Another of the party, a humorous fellow, who detested such circumlocutions, interrupted him: "What is this about oil?" he cried. "You ask for oil when it is soldiers that we are in need of. Have you forgotten that we have come here to ask for arms, and not oil?" "But these are the very words of the Scripture," replied the Doctor. "A fine reason for their use," retorted the other. "We are the enemies of the church, and you call the Holy Scriptures to our aid!" The humor of this man caused the whole company to laugh; the flow of useless words which the Doctor had prepared was cut short, and they came at once to the point of the negotiation.

CXXV. Concerning the Ambassadors from Perugia to Pope Urban.

The people of Perugia had also sent three ambassadors to Pope Urban V. at Avignon. On their arrival the pope happened to be severely ill; however, in order not to keep them too long in suspense, he gave orders that they should be introduced, but requesting in advance that they should present their affairs in as brief a manner as possible. One of them, a grave Doctor, during the journey had committed to memory a long discourse with which he intended to address the pontiff; and, disregarding utterly the fact that his Holiness was sick and confined to his bed, he set himself to speaking at such length that the Holy Father, at various intervals, betrayed the annoy-

ance which he felt. When the thoughtless individual had come at length to the end of his oration, Urban asked the others, with his usual courtesy, if they had anything to add. One of the ambassadors, who was sensible of the stupidity of his colleague and of the annoyance of the pope as well, thereupon said: "Most Holy Father, our orders read expressly that if you do not consent at once to our request we shall not retire until our colleague has repeated his discourse." This pleasantry caused the sovereign pontiff to smile, and he gave orders that their business should receive immediate attention.

CCXXX. How a loud preacher was put to shame.

A religious, who preached often, had the habit of crying very loud, as some fools do. One of the women who were present began to weep at the sound of these formidable outbursts, so that finally the religious noticed her. Persuaded that it was his sermon which had recalled to this woman's mind the love of God, moved her conscience and brought her to tears, he summoned her to him and asked of her the cause of her groans; whether perchance it might be his words that had moved her and caused her to melt into pious tears, as he believed. The woman replied to the preacher that she was profoundly moved and saddened by his cries, and by the sound of his voice. "I am a widow," she said, "and my late lamented left me an ass, by the labor of which I have managed to subsist. This ass had the habit of braying night and day, like your worship; but it is dead, and now I am miserable, without the means of living. So, when I heard you speak so loud and with a voice that seemed to me in every way like that of my ass, the thought of the poor beast made me weep in spite of myself." So was put to shame the stupidity of this preacher, who merited rather the name of brayer.

DESCRIPTION BY POGGIO THE FLORENTINE OF THE DEATH AND PUNISHMENT OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.*

Poggio to Leonardo Aretino, S P. D.

When for several days I was staying at the baths I wrote

* Ortwin Gratius: *Fasciculus Rerum, etc.* Ed. Brown. London, 1690. Vol. I, pp. 170 174.

thence a letter to our Nicholas which I suppose you will read. When I returned to Constance, or a few days later, the case of Jerome was taken up, whom they call a heretic, and indeed publicly. I have determined to review this case for you, both because of its importance, and more particularly on account of the eloquence and learning of the man. I confess that I have never seen any one, who in a matter of pleading, involving life or death, came so near the eloquence of the ancients, whom we so greatly admire. It was wonderful to see with what words, with what eloquence, with what arguments, with what countenance, with what language and with what confidence he replied to his adversaries, and how justly he put his case: so that it is impossible not to regret that so noble and prominent a genius should be diverted to the interests of heresy, if indeed those things are true, which are charged against him. For I have no disposition to pass judgment upon such a case: I leave that to be determined by those who are held to be more expert. Nor do I intend to give a detailed report of the case after the manner of court reporters; it would be too long, and the work of many days. I shall touch upon certain of the more important points, in which you may observe the learning of the man. Although many things had been brought against this Jerome, which seemed to indicate the existence of heresy, and these were confirmed by the testimony of witnesses; yet it pleased the assembly that he should reply publicly to those charges one by one which had been brought against him. So he was led into the assembly, and when he was ordered to reply to these things he still refused, saying that he ought to be allowed to state his own case, rather than to reply to the slanders of his adversaries. In the same way he asserted that he ought first to be heard upon his own behalf, and later he might take up the calumnies which his adversaries had directed against himself. But when this concession was denied him, still standing in the midst of the assembly, he said: "How great a wrong is this, that while for three hundred and forty days I have languished in strictest confinement, in squalor and filth, shackled and deprived of everything, you have constantly given audience to my opponents and detractors, and yet refuse to

hear me one single hour. Hence it follows, that while the ears of each of you have been open to these things, and after so long a time, they have persuaded you that I am a heretic, an enemy of the faith, a persecutor of the clergy, yet to me no opportunity is given for defending myself. If you have prejudged me in your minds an evil man, how will you be able to determine what I really am? And (he said) you are men, not gods; not immortal, but mortal, liable to fall into error, to mistake, to be deceived, duped and led astray. In this gathering are said to be the lights of the world, the wiser ones of earth. Most of all it becomes you then to take great pains, lest anything be done inconsiderately or unadvisedly or against justice. For my part I am a human being, whose life is in the balance; but I say these things not for my own sake, who am but mortal. It seems to me unworthy of your wisdom to set against me so many men in violation of all justice, and a thing likely to be harmful not so much in this instance as by example." These and many things beside he said most elegantly, interrupted in his speech with the noise and murmurings of many present. Then it was decreed that he should reply first to the errors which were urged against him; and that afterwards an opportunity be given him to speak as he chose. Thereupon the heads of the accusation were read one by one from the pulpit and afterwards substantiated with testimony. Then he was asked if he desired to make objection. It is incredible how adroitly he replied, and with what arguments he defended himself. He advanced nothing unworthy of a good man; as though he felt confident, as he publicly asserted, that no just reason could be found for his death nor even for his conviction of the least offence. He declared all the charges to be false, invented by his rivals. Among other things, when in the reading he was branded as a slanderer of the apostolic see, an opponent of the Roman pontiff, an enemy to the cardinals, a persecutor of prelates, and hostile to the Christian clergy, then rising with voice of complaint and hands outstretched: "Whither shall I turn now, O conscript fathers? Of whom shall I seek aid? Whose intercession shall I seek? whom call in my behalf? Not you! For these my persecutors have turned your minds

from my welfare; branding me as the general enemy of those who are to sit in judgment upon me. They have indeed trusted that even if those things which they have invented against me should seem trivial, you would nevertheless crush with your verdict the common enemy and opponent of all, which they have most falsely made me out to be; therefore if you trust their words, there is no longer any hope for my safety." Many he touched with humor, many with satire, many he often caused to laugh in spite of the sad affair, jesting at their reproaches. When he was asked what he believed concerning the sacrament, he said, "First it is bread and afterwards the true body of Christ, and the rest according to the faith." Then a certain one remarked: "They say you have declared that it remains bread after consecration." He replied, "At the baker's it remains bread." To a certain other one, of the order of Dominicans, who inveighed bitterly against him, he said, "Peace, hypocrite!" To another who swore against him on his conscience, he said: "This is the surest way of deceiving." A certain distinguished opponent he never spoke of except as a dog or an ass. When on account of the number and weight of the charges, it was impossible to complete the matter on this day, it was continued to a third day; when the heads of the various accusations were repeated and afterwards confirmed by many witnesses. Thereupon the accused, rising, said: "Since you have listened so attentively to my adversaries, it is right and proper that you should hear me with unbiased minds." Then notwithstanding much confusion, permission was granted him to speak. He, in the beginning, prayed that God should grant him such understanding and such power of speaking as might be turned to the profit and safety of his soul. Then: "I know, most reverend doctors," he said, "that many very excellent men, bearing up bravely against indignities, overwhelmed with false witnesses, have been condemned with iniquitous judgments." At first he took them back to Socrates, unjustly condemned by his fellow-citizens, he who, when occasioned offered, was yet unwilling to escape, lest he should thereby yield to the fear of those two things which seem most bitter to men, imprisonment and death. Then he mentioned

the captivity of Plato, the flight of Anaxagoras, and the torture of Zeno, and the unjust condemnation of many other pagans; the exile of Rupilius, the unworthy death of Boetius and others whom Boetius himself mentions. Thence he passed to Hebrew examples: and first instanced Moses, the liberator of his people and their legislator, how he had often been caluminated by his people, called the betrayer and the despiser of his race; Joseph, first of all sold by his brethren through envy, then thrown into chains upon suspicion of adultery. Along with these Isaiah, Daniel and almost all the prophets assailed with unjust judgments as despisers of God or seditious. Then he brought forward the judgment of Susanna; and of many others of the greatest sanctity, who nevertheless perished by false judgments. Afterward coming down to John the Baptist, and then to our Saviour, he proceeded to show how in each case they were condemned by false witnesses and false judges. Then Stephen, put to death by the priesthood, and the Apostles, all of them, condemned to death, not as good men, but as inciting the people to sedition, as despisers of the Gods and doers of evil deeds. It was a crime that a priest should be unjustly condemned by a priest, and he showed that it was the greatest crime that this should be done by a company of priests, and proved it by example, but most iniquitous of all, by a council of priests; and he showed that this had happened. These things he clearly set forth, much to the interest of all, and since the whole weight of the case depended upon the witnesses, he showed with much reason that no confidence was to be placed in them, particularly when they spoke, not out of conviction, but from hatred, illwill and envy. Then he laid bare the causes of their hatred in such a way that he lacked little of bringing conviction. They were of such a character that (except in a matter of faith) little credence would have been given to their evidence. The minds of all were moved and turned toward mercy; for he added that he had come to Constance of his own free will, to clear himself. He described his life and studies, full of services and virtues. Such he said was the custom of the most learned and holiest men of old, that they held diverse opinions in matters of faith, not to the injury

of the faith, but to the discovery of the truth. In this way Augustine and Jerome differed, not alone that they held diverse opinions, but also contrary ones; and this with no suspicion of heresy. But all expected that either he should purge himself of heresy, by retracting the things charged against him, or should ask pardon for his errors. But he asserted that he had not erred, and pointing out the falsity of the charges made by others, was unwilling himself to retract. So coming down to praise John Huss, who had been condemned to be burnt, he called him a good man, just and holy, unworthy of such a death, saying that he himself was prepared to go to any punishment whatsoever, with brave and steadfast mind; even to deliver himself to his enemies and to those lying witnesses, who sometime, in the presence of God, whom they could not deceive, would be called to account for the things which they had said. Great was the grief of those present; for they desired to see so worthy a man saved, if he had shown a reasonable disposition. But he persevered in his opinion, and seemed moreover to seek death. In his praise of John Huss he said that Huss had never held opinions hostile to the Church of God itself, but only against the abuses of the clergy, against the pride, the arrogance and the pomp of prelates. For since the patrimony of the churches was first intended for the poor, then for the hospitals, then for the building of churches, it seemed to this good man a shame that it should come to be wasted upon harlots, banquets, food for horses and dogs, elegant garments and other things unworthy of the religion of Christ. But here he displayed the greatest cleverness; for when his speech was often interrupted with various disturbances, and he was assailed by some who carped at his opinions, he left no one of them unscathed, but turned trenchantly upon them, forced them either to blush or to be still. When murmurs rose he was silent, occasionally rebuking the throng. Then he proceeded with his discourse, beseeching them and imploring that they should suffer him to speak (when they were no longer disposed to give him audience). He never showed fear of these outcries, but his mind remained firm and fearless. Indeed his argument is worthy of remembrance.

For 340 days he lay in the bottom of a foul, dark tower. He himself complained of the harshness of this treatment, but asserted that he, as became a good and brave man, did not complain because he had to bear these indignities, but because he wondered at the inhumanity shown him. In the dungeon he had not only no facilities for reading, but not even for seeing. I leave out of consideration the mental anxiety which must have tortured him daily, all memory of which he sought to put aside. Yet when he cited in testimony of his opinions so many of the most learned and wisest of men, and brought forward so many doctors of the church in proof of his contention, that it would have been sufficient and more than sufficient, if during all this time, with perfect comfort and quiet he could have devoted himself to the study of wisdom; his voice was full, clear and soft; his posture oratorical with a certain dignity, expressing indignation and moving pity, which, however, he neither sought, nor desired to obtain. He stood there fearless and unterrified, not alone despising death, but seeking it; so that you would have said he was another Cato. O, man worthy of the everlasting memory of men! I praise not that which he advanced, if anything, against the institutions of the church; but I admire his learning, his comprehensive knowledge, his eloquence, his persuasiveness of speech, his cleverness in reply. But I fear that nature had given all these things to him for his destruction. A space of two days was given him for repentance. Many of the most learned men approached him, seeking to move him from his way of thinking. Among them the Cardinal of Florence went to him, in order to bring him into the right path. But when with even greater obstinacy he persevered in his errors, and was condemned by the council for heresy and burned with fire, he went to his fate with joyful and willing countenance; for he feared not the fire, nor any kind of torture or of death. None of the Stoics ever suffered death with a mind so steadfast and brave, so that he seemed to have longed for it. When he came to the place of death, he laid aside his garments. Then kneeling down, on bended knee he saluted the stake, to which he had been bound. He was bound first with wet ropes, then with a chain, naked

to the stake, and about him were placed great pieces of wood up to his breast, with stakes driven about. When the fire was brought he began to sing a hymn, which the smoke and fire scarcely interrupted. But what most showed his strength of courage was this: when the executioners wished to start the fire behind his back (that he might not see it), "Come here," he said, "and light the fire in front of me. If I had been afraid of it, I should never have come to this place (which it was possible to avoid)." In this manner a man worthy (except in respect of faith), was burned. I saw this death, and watched its stages, one by one. Whether moved by perfidy or stubbornness, you would surely have said that this was the end of a man schooled in philosophy. I have chatted to you so at length, because of idleness, for doing nothing, I wished something to do, and to tell you of these things, so like the histories of the ancients. For not Mutius himself suffered his arm to burn with such high courage as did this man his whole body. Nor did Socrates drink the poison so willingly as he accepted fire. But enough of this. Be economical of my words, if I have been too long. The affair really demands a longer description; but I do not wish to be verbose. Farewell, my excellent Leonardo. Constance, the third day before the Calends of June; the same day on which this Jerome suffered the penalty of heresy. Farewell, and love me.

LEON BATTISTA ALBERTI.

Place and time of birth undetermined. Thought to be Venice, in 1404. Alberti's talents covered a wide range of subjects. He is known as a writer of Latin verse, as a musician and as an architect. Employed by Nicholas V. in the restoration of the papal palace and of other Roman buildings. Died at Rome in 1472 (1484). Chief works are upon Sculpture, Painting and Architecture.

EXTRACT FROM THE *Trattato del Governo della Famiglia.**

Children. What things do you find necessary to a family?

Agnolo. Many things. Good fortune, which is not wholly within the power of men.

*Edited by Antonio Fortunato Stella, Milan, 1811. Attributed to Agnolo Pandolfini.

Children. But those which are within the power of men, what are they?

Agnolo. They are: to possess a home, where the family may be gathered together; to have wherewith to feed the children; to be able to clothe them, and to give them learning and good manners. For nothing appears to me so necessary to the family as to cause the young people to be studious and virtuous, reverent, and willing to hearken to advice; for when reverence and obedience are lacking in the young, then vice grows in them from day to day, either as the result of a depraved nature, or through evil conversation and waste and corrupt habits. Everywhere you see children full of gentleness, pure and diligent, turn out badly through the negligence of him who has failed to govern them properly. It is not the sole duty of the father of the family to keep the granary and cellar of the house filled, but also to watch and to observe, to note what company his children keep, to examine their habits at home and abroad, and to detect all evil practices; to constrain his children with suitable words rather than with anger and contempt; to make use of authority rather than force, to refrain from severity and harshness when there is no need; always to conserve the welfare and repose of the whole household; to rule the minds of children and nephews so that they shall not depart from the duty and the rule of life; to provide in advance against every danger which may threaten the family, kindling in their childish minds love and appreciation of things of worth and value, rooting up all vices, putting before them the good example of his own life, and above all restraining the excessive license of youth. So ought children to be reared and educated.

Children. We pray God to give us grace so to do.

Nephews. And how will you observe good husbandry in this? We are a large family, we have great expenses, and we all desire to be like you, good managers, moderate, honest, continent, to live sumptuously at home and decently abroad. How ought we then to do?

Agnolo. As best you may, according as the time is one of prosperity or adversity. I am of the opinion that in our living and in all our affairs reason avails more than chance; and pru-

dence holds its own against misfortune. Flee idleness, wantonness, treachery, indolence and unbridled greed. Be gentle, self-possessed, humane, benevolent and free from ignorance, vice, insolence and pride, and with graciousness and tact seek the good will and affection of your fellow citizens. *Envy ceases where pomp ends. Hatred is extinguished where distinctions of rank cease. Enmity is spent where no offense is given. Strive to be that which you wish to appear.*

Children and Nephews. These are the best of precepts; but in order that we may completely master your teaching and doctrine, suppose the case that you are of our age, that you have wife and children (and having once possessed them you are experienced); in what manner would you arrange your affairs—how would you manage?

Agnolo. My children and nephews, if I were of your age I should be capable of many things, which now I may not undertake. The first thing would be to have a home well ordered and appointed, where I should be able to live with all convenience and comfort, without having to move about. *Moving about is too harmful, too full of expense, discomfort and vexation.* Things are lost, mislaid, spoiled, broken, and through these evils the mind is greatly disturbed and disconcerted, and it takes some time before you are again well settled. I leave out of account the expense of rearranging the home. I should take care to occupy a clean and wholesome house, well aired (for the age of childhood has great reason to fear bad air and conditions unfavorable to health), and I should observe to what age people had lived there, and whether the old people had remained well and vigorous. My children, *the well man always wins in any case whatsoever; the sick man may never call himself rich.*

Children and Nephews. And what seems to you to be requisite to health?

Agnolo. First of all, that which we are obliged to use just as we find it, whether we will or not. This is the air. Next, the other things necessary to our existence: good and sound food, and especially good wine.

Children. And in that place you would live?

Agnolo. Yes, where I thought it best for me to be, for me and mine.

Children and Nephews What would you do if you wished to change your residence? Would you buy a home or rent one?

Agnolo. Certainly I should not rent; for in time a man finds that he has bought a house and still has it not. If I had not one already, I should buy an airy, spacious house, of a size to contain my family, and more, in order that I might entertain one of my friends, if he should come to see me; and I should spend upon this purchase as little money as possible.

Children. Would you take a house in an out-of-the-way place, where houses are cheaper?

Agnolo. Do not say cheaper. Nothing is dear, if the money is spent on something that suits. Therefore, I should seek to buy a house that would suit me; but I should not pay for it more than it was worth, nor should I show myself an eager purchaser. I should choose a house located in a good neighborhood, in a well-known street, where respectable people were living, whose friendship I might acquire without harm, so that my wife might enjoy the virtuous companionship of their ladies. Moreover, I should inform myself as to who had previously dwelt there, and I should insist upon knowing whether they had lived there sound and well. There are some houses in which it seems that no one can live happily.

Children. Indeed you speak truly. We remember to have heard of a beautiful and imposing house. A certain one who lived there lost everything; another remained there alone; another was driven forth with much disgrace. All turned out badly.

Nephews. Surely these observations of yours are worth attention: to have a suitable house in a good and reputable neighborhood. And having this, how would you arrange your other economies?

Agnolo. I should see to it that all of mine should live under the same roof; that they should be warmed at the same fire and seated at the same table.

Children. We can imagine your pleasure in seeing yourself

in their midst, father of all, surrounded, loved, revered as the master of all; and in the training of youth, which is for the aged the highest pleasure, since virtuous children afford to their parents much aid, honor and praise. In the care of the father lies the virtue of the children. A careful and painstaking father ennobles his family.

Agnolo. That is true; but, believe me, there is yet a greater economy in living behind a single threshold.

Children. You say this?

Agnolo. And I will make you certain of it. Tell me: if now it were night and dark, and some one should light a candle in your midst, you, I and these others would enjoy the light sufficiently to read, write and do whatever might be necessary. But if we go apart, one hither and one thither, each wishing to use the light as before, do you believe that one burning candle will suffice for us, as when we were all together?

Children. Truly not. Who can doubt it? For where formerly one light burned for all, now divided and gone asunder, there would be need of three.

Agnolo. And now if it should be very cold, and together we had taken coals and lighted a great fire, and now you wish to have your part of it elsewhere, and these others carry their portions away, will you be able to warm yourself as well, or worse?

Children. Worse.

Agnolo. So it happens with the family. Many things there are that suffice for many persons living together, but which are insufficient for a few here and there in various places. Quite other power and favor, quite other praise and reputation, quite other authority and credit will he enjoy who finds himself surrounded with his family. He will be more feared and more esteemed than he who goes forth with few about him and without the company of his own people. Much more will the father of a family be recognized and regarded, whom many of his people follow, than he who goes alone. The abundance of persons constitutes the value of the family. Let not the family be divided, for where formerly it was large, there will be but two small groups. *The utility and honor of the whole family*

ought to be preferred to that of the individual. The head that is not supported by all the members falls. The divided family is not alone diminished, but every social grade and favor heretofore acquired is lost. Every one respects a united family; two discordant families enjoy no regard. I wish now to speak as a man rather practical than learned, and to adduce reasons in support of my proposition. For two tables two cloths are spread, two fires are kindled, and two fires consume two portions of wood. For two tables two servants are employed, where for one table one servant answers. I need not follow out the thought; you can complete it for yourselves. In dividing one family into two it is necessary to double the expense; and there are many other disadvantages, more evident in practice than in theory. This dividing of the family has never pleased me, nor does it please me now; this going and coming through many doorways. Nor would my spirit permit that you should live without me, under another roof.

Children. For all of which we honor you.

Agnolo. Yes, my children, under one roof the family lives to best advantage. However, when the children are grown up, or the increasing family makes the dwelling too small to hold them all, let those who go away at least depart of their own pleasure.

Children. O speech worthy of being held perpetually in memory! With one will shall the family stand! But then when all are at home and desire to sup and dine?

Agnolo. Let it be so arranged that they may sup and dine in due season and well.

Nephews. Do you mean by that to eat of good food?

Agnolo. Good, my children, and abundant. Not indeed pea-fowls, capons, partridges, pheasants, and other choice food of the kind, which are fit for invalids or for banquets; but let a substantial table be prepared, so that no one of us, accustomed to our fare, may desire to dine elsewhere, hoping thereby the better to satisfy his hunger. Let the home table be well supplied with wine and bread. Let the wine be honest, and the bread as well, and with these pure and abundant condiments.

Nephews. That is a good idea. And would you buy these things from day to day?

Agnolo. I should not buy them at all, for that would not be economy. Whoever sells his things, sells only those he no longer cares to retain. Who, think you, will deprive his house of the best rather than the worst, and that which he deems it no longer prudent to retain? In some cases, however, from need of money, the better articles are sold.

Nephews. We are persuaded of it, and he who would be prudent will sell the least valuable first, and when he sells the better articles, he will sell them for more than cost.

Agnolo. True. It is desirable, however, to have at hand the things that are needed, to have tested them and to know their season; so that I am better pleased to have them in the house than to seek them elsewhere.

Children. Would you wish to have in the house a whole year's consumption at one time?

Agnolo. I should like to have in the house that which is needed, and that which can be kept without risk, annoyance or extra labor, or without giving cause for accidents or too much lumbering up the house. That which would not keep I should sell, and refurnish myself from time to time, for it is better to leave the labor and risk of these things to others until the time of their use.

Nephews. Would you sell that which you had previously bought?

Agnolo. Insomuch as I might do so, if by keeping it I should incur loss. If I had my choice I should not wish to sell this or that article, because these things belong to low and mercenary occupations. Economy demands that sometimes you should lay in a large supply and that you should furnish yourself with everything in season. Still I tell you that I should not like to be obliged to pay out my ready cash every year.

Children. We do not see how that can be avoided.

Agnolo. I will show you. I should manage to have an estate, which, with less expense than buying in the market, would keep the house supplied with grain, wine, oats, wood, fodder and the like. Then I should raise sheep, poultry, pigeons, and even fish. I should buy this property out of my

capital, and not hire it, for then it would be mine and my children's and my nephews' as well; so that we should have more interest in its care, and in seeing that it was well cultivated, since my successors in their time would reap the fruits of my planting.

Nephews. Would you expect to gather from your land in a single location grain, wine, oil, fodder and wood?

Agnolo. Indeed I should.

Children. To grow good wine side-hills and a southern exposure are necessary. To grow good grain requires flat land, mellow and light. Good wood grows on the mountains and on steep places; hay in cool, damp meadows. Do you expect to find such a diversity in any one locality? Are there indeed many localities adapted at once to the vine, to grain crops, to wood and pasturage? And if you found such a place, do you believe you could acquire it, except at a high price?

Agnolo. I believe it would cost dear. But I remember that in the vicinity of Florence there are many sites in crystalline air, charming country, fine view, few fogs and harmful winds, good water, everything healthful, pure and good; and many handsome houses, like seignorial palaces (many are built like fortresses—like castles), superb and splendid edifices. I should seek an estate, such that, taking there a measure of salt, I should be able to feed my family the whole year through, and give them the whole year what they needed—if not all, at least the necessary things, such as bread, wine, oil, wood and corn. To see that nothing was lacking I should often inspect the fields, and indeed the whole estate; and I should prefer to have it all together, or at least the separate portions not far distant from each other, in order to be able the more easily to go over it both on horse and afoot.

Children. A good idea, for then the laborers from one end to the other would not neglect their tasks, and then you would not have trouble with them so often.

Agnolo. It is beyond belief how roguery has grown amongst the peasantry. Their every thought is to deceive us; and you may be sure they never err on the side of their own disadvantage in your dealings with them. They always see to it that

something of your share remains with them. In the first place the peasant asks you to buy his ox, or his sheep, goat, swine or horse. Then he demands a loan to satisfy his creditors; something more to clothe his family, a dowry for his daughter, something to rebuild his cottage or other buildings, farming utensils to be replaced, and he never ceases with his complaints, And when he has been well paid, better perhaps than his master, he still continues to lament and to plead poverty. Something he will always be in want of, and he never talks with you that it does not cost you something. If the harvest is abundant, he always retains the better share for himself. If, on account of bad weather or any other cause, the harvest fails, he sets aside for you the damaged portion, and reserves the greater part of the useful product for himself; the useless and injured he always leaves for you.

Nephews. Then it would be better to spend your money in town, in furnishing your house, than to have to do with such persons.

Agnolo. Nay, it is useful, my children, to have to do with such persons, and to deal with rustic dispositions, in order that you may better understand how to deal with your fellow-citizens of equal rank. The country people teach us not to be negligent, *and if you are careful in your own affairs neither your farmers nor other people will be able to cheat you much*, and you will not be obliged to endure their malice. Indeed, you may laugh at it.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS.

Born at Corsignano, near Siena, 1405. Studied at the universities of Siena and Florence. Attended the council of Basel as secretary to the bishop of Fermo. Visited England and Scotland on papal missions. Attached himself to the court of the Emperor Frederick, at Vienna. Effected the compromise of 1447 between Emperor and Pope. Made bishop of Trieste by Nicholas V. Elected to the papacy, 1458. Died at Ancona, 1464, while endeavoring to set in motion a crusade against the Turks. His principal writings are the *Commentaries*, the *Epistles*, various treatises on the history of Germany and on the geography of Europe.

EXTRACT FROM *De Liberorum Educatione.**

§ 2. As regards a boy's physical training, we must bear in mind that we aim at implanting habits which will prove beneficial during life. So let him cultivate a certain hardness which rejects excess of sleep and idleness in all its forms. Habits of indulgence—such as the luxury of soft beds, or the wearing of silk instead of linen next the skin, tend to enervate both body and mind. Too much importance can hardly be attached to right bearing and gesture. Childish habits of playing with the lips and features should be early controlled. A boy should be taught to hold his head erect, to look straight and fearlessly before him, and to bear himself with dignity, whether walking, standing or sitting. In ancient Greece we find that both philosophers and men of affairs—Socrates, for instance, and Chrysippus, or Philip of Macedon—deemed this matter worthy of their concern, and therefore it may well be thought deserving of ours. Games and exercises which develop the muscular activities and the general carriage of the person should be encouraged by every teacher. For such physical trai ing not only cultivates grace of attitude, but secures the healthy play of our bodily organs and establishes the constitution.

Every youth destined to exalted position should further be trained in military exercises. It will be your destiny to defend Christendom against the Turk. It will thus be an essential part of your education that you be early taught the use of the bow, of the sling, and of the spear; that you drive, ride, leap and swim. These are honorable accomplishments in every one, and therefore not unworthy of the educator's care. Ponder the picture which Virgil gives of the youth of the Itali, skilled in all the warlike exercises of their time. Games, too, should be encouraged for young children—the ball, the hoop—but these must not be rough and coarse, but have in them an element of skill. Such relaxations should form an integral part of each day's occupations, if learning is not to be an object of

* From Woodward: *Vittorino da Feltre and other Humanist Educators.* Cambridge, 1897. Æneas is here addressing Ladislas, the young king of Bohemia and Hungary, who has sought his advice in the matter of education.

disgust. Just as nature and the life of man present us with alterations of effort and repose—toil and sleep, winter and summer—so we may hold, with Plato, that it is a law of our being that rest from work is a needful condition of further work. To observe this truth is a chief duty of the master.

In respect of eating and drinking, the rule of moderation consists in rejecting anything which needlessly taxes digestion and so impairs mental activity. At the same time fastidiousness must not be humored. A boy, for instance, whose lot it may be to face life in the camp, or in the forest, should so discipline his appetite that he may eat even beef. The aim of eating is to strengthen the frame; so let vigorous health reject cakes or sweets, elaborate dishes of small birds or eels, which are for the delicate and the weakly. Your own countrymen, like all northern peoples, are, I know, sore offenders in this matter of eating and drinking. But I count upon your own innate self-respect to preserve you from such bad example, and to enable you to despise the sneers and complaints of those around you. What but disease and decay can result from appetite habitually over indulged? Such concession to the flesh stands condemned by all of the great spirits of the past. In Augustus Caesar, in Socrates, we have instances of entire indifference in choice of food. Caligula, Nero and Vitellius serve as sufficient examples of grossly sensual tastes. To the Greeks of the best age eating and drinking were only means to living, not the chief end and aim of it. For they recognized, with Aristotle, that in this capacity for bodily pleasures we are on the same level with lower creatures.

As regards the use of wine, remember that we drink to quench thirst, and that the limit of moderation is reached when the edge of the intellect is dulled. A boy should be brought up to avoid wine, for he possesses a store of natural moisture in the blood and so rarely experiences thirst. Hence highly diluted wine alone can be allowed to children, whilst women are, perhaps, better without it altogether, as was the custom in Rome. The abuse of wine is more common amongst northern peoples than in Italy. Plato allowed its moderate enjoyment as tending to mental relaxation, and, indeed, temperance in the true

sense is hardly consistent with the absolute prohibition of all that might seduce us from our virtuous resolutions. So that a young man's best security against excess may be found to lie in a cautious use of wine, safeguarded by innate strength of will and a watchful temper. There is no reason why social feastings should not be dignified by serious conversation and yet be bright and gay withal. But the body, after all, is but a framework for the activities of the mind; and so we hold fast to the dictum of Pythagoras, that he that pampers the body is devising a prison for himself. Even if we had not the support of the Ancients, it is evident to the serious mind that food and clothing are worthy of regard only so far as they are indispensable to the vigorous activity of body and spirit; all beyond that is trivialty or effeminacy. But this is not to exclude that care for the outward person which is, indeed, demanded from everyone by self respect, but is peculiarly needful in a prince.

§ 3. We must now hasten on to the larger and more important division of our subject, that which treats of the most precious of all human endowments, the mind. Birth, wealth, fame, health, vigor and beauty are, indeed, highly prized by mankind, but they are one and all of the nature of accidents; they come and they go. But the riches of the mind are a stable possession, unassailable by fortune, calumny, or time. Our material wealth lies at the mercy of a successful foe, but, as Stilpho said, 'War can exact no requisition from personal worth.' So, too, you will remember the reply of Socrates to Gorgias, applying it to your own case: 'How can I adjudge the Great King happy, until I know to what he can truly lay claim in character and in wisdom?' Lay to heart the truth here conveyed: our one sure possession is character; the place and fortune of men change, it may be suddenly, profoundly; nor may we, by taking thought, cunningly hedge ourselves round against all the chances of life. As Solon long ago declared, no sane man dare barter excellence for money. Nay, rather, it is a function of true wisdom, as the tyrants found by their experience, to enable us to bear variations of fortune. Philosophy, or, in other words, the inquiry into the nature of

virtue, is indeed a study specially meet for princes. For they are in a sense the arbitary embodiment of law; a responsibility which may well weigh heavily upon them. Truly has it been said that no one has greater need of a well-stored mind than he whose will counts for the happiness or misery of thousands. Like Solomon, he will rightly pray for wisdom in the guidance of the state.

Need I, then, impress upon you the importance of the study of philosophy, and of letters, without which indeed philosophy itself is barely intelligible? By this twofold wisdom a prince is trained to understand the laws of God and of man; by it we are, one and all, enlightened to see the realities of the world around us. Literature is our guide to the true meaning of the past, to a right estimate of the present, to a sound forcast of the future. Where letters cease, darkness covers the land; and a prince who cannot read the lessons of history is a helpless prey of flattery and intrigue.

Next we ask, at what age should a boy begin the study of letters? Theodosius and Eratosthenes regarded the seventh year as the earliest reasonable period. But Aristophanes, followed by Chrysippus and Quintilian, would have children from the very cradle begin their training under nurses of skilled intelligence. In this matter of nurses the greatest care is necessary, so subtle are the influences which affect the growing mind. But above all other safeguards stands the unconscious guidance of the mother, who, like Cornelia of old, must instil by example a refined habit of speech and bearing.

In religion, I may assume from your Christian nurture that you have learnt the Lord's Prayer, the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin, the Creed, the Gospel of St. John, and certain Collects. You have been taught in what consist the chief Commandments of God, the gifts of the Spirit, the deadly sins; the way of salvation and the doctrine of the life of the world to come. This latter truth was, indeed, taught by Socrates, as we know from Cicero. Nor can any earthly interest have so urgent a claim upon us. We shall not value this human existence which has been bestowed upon us except in so far as it prepares us for the future state. The fuller truth concerning

this great doctrine is beyond your years; but you may, as time goes on, refer to what has been laid down by the great doctors of the church; and not only by them, for, as Basil allows, the poets and other authors of antiquity are saturated with the same faith, and for this reason deserve our study. Literature, indeed, is ever holding forth to us the lesson, 'God before all else.' As a prince, moreover, your whole life and character should be marked by gratitude for favors showered upon you for no merit of your own, and by reverence, which, in all that concerns the services, the faith, and the authority of the Church, will lead you to emulate the filial obedience of Constantine and Theodosius. For although the priesthood is committed to the protection of kings, it is not under their authority.

In the choice of companions be careful to seek the society of those only whose example is worthy of your imitation. This is indeed a matter which closely concerns your future welfare. We are all, in youth especially, in danger of yielding to the influence of evil example. Above all, I trust that your tutors will keep you clear of that insidious form of flattery which consists in agreeing with everything we may affirm or propose. Extend your intimacy only to those of your own years who are frank and truthful, pure in word and act, modest in manner, temperate and peaceful. Seize every opportunity of learning to converse in the vulgar tongues spoken in your realm. It is unworthy of a prince to be unable without an interpreter to hold intercourse with his people. Mithridates could speak with his subjects of whatever province in their own language; whilst neglect of this plain duty lost to the empire and its German sovereigns its fair province of Italy. The ties that bind monarch and people should be woven of mutual affection, and how is this possible where free and intelligible communication cannot exist? As Homer says, silence is becoming in a woman; but in a man, and that man a King, standing before his people, it is rather a shame and a disgrace.

§ 4. But further: we must learn to express ourselves with distinction, with style and manner worthy of our subject. In a word, eloquence is a prime accomplishment in one immersed in affairs. Ulysses, though a poor warrior, was adjudged

worthy of the arms of Achilles by virtue of his persuasive speech. Cicero, too, admonishes us to the same effect: 'Let arms to the toga yield.' But speech should ever follow upon reflection; without that let a boy, nay, a man also, be assured that silence is his wiser part. Such orators as Pericles or Demosthenes refused to address the Assembly without opportunity for careful preparation. A facile orator speaks from his lips, not from his heart or understanding; and forgets that loquacity is not the same as eloquence. How often have men cause to regret the gift of too ready speech, and 'the irrevocable word' of which Horace warns us. Still there is a middle course; a moderation in speech, which avoids alike a Pythagorean silence and the chatter of a Thersites; and at this we should aim. For without reasonable practice the faculty of public speech may be found altogether wanting when the need arises. The actual delivery of our utterances calls for methodical training. The shrill, tremulous tones of a girl must be rigidly forbidden, as on the other hand must any tendency to shout. The entire word must in every case be uttered, proper value given to each syllable and each letter, with especial attention to the final sound. Words must not, as it were, linger in the throat, but be clearly emitted, both tongue and lips taking duly their respective parts. Your master will arrange as exercises, words in which the form or connection of syllables demands peculiar care in their enunciation. You remember the device by which Demosthenes trained his voice to reach a crowded assembly.

To express yourself, then, with grace and distinction is a proper object of your ambition; and without ambition excellence, in this or other studies, is rarely attained. But if speech be, as Democritus said, the shadow of which thought and conduct are the reality, you will be warned by corrupt conversation to avoid the corrupt nature from which it proceeds. We know that Ulysses cunningly guarded his comrades from the song of the Sirens; and that St. Paul quotes Menander upon the mischief wrought by 'evil communications.' But this by no means implies that we must be always at the extreme of seriousness in social intercourse. In conversation kindness

and courtesy are always attractive; pertinacity or pretentiousness are odious; a turgid, affected style arouses contempt. Insincerity or malice are, of course, not mere defects in form but positive sins So let your address be frank, outspoken, self-respecting, manly.

Nature and circumstances thus provide us with the general material of speech, its topics, and the broader conditions of their treatment. When, however, speech is considered as an art, we find that it is the function of Grammar to order its expression; of Dialectic to give it point; of Rhetoric to illustrate it; of Philosophy to perfect it. But before entering upon this in detail we must first insist upon the overwhelming importance of Memory, which is in truth the first condition of capacity for letters. A boy should learn without effort, retain with accuracy, and reproduce easily. Rightly is memory called 'the nursing mother of learning.' It needs cultivation, however, whether a boy be gifted with retentiveness or not. Therefore, let some passage from poet or moralist be committed to memory every day.

BARTOLOMMEO SACCHI, CALLED PLATINA.

Born at Piadena, near Cremona, about 1421. In his youth served four years as a soldier; Later on studied at Mantua and attached himself to Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga, who took him to Rome. Became a member of the Academy of Pomponius Laetus, organized for the discovery and interpretation of Roman antiquities. 1475, placed in charge of the Vatican library by Sixtus IV. Died 1481. His chief literary work is entitled: *In vitas summorum pontificum ad Sixtum IV. pontificem maximum, praeclarum opus.*

NICHOLAS V.*

He was commendable for his Liberality toward all, especially Learned men, whom he advanced with Money, Court-preferments, and Benefices; whom he would sometimes put upon

* From the Lives of the Popes, from the time of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to the Reign of Sixtus IV. Written originally in Latin, By Baptista Platina, native of Cremona, and Translated into English * * * * * by Sir Paul Rycant, Kt. London, Printed for C. Wilkinson, and are to be Sold by A. Churchil at the Black Swan in Ave-Mary lane, 1688.

reading, publick Lectures, sometimes upon writing some new thing, and sometimes upon translating *Greek* authors into *Latin*, insomuch that the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, which had lain hid for six hundred years, at last regained their splendor to some considerable degree. He also sent those Learned Men all over *Europe* to find out such books as had been lost either by the negligence of Antiquity, or the brutal fury of the barbarous Nations. So that *Poggius* found out *Quintilian*, and *Enoch Asculanus*, *Marcus Coelius Appicius*, as also *Pomponius Porphyrio*, a famous Writer upon Horace. Besides, he erected most stately Buildings in the City, and the *Vatician;* in the city, a noble House for Popes, near *S. Mary* the Greater, and repaired *S. Stephen's* Church, that stands in the *Mount di S. Giovanni*, but built *S Theodores*, that stands upon the plain between the *Palazzo Maggiore* and the *Campidoglio*, from the ground. He likewise covered the roof of *S. Mary the Round* which stands in the middle of the City, an ancient Temple built by *Agrippa*, with Lead, and in the Vatician he not only beautified the Pope's House after that manner which we see, but he began the Walls of the *Vatican*, very large and high, laying foundations for Towers, and a vast Superstructure, whereby to keep the Enemy from plundering the Pope's House, or *St. Peter's* Church, as formerly was often used. Furthermore, in the upper end of *S. Peter's* he began a great Gallery, to make the Church more glorious, and hold more People. He also repaired *Ponte Molle* and built a fine house at *Viterbo*, near the Baths. Nor only so, but he lent many others money who were a-building in the City; and by his order the Streets were paved. He was very Charitable, especially to Persons of Quality if they happened to be reduced to Poverty; and gave poor Maids a competent Portion when they were married. He always received foreign Embassadors very honorably and freely. He was easily anger'd, to say the truth, being a cholerick Man, but he was easily pleased again; and that gave some ill-natur'd People the occasion to Carp at him, though he deserved extremely well of God and Man. Then he was so far from Covetousness, that he never sold any Place, nor ever was guilty of Simony. He was kind to them, who deserved well

of himself and the Church of God, a lover of Justice, the Author and preserver of Peace, merciful to Offenders, a diligent observer of Ceremonies, and would omit nothing belonging to Divine Worship. The Vessels of Gold and Silver, Crosses set with Jewels, Priestly Robes adorn'd with Gold and Pearls, the arras Hangings interwoven with Gold and Silver, and a Papal Crown, are yet to be seen as Monuments of his Munificence. I do not mention the many holy Books that were transcribed by his Order and Embossed with Gold and Silver: but you may see the Pope's Library, which was wonderfully augmented by his care, and at his charge. He was so kind to the Religious that he gave 'em a great deal of money and Ecclesiastical Benefices besides; and canonized *S. Bernardine* of *Siena*, a Frier *Minor*, because by his Preaching, Admonitions, Reproofs, he had almost extinguish'd the Factions of Italy, that is to say, the Guelphs and the Gibelline Faction, and shew'd Christians the way to live well and happily: whose Body is now to be seen, and daily visited with great veneration, at Aquila.

PIUS II.

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Moreover, he so ordered his method of living that he could never be accused of idleness or sloth. He rose as soon as 'twas day for his health sake, and, having said his Prayers very devoutly, went about his worldly affairs. When he had done his morning's work, and walked about the Gardens for his recreation, he went to Dinner; in which he used an indifferent sort of Diet; not curious and dainty. For he seldom bid 'em get him this or that particular Dish, but whatever they set before him, he ate of. He was very abstemious, and when he did drink wine, it was always diluted with Water, and pleasant rather than rough upon the Palate. After meals he either discoursed or disputed half an hour with his Chaplains, and then going into his Bed-Chamber, he took a nap; after which he went to Prayers again, and then wrote or read, as long as his business would permit. The same also he did after Supper; for he both read and dictated till midnight as he lay in his Bed; nor did he sleep above five or six hours. He was a short man,

gray-haired before his time, and had a wrinkled face before he was old. In his aspect he bore severity tempered with good-nature, and in his Garb was neither finical, nor negligent, but so contrived it, as to be consistent with the pains which he usually took. He could patiently endure both hunger and thirst, because he was naturally very strong; and yet his long journeys, frequent labour, and Watchings had impair'd him. His usual Diseases were the Cough, the Stone, and Gout, wherewith he was often so tormented, that nobody could say he was alive but by his Voice. And even in his sickness he was very accessible, but sparing of Words; and unwilling to deny any Man's Petition. He laid out all the Money he got together; and did neither love Gold nor contemn it; but would never be by, whilst it was told out, or laid up. He seemed not to cherish the Wits of his Age, because three grevious Wars which he had undertook had so continually exhausted the Pontifical Treasury that he was oftentimes much in Debt; and yet he preferred many learned men to places both in the Court, and Church. He would willingly hear an Oration, or a Poem, and always submitted his own Writings to the judgment of the Learned. He hated Lyars and Sycophants, was soon angry and soon pleased again. He pardon'd those that reviled, or scoff'd at him, unless they injur'd the See Apostolick; the Dignity whereof he always had such a respect for, as upon that account often to fall out with great Kings and Princes. He was very kind to his Household Servants; for those that he found in an errour, through folly or ignorance, he admonished like a Father. He never reproved any one for speaking or thinking ill of him; because in a free city he desired every body should utter their minds. And when one told him, that he had an ill Report, he reply'd: go unto the *Campo di Fiore*, and you'll hear a great many talk against me. If at any time he had a mind to change the Air of Rome for a better, he went especially in the Summer, to *Tivoli*, or his own Country, *Siena*. But he was mightily pleased with the retirement of an Abby in *Siena*, which is very delightful, and cool too by reason of its situation and the shady Groves that are about it. He frequented the baths at *Macerata* and *Petriolana*

for his health's sake. He used thin Cloths, and his Expences in Silver look'd more frugal than Prince like. For his whole delight (when he had leisure) was in writing and reading: because he valued good Books more than precious Stones; for in them he said there was great plenty of Gems. He so far contemn'd a splendid Table, that he went often times to Fountains, Groves, and Country recesses for his own humour, where he entertain'd himself not like a Pope, but an honest humble Rustick. Nor were there wanting some who found fault with this his frequent change of places, especially his Courtier: because no Pope had ever done so before him, unless in time of War, or of a Plague. But he always slighted their Cavils, and said, that for all his pleasure he never omitted any thing that befitted the dignity of a Pope, or tended to the good of the Court. In all places he Sealed, heard Causes, Censur'd, Answer'd, Asserted and Confuted; to give full satisfaction to all sorts of men. He could not eat willing alone, and therefore invited either the Cardinal of *Spoleta*, of *Trani*, or of *Pavia*, commonly to Dine or Sup with him. At Supper he used to discourse of Learning, and rubb'd up his old Notions of the Ancients; shewing how commendable each of 'em was in this or that particular.

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When he was a youth indeed and not yet initiated into Divinity, he set out poems that were rather light, and jocular, than serious and grave: and yet sometimes even in them he was elevated, nor did he want satyrical sharpness amidst his merry Conceits. There are Epigrams of his extant, that are full of Wit, and he is said to have written about three thousand Verses, which were lost most part of 'em at *Basil*. The remainder of his life he wrote Prose onely, his grand affairs rather inclining him to it; but he also loved a mixed stile, more fit for Philosophy. He set forth several Books of Dialogues about the Power of the Council at *Basil*, about the Rise of the *Nile*, of Hunting, of Destiny, of God's Prescience, and of the Heresie in *Bohemia*. He left an imperfect Dialogue which he began against the *Turks* in defence of Christianity. He digested his Epistles into their several occasions and seasons

when they were written: and those that he wrote when he was a Layman, a Clergy, a Bishop, or Pope he put into distinct Tomes: wherein he excites Kings, Princes, and others to engage in the War for Religion. There is an Epistle of his extant which he wrote to the Turk, to persuade him from Mahometanism to the Christian Faith. He also wrote a Book about the Life of Courtiers; as likewise a Grammar for *Ladislaus* the young King of *Hungary*. He farthermore composed thirty two Orations, exhorting Kings, Princes, and Commonwealths to Peace, and in defence of Religion, to promote the quiet and Concord of the whole World. He perfected the History of *Bohemia*, but left that of Austria imperfect. And though he was upon a History of all the remarkable actions of his Time, yet he was never able, for his business, to finish it. He wrote twelve Books and began the thirteenth of things done by himself. His Stile was soft and easie, in which he made several excellent and pertinent Sermons. For he could readily move the Affections with handsom and graceful Expressions. He very aptly describes situations of Places and Rivers, assuming various ways of Eloquence, as the occasion required. He was well acquainted with Antiquity; nor could any Town be mention'd, but he could tell its rise and situation: besides that he would give an account in what Age famous Men flourish'd. He would sometimes take notice of Mimicks for his pleasure: and left many Sayings behind him, of which I thought fit to add some to this account of his Life: to wit: That the Divine Nature was better understood by Believing than by Disputing. That all sects though confirm'd by humane Authority yet wanted Reason. That the Christian ought to be received upon its own credit, though it had never been back'd with Miracles. That there were three Persons in the Godhead, not proved to be so by Reason, but by considering who said so. That those men who pretended to measure the Heavens and the Earth were rather bold than certain what they did was right. That to find out the motion of the Stars had more pleasure in it, than profit. That God's Friends enjoy'd both this Life and that to come. That without Vertue there was no true Joy. That as a covetous man is never satis-

fied with Money, so a Learned Man should not be with knowledg; But that he who knew never so much might yet find somewhat to be studied. That common Men should value Learning as Silver, Noblemen as Gold, and Princes as Jewels. That good Physitians did not seek the money but the health of the party diseas'd. That a florid Speech did not move wise men but Fools. That those Laws are Sacred which restrain Licentiousness. That the Laws had Power over the Commonalty, but were feeble to the greater sort. That great Controversies were decided by the Sword and not by the Laws. A Citizen should look upon his Family as subject to the City, the City to his Country, his Country to the World, and the World to God. That the chief place with Kings was slippery. That as all Rivers run into the Sea, so do all Vices into Courts. That Flatterers draw Kings whither they please. That Kings hearken to none more easily than to Sycophants. That the tongue of a Flatterer was a King's greatest Plague. That a King who would trust nobody was good for nothing, and he that believed everybody was no better. That it is necessary he that governs many should himself be ruled by many. That he deserv'd not the name of a King who measured the Publick by his private advantage. That he who neglected holy Duties did not deserve the Church Revenue, nor a King his Taxes, that did not constant Justice. He said those that went to Law were the Birds; the Court, the Field; the Judg, the Net; and the Lawyers, the Fowlers. That men ought to be presented to Dignities and not Dignities to the Men. That some Men had Offices and did not deserve 'em, whilst others deserv'd 'em and had 'em not. That the burthen of a Pope was heavy, but he was happy who bore it stoutly. That an illiterate Bishop was like an Ass. That ill Physicians kill'd the body and ignorant Priests the Soul. That a wandring Monk was the Devil's Bondslave. That Virtue had enriched the Clergy, but Vice made 'em poor. That there was great reason for the prohibiting of Priests to marry, but greater for allowing it again. That no treasure was preferable to a faithful friend. That Life was like a friend, and Envy like Death. That he cherishes an Enemy who pardons his Son too often. That a covetous Man

never pleases any body but by his Death. That Men's faults are conceal'd by Liberality, and discover'd by Avarice. That it was a slavish Vice to tell Lyes. That the Use of Wine had augmented the Cares and the Distempers of Mankind. That a Man ought to take as much Wine as would raise and not overwhelm his Soul. That Lust did sully and stain every age of Man, but quite extinguished old Age. That Gold itself and Jewels could not purchase Content. That it was pleasant to the Good, but terrible to the Bad, to Die. That a noble Death was to be preferr'd before a dishonorable Life in the Opinion of all Philosophers.

VESPASIANO DA BISTICCI.

Born in Florence, 1421. Died 1498. Little is known of Vespasiano's life beyond the fact that he was a book-seller, and in this manner came in contact with the leading humanists and patrons of learning of his time.

*From Life of Nicholas V.—The Papal Library.**

XXIV. At this time came the year of jubilee, and since it was the true jubilee, that is, at the end of a period of fifty years, according to the law of the Church, the concourse of people at Rome was such that no one had ever known a greater. It was a wonderful thing to see the great assemblage of people who came. In Rome and Florence the streets were so crowded that the people seemed like swarms of ants; and at the bridge of Sant' Angelo there was such a crowd of people of all nationalities, that they were jammed together, and unable to move in any direction. So great was the crowd, indeed, that in the struggle between those who came to seek indulgences and those who were already at the place, more than two hundred persons, male and female, lost their lives. When Pope Nicholas, who felt much anxiety in regard to these matters, heard of the accident, he was much displeased, took provisions to prevent its recurrence, and caused to be built at the approach to the bridge two small churches in memory of so great a disaster as was this

* *Vite di Vomini illustri del Secolo XV.* Ed. Adolfo Bartoli. Florence, 1859.

destruction of so many men upon the occasion of the jubilee, and he provided for their burial.

XXV. A great quantity of money came by this means to the Apostolic See, and with this the pope commenced building in many places, and sent for Greek and Latin books, wherever he was able to find them, without regard to price. He gathered together a large band of writers, the best that he could find, and kept them in constant employment. He also summoned a number of learned men, both for the purpose of composing new works, and of translating such works as were not already translated, giving them most abundant provision for their needs meanwhile; and when the works were translated and brought to him, he gave them large sums of money, in order that they should do more willingly that which they undertook to do. He made great provision for the needs of learned men. He gathered together great numbers of books upon every subject, both Greek and Latin, to the number of 5000 volumes. So at his death it was found by inventory that never since the time of Ptolemy had half the number of books of every kind been brought together. All books he caused to be copied, without regard to what it cost him, and there were few places where his Holiness had not copiers at work. When he could not find a book, nor secure it in any way, he had it copied. After he had assembled at Rome, as I said above, many learned men at large salaries, he wrote to Florence to Messer Giannozzo Manetti, that he should come to Rome to translate and compose for him. And when Manetti left Florence and came to Rome, the pope, as was his custom, received him with honor, and assigned to him, in addition to his income as secretary, six hundred ducats, urging him to attempt the translation of the books of the Bible and of Aristotle, and to complete the book already commenced by him, *Contra Judeos et gentes;* a wonderful work, if it had been completed, but he carried it only to the tenth book. Moreover, he translated the New Testament, and the Psalter *De hebraica Veritate*, with five apologetical books in defense of this Psalter; showing that in the Holy Scriptures there is not one syllable that does not contain the greatest of mysteries.

XXVI. It was pope Nicholas' intention to found a library in St. Peter's, for the general use of the whole Roman curia, which would have been an admirable thing indeed, if he had been able to carry it out, but death prevented his bringing it to completion. He illumined the Holy Scriptures with innumerable books, which he caused to be translated; and in the same way with the humanities, including certain works upon grammar, of use in learning Latin. The *Orthography* of Messer Giovanni Tortelle, who was of his Holiness' household and worked upon the library, a worthy book and useful to grammarians; the *Iliad* of Homer; Strabo's *De situ orbis* he caused to be translated by Guerrino, and gave him 500 florins for each part, that is to say, Asia, Africa and Europe; that was in all 1500 florins. Herodotus and Thucydides he had translated by Lorenzo Valla, and rewarded him liberally for his trouble; Xenophon and Diodorus by Messer Poggio; Polybius by Nicolò Perotto, whom, when he handed it to him, he gave 500 brand new papal ducats in a purse, and said to him, that it was not what he deserved, but that in time he would take care to satisfy him. The work of Philo the Jew, a book of the greatest worth, of which the Latin tongue had as yet no knowledge; Theophrastus *De Plantis*, a most able work; *Problemata Aristoteles;* these two were translated by Theodorus the Greek, a man of great learning and eloquence. The Republic of Plato and his Laws, the *Posteriora*, the Ethics and Physics, *Magna Moralia*, and Metaphysics, the Greater Rhetoric, George of Trebisond. *De Animalibus* of Aristotle, by Theodorus, a most excellent work. Sacred works, the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, an admirable book, translated by Brother Ambrogio. There were before this other translations utterly barbarous. I was told by pope Nicholas that this translation was so good, that one got a better idea from the simple text than from the other texts accompanied with elaborate comments. The wonderful book, *De præparatione evangelica*, of Eusebius Pamphili, a work of great erudition. Many works of St. Basil, of St. Gregory of Nazianzus; Chrysostom on St. Matthew, about eighty homilies, which had been lost for 500 years or more; for twenty-five homilies were translated by Orosius* more than 500

* (?) Oronzio in the original.

years ago, and the work was much sought for by ancients and moderns; for it is written, that St. Thomas Aquinas, on his way to Paris, when, as he was approaching, the city was pointed out to him, said: "I would rather at this moment have St. John Chrysostom on St. Matthew than Paris." Such a reputation it had! This was translated by George of Trebisond. Cyril on Genesis, and on St. John, excellent works. Many other works translated and composed at the desire of his Holiness, of which I have no knowledge. I have mentioned only those of which I have knowledge.

From Life of Frederick of Urbino.—The Ducal Library.

XXVIII. Coming to the holy doctors, who are in Latin, he wished to have all the works of the four doctors; and what letters! what books! and how excellent! having no regard for expense. The four doctors having been finished, he then desired all the works of St. Bernard, and all the holy doctors of antiquity; he desired that none should be wanting: Tertullian, Hilary, Remi, Hugh of St. Victor, Isidore, Anselm, Rabanus Maurus, and all the holy doctors of antiquity that have ever written. Coming from the Latins to the sacred writers of the Greeks, which are converted into Latin, he desired in Latin the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, of St. Basil, Cyril, Gregory of Nazianzus, John of Damascus, John Chrysostom, Gregory of Nyssa, Eusebius, all his works, Ephraem the Monk, the most excellent writer Origen. Coming to the Latin doctors, as well in philosophy as in theology, all the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, all the works of Albertus Magnus, all the works of Alexander of Hales, all the works of Scotus, all the works of Bonaventura, the works of Richard of Mediavilla;* all the works of the Archbishop Antoninus, and all the modern doctors who are of authority, he wished to have, down to the Conformities of St. Francis; all the works upon civil law, most beautiful texts; all the lectures of Bartolo, in kid-skin, and many writers in civil law. The Bible, most excellent book, he had done in two pictured volumes, as rich and

* Richard of Bury (?).

fine as might be made, covered with gold brocade, enriched with silver; and he had this done so elegantly, as the first of all writings. And all the commentaries, those of the Master of the Sentences, of Nicholas de Lyra, and all the doctors of antiquity who have written commentaries, as well the Latins as the Greeks, and all the glossary of Nicholas de Lyra; this is a book like to which in this age no other has been made. All the writers on astronomy and their commentaries; all the works on geometry with commentaries; all the works on arithmetic; all the works on architecture, all the works *De re militari*, all books treating of the machines of the ancients for conquering a country, and those of the moderns, which was a very remarkable volume. Books of painting, of sculpture, of music, of canon law, and all the texts and lectures and the *Summa* of the bishop of Ostia, and more works in this department. *Speculum innocentiæ*. In medicine all the works of Avicenna, all the works of Hippocrates, of Galen, the *Continente* of Almansor *plus quam commentum*, all the works of Averroes, both on logic and on natural and moral philosophy. A book of all the ancient councils; all the works of Boetius, as well on logic as on philosophy and on music.

XXIX. All the works of the modern writers, commencing with pope Pius. He has all the works of Petrarch, both Latin and vulgar; all the works of Dante, Latin and vulgar; all the works of Boccaccio in Latin; all the works of messer Coluccio; all the works of messer Lionardo d' Arezzo, both original and translations; all the works of Brother Ambrogio, original and translations; all the works of messer Gianozzo Manetti, as well original as translations; all the works of Guerrino, original and translations; all the works of Panormita, as well in verse as in prose; all the works of messer Francisco Filelfo, both in prose and in verse, original and translations; all the works of Perotti, translations and original; all the works of Campano, in prose and in verse; all the original works of Maffeo Vegio; all the works of Nicolò Secondino, translations and original, he who was interpreter for the Greeks and Latins at the council of the Greeks in Florence; all the works of Pontanus, original and translations; all the works of Bartolomeo

Fazi, translations and original; all the works of Gasparino; all the works of Pietro Paulo Vergerio, original and translations; all the works of messer John Argyropolus, translated, that is: the whole of the Philosophy and Logic of Aristotle, as well moral as natural, except the Politics; all the works of messer Francisco Barbaro, translations and original; all the works of messer Lionardo Giustiniano, both original and translations; all the works of Donato Acciaiuoli, original and translations; all the original works of Alamanno Renuccini; all the original works of messer Cristofano da Prato Vecchio; all the works of messer Poggio, both translations and original; all the works of messer Giovanni Tortella, both original and translations; all the translations of messer Francesco d' Arezzo, who lived at the court of King Ferrando; all the works of Lorenzo Valla, translations and original.

XXV. Having acquired all the books of every department which were to be found, written both by ancient and modern doctors, and translations as well in every branch, he desired to have all the Greek books that were to be found; all the works of Aristotle in Greek; all the works of Plato, each volume bound in the finest kid-skin; all the works of Homer in one volume, the Iliad, the Odyssey and the *Batrachomiomachia;* all the works of Sophocles; all the works of Pindar; all the works of Menander; and as well all the poets that were to be found in the Greek tongue; all the Lives of Plutarch, in one most excellent volume; the Cosmography of Ptolemy, with illustrations, in Greek, a most excellent book; all the moral works of Plutarch, a most worthy book; all the works of Herodotus, of Pausanias, of Thucydides, of Polybius; all the works of Demosthenes and of Aeschines; Plotinus the philosopher, all his works; all the commentaries that are found among the Greeks, as for example the commentaries upon Aristotle; all the works of Theophrastus, the *Physica de plantis;* all the Greek lexicographers, the Greek with the Latin explanation; all the works of Hippocrates and of Galen; all the works of Xenophon; part of the Bible in Greek; all the works of St. Basil; all the works of St. John Chrysostom; all the works of St. Athanasius, of St. John of Damascus; all the works of St. Gregory of

Nazianzus, of Gregory of Nyssa, of Origen, of Dionysius the Areopagite; of John Climacus, of St. Ephraem the Monk, of Aeneas the Sophist; the Collations of John Cassianus, the Book of Paradise, *Vitae sanctorum patrum ex Aegypto;* the Lives of Barlaam and Josaphat; a Psalter in three tongues, a wonderful thing, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, verse for verse, a most excellent book; all the books on geometry, on arithmetic, and on astronomy that are found in any language. There are numerous Greek books, by various authors, which when he was not able to get them otherwise, he sent for them, desiring that nothing should be wanting in any tongue which it was possible to acquire. There were to be seen Hebrew books, all that could be found in that language, beginning with the Bible, and all those who have commented upon it, rabbi Moses, and other commentators. Not only are there Hebrew books on the Holy Scriptures, but also on medicine, on philosophy and in all branches, all that could be acquired in that tongue.

XXXV. His Lordship having completed this worthy task at the great expense of more than 30,000 ducats, among the other excellent and praiseworthy arrangements which he made was this, that he undertook to give to each writer a title, and this he desired should be covered with crimson embellished with silver. He began, as has been noted above, with the Bible, as the foremost of all, and had it covered, as was said, with gold brocade. Then beginning with all the doctors of the Church, he had each one covered with crimson and embellished with silver; and so with the Greek doctors as well as with the Latins. As well philosophy, history and books on medicine and all the modern doctors; in such a manner that there are innumerable volumes of this kind, a thing gorgeous to behold. In this library all the books are beautiful in the highest degree, all written with the pen, not one printed, that it might not be disgraced thereby; all elegantly illuminated, and there is not one that is not written on kid skin. There is a singular thing about this library, which is not true of any other; and this is, that of all the writers, sacred as well as profane, original works as well as translations, not a single page is wanting

from their works, in so far as they are in themselves complete; which cannot be said of any other library, all of which have portions of the works of a writer, but not all; and it is a great distinction to possess such perfection. Some time before I went to Ferrara, being at Urbino at his Lordship's court, and having catalogues of all the libraries of Italy, commencing with that of the pope, of St. Mark at Florence, of Pavia, —and I had even sent to England to obtain a catalogue of the library of the university of Oxford,—I compared these with that of the duke, and I saw that all were faulty in one particular; that they had numerous copies of the same work, but they had not all the works of one writer complete as this had; nor were there writers of every branch as in this.

From the Life of Cosimo de' Medici.—Founding a Library.

XII. When he had finished the residence and a good part of the church, he fell to thinking how he should have the place peopled with honest men of letters; and in this way it occurred to him to found a fine library; and one day when I happened to be present in his chamber, he said to me: "In what way would you furnish this library?" I replied that as for buying the books it would be impossible, for they were not to be had. Then he said: "How is it possible then to furnish it?" I told him that it would be necessary to have the books copied. He asked in reply if I would be willing to undertake the task. I answered him, that I was willing. He told me to commence my work and he would leave everything to me; and as for the money that would be necessary he would refer the matter to Dom Archangel, then prior of the monastery, who would draw bills upon the bank, which should be paid. The library was commenced at once, for it was his pleasure that it should be done with the utmost possible celerity; and as I did not lack for money I collected in a short time forty-five writers, and finished 200 volumes in twenty-two months; in which work we made use of an excellent arrangement, that of the library of pope Nicholas, which he had given to Cosimo, in the form of a catalogue made out with his own hands.

XIII. Coming to the arrangement of the library, in the first

place there is the Bible and the Concordance, with all their commentaries, as well ancient as modern. And the first writer who commenced to comment on the Holy Scriptures, and who indicated the manner of commenting to all others, was Origen; he wrote in Greek, and St. Jerome translated a part of his works, on the five books of Moses. There are the works of St. Ignatius the martyr, who wrote in Greek, and was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist; most fervent in his Christian zeal, he wrote and preached and for this won the crown of martyrdom. There are the works of St. Basil, bishop of Cappadocia, a Greek; of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, of Gregory of Nyssa, his brother, of St. John Chrysostom, of St. Athanasius of Alexandria, of St. Ephraem the Monk, of John Climacus, also a Greek; all the works of the Greek doctors that are translated into Latin are there. Then follow the holy doctors and holy writers in Latin, beginning with the works of Lactantius, who was very ancient and had praiseworthy qualifications; Hilary of Poitou, a most solemn doctor; St. Cyprian of Carthage, most elegant and saintly; the works of Tertullian, the learned Carthaginian. Then follow the four doctors of the Latin church, and all their works are here; and there is no other library that has these works complete. Then begin the works of St. Jerome; all the works of St. Gregory the moral doctor; all the works of St. Bernard the Abbot, of Hugh of St. Victor, of St. Anselm, of St. Isidore, bishop of Seville, of Bede, of Rabanus Maurus. Coming then to the modern doctors, of St. Thomas Aquinas, of Albertus Magnus, of Alexander of Hales, of St. Bonaventura; the works of the Archbishop Antonino of Florence, that is, his *Summa*.

XIV. Coming to the philosophers, all the works of Aristotle, both his moral and natural Philosophy; all the commentaries of St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus on the philosophy of Aristotle, and still other commentators upon the same; his Logic and other modern systems of Logic. In canon law, the *Decretum*, the Decretals, *Liber Sextus*, the Clementines, the *Summa* of the bishop of Ostia; Innocentius; Lectures of the bishop of Ostia on the Decretals; Giovanni Andrea, on *Liber Sextus*, and an anonymous lecture on the *Decretum*, and still

other works on canon law by the abbott of Cicilia and others. Of histories, all the Ten of Livy; Caesar's Commentaries; Suetonius Tranquillus, The Lives of the Emperors; Plutarch's Lives; Quintus Curtius, the Deeds of Alexander the Great; Sallust, *De bello Jugurthino et Catilinario;* Valerius Maximus, The Memorable Deeds and Sayings of the Ancients; Emilius Probus, Great Leaders of Foreign Peoples; a history by Ser Zembino, who commenced at the beginning of the world, and came down to Pope Celestine, a work of great information: the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius Pamphili, and *De temporibus;* the *Historiale* of Vincenzo; all the works of Tully in three volumes; all the works of Seneca in one volume; Quintilian, *De institutione oratoria*, and the Declamations; *Vocabulista;* Nonius Marcellus; Pompeius Festus; the *Elegantiae* of Valla; Papias; Uguccione; Catholicon. Poets: Virgil, Terence, Ovid, Lucan, Statius, the tragedies of Seneca, Plautus. Of grammarians, Priscian. And all the other works necessary to a library, of which no one was wanting; and since there were not copies of all these works in Florence, we sent to Milan, to Bologna and to other places, wherever they might be found. Cosimo lived to see the library wholly completed, and the cataloguing and the arranging of the books; in all of which he took great pleasure, and the work went forward, as was his custom, with great promptness.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Born at Florence, 1449. Studied under the guidance of Ficino and other literati of the Mediceean court. Assumed chief political power at the age of twenty-one, upon the occasion of the death of his father, Piero, and ruled until his death in 1492. Obtained from Pope Innocent VIII. that his son Giovanni (afterwards Leo X., b. 1475-d. 1521) was made Cardinal at the age of fourteen. Participated actively in the literary labors of the distinguished group of men, whose protector and support he was. His most important productions were in verse.

*Lorenzo de' Medici to Giovanni de' Medici, Cardinal.**

You, and all of us who are interested in your welfare, ought to esteem ourselves highly favored by Providence, not only for

* From Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

the many honors and benefits bestowed upon our house, but more particularly for having conferred upon us, in your person, the greatest dignity we have ever enjoyed. This favor, in itself so important, is rendered still more so by the circumstances with which it is accompanied, and especially by the consideration of your youth and of our situation in the world. The first that I would therefore suggest to you is that you ought to be grateful to God, and continually to recollect that it is not through your merits, your prudence, or your solicitude, that this event has taken place, but through his favor, which you can only repay by a pious, chaste and exemplary life; and that your obligations to the performance of these duties are so much the greater, as in your early years you have given some reasonable expectations that your riper age may produce such fruits. It would indeed be highly disgraceful, and as contrary to your duty as to my hopes, if, at a time when others display a greater share of reason and adopt a better mode of life, you should forget the precepts of your youth, and forsake the path in which you have hitherto trodden. Endeavor, therefore, to alleviate the burthen of your early dignity by the regularity of your life and by your perseverance in those studies which are suitable to your profession. It gave me great satisfaction to learn, that, in the course of the past year, you had frequently, of your own accord, gone to communion and confession; nor do I conceive that there is any better way of obtaining the favor of heaven than by habituating yourself to a performance of these and similar duties. This appears to me to be the most suitable and useful advice which, in the first instance, I can possibly give you.

I well know, that as you are now to reside at Rome, that sink of all iniquity, the difficulty of conducting yourself by these admonitions will be increased. The influence of example is itself prevalent; but you will probably meet with those who will particularly endeavor to corrupt and incite you to vice; because, as you may yourself perceive, your early attainment to so great a dignity is not observed without envy, and those who could not prevent your receiving that honor will secretly endeavor to diminish it, by inducing you to forfeit the good

estimation of the public; thereby precipitating you into that gulf into which they had themselves fallen; in which attempt, the consideration of your youth will give them a confidence of success. To these difficulties you ought to oppose yourself with the greater firmness, as there is at present less virtue amongst your brethren of the college. I acknowledge indeed that several of them are good and learned men, whose lives are exemplary, and whom I would recommend to you as patterns of your conduct. By emulating them you will be so much the more known and esteemed, in proportion as your age and the peculiarity of your situation will distinguish you from your colleagues. Avoid, however, as you would Scylla or Charybdis, the imputation of hypocrisy; guard against all ostentation, either in your conduct or your discourse; affect not austerity, nor ever appear too serious. This advice you will, I hope, in time understand and practice better than I can express it.

Yet you are not unacquainted with the great importance of the character which you have to sustain, for you well know that all the Christian world would prosper if the cardinals were what they ought to be; because in such a case there would always be a good pope, upon which the tranquility of Christendom so materially depends. Endeavor then to render yourself such, that if all the rest resembled you, we might expect this universal blessing. To give you particular directions as to your behavior and conversation would be a matter of no small difficulty. I shall, therefore, only recommend, that in your intercourse with the cardinals and other men of rank, your language be unassuming and respectful, guiding yourself, however, by your own reason, and not submitting to be impelled by the passions of others, who, actuated by improper motives, may pervert the use of their reasons. Let it satisfy your conscience that your conversation is without intentional offense; and if, through impetuosity of temper, any one should be offended, as his enmity is without just cause, so it will not be very lasting. On this your first visit to Rome, it will, however, be more advisable for you to listen to others than to speak much yourself.

You are now devoted to God and the church: on which ac-

count you ought to aim at being a good ecclesiastic, and to shew that you prefer the honor and state of the church and of the apostolic see to every other consideration. Nor, while you keep this in view, will it be difficult for you to favor your family and your native place. On the contrary, you should be the link to bind this city closer to the church, and our family with the city; and although it be impossible to foresee what accidents may happen, yet I doubt not but this may be done with equal advantage to all: observing, however, that you are always to prefer the interests of the church.

You are not only the youngest cardinal in the college, but the youngest person that ever was raised to that rank; and you ought, therefore, to be the most vigilant and unassuming, not giving others occasion to wait for you, either in the chapel, the consistory or upon deputations. You will soon get a sufficient insight into the manners of your brethren. With those of less respectable character converse not with too much intimacy; not merely on account of the circumstance in itself, but for the sake of public opinion. Converse on general topics with all. On public occasions, let your equipage and address be rather below than above mediocrity. A handsome house and a well-ordered family will be preferable to a great retinue and a splendid residence. Endeavor to live with regularity, and gradually to bring your expenses within those bounds which in a new establishment cannot perhaps be expected. Silk and jewels are not suitable for persons in your station. Your taste will be better shown in the acquisition of a few elegant remains of antiquity, or in the collecting of handsome books, and by your attendants being learned and well-bred rather than numerous. Invite others to your house oftener than you receive invitations. Practise neither too frequently. Let your own food be plain, and take sufficient exercise, for those who wear your habit are soon liable, without great caution, to contract infirmities. The station of a cardinal is not less secure than elevated; on which account those who arrive at it too frequently become negligent; conceiving their object is attained and that they can preserve it with little trouble. This idea is often injurious to the life and character of those who entertain

it. Be attentive, therefore, to your conduct, and confide in others too little rather than too much. There is one rule which I would recommend to your attention in preference to all others. Rise early in the morning. This will not only contribute to your health, but will enable you to arrange and expedite the business of the day; and as there are various duties incident to your station, such as the performance of divine service, studying, giving audience, and so forth, you will find the observance of this admonition productive of the greatest utility. Another very necessary precaution, particularly on your entrance into public life, is to deliberate every evening on what you may have to perform the following day, that you may not be unprepared for whatever may happen. With respect to your speaking in the consistory, it will be most becoming for you at present to refer the matters in debate to the judgment of his holiness, alleging as a reason your own youth and inexperience. You will probably be desired to intercede for the favors of the pope on particular occasions. Be cautious, however, that you trouble him not too often; for his temper leads him to be most liberal to those who weary him least with their solicitations. This you must observe, lest you should give him offense, remembering also at times to converse with him on more agreeable topics; and if you should be obliged to request some kindness from him, let it be done with that modesty and humility which are so pleasing to his disposition. Farewell.

NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

Born at Florence, 1469. Entered at the age of twenty-nine into the service of the Signory. Was prominent in the affairs of the republic, after the banishment of the Medici, until their return in 1512. Driven from Florence, he retired to his patrimony near San Casciano, and devoted himself to literary work. Resumed his official career under Clement VII. Died, 1527. His greater works are the Prince, the History of Florence, the Discourses on Livy and a treatise on the Art of War.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCE.*

Chapter XVIII. How far a Prince is obliged by his Promise.

How honorable it is for a prince to keep his word, and act rather with integrity than collusion, I suppose everybody understands: nevertheless experience has shown in our times that those princes who have not pinned themselves up to that punctuality and preciseness have done great things, and by their cunning and subtilty not only circumvented, and darted the brains of those with whom they had to deal, but have overcome and been too hard for those who have been so superstitiously exact. For further explanation you must understand there are two ways of contending, by law and by force: the first is proper to men; the second to beasts; but because many times the first is insufficient, recourse must be had to the second. It belongs, therefore, to a prince to understand both, when to make use of the rational and when of the brutal way; and this is recommended to princes, though abstrusely, by ancient writers, who tell them how Achilles and several other princes were committed to the education of Chiron the Centaur, who was to keep them under his discipline, choosing them a master, half man and half beast, for no other reason but to show how necessary it is for a prince to be acquainted with both, for that one without the other will be of little duration. Seeing, therefore, it is of such importance to a prince to take upon him the nature and disposition of a beast, of all the whole flock he ought to imitate the lion and the fox; for the lion is in danger of toils and snares, and the fox of the wolf; so that he must be a fox to find out the snares, and a lion to fight away the wolves, but they who keep wholly to the lion have no true notion of themselves. A prince, therefore, who is wise and prudent, cannot or ought not to keep his parole, when the keeping of it is to his prejudice, and the causes for which he promised removed. Were men all good this doctrine was not to be taught, but because they are wicked and not likely to be punctual with you, you are not obliged to any such strictness

* Morley's edition in the Universal Library, in which the reading of the folio of 1674 has been reproduced.

with them; nor was there ever any prince that wanted lawful pretence to justify his breach of promise. I might instance in many modern examples, and show how many confederations, and peaces, and promises have been broken by the infidelity of princes, and how he that best personated the fox had the better success. Nevertheless, it is of great consequence to disguise your inclination, and to play the hypocrite well: and men are so simple in their temper and so submissive to their present necessities, that he that is neat and cleanly in his collusions shall never want people to practice them upon. I cannot forbear one example which is still fresh in our memory. Alexander VI. never did, nor thought of, anything but cheating, and never wanted matter to work upon; and though no man promised a thing with greater asseveration, nor confirmed it with more oaths and imprecations, and observed them less, yet understanding the world well he never miscarried.

A prince, therefore, is not obliged to have all the fore-mentioned good qualities in reality, but it is necessary to have them in appearance: nay, I will be bold to affirm that, having them actually, and employing them upon all occasions, they are extremely prejudicial, whereas, having them only in appearance, they turn to better account; it is honorable to seem mild, and merciful, and courteous, and religious, and sincere, and indeed to be so, provided your mind be so rectified and prepared that you can act quite contrary upon occasion. And this must be premised, that a prince, especially if come but lately to the throne, cannot observe all those things exactly which make men be esteemed virtuous, being often necessitated, for the preservation of his State, to do things inhuman, uncharitable and irreligious; and, therefore, it is convenient his mind be at his command, and flexible to all the puffs and variations of fortune; not forbearing to be good whilst it is in his choice, but knowing how to be evil when there is a necessity. A prince, then, is to have particular care that nothing falls from his mouth but what is full of the five qualities aforesaid, and that to see and to hear him he appears all goodness, integrity, humanity and religion, which last he ought to pretend to more than ordinarily, because more men do judge

by the eye than by the touch; for everybody sees, but few understand; everybody sees how you appear, but few know what in reality you are, and those few dare not oppose the opinion of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince to defend them; and in the actions of all men, especially princes, where no man has power to judge, every one looks to the end. Let a prince, therefore, do what he can to preserve his life and continue his supremacy, the means which he uses shall be thought honorable, and be commended by everybody; because the people are always taken with the appearance and event of things, and the greatest part of the world consists of the people; those few who are wise taking place when the multitude has nothing else to rely upon. There is a prince at this time in being (but his name I shall conceal) who has nothing in his mouth but fidelity and peace; and yet had he exercised either the one or the other, they had robbed him before this of both his power and reputation.

Chapter XXVI. An Exhortation to Deliver Italy from the Barbarians.

Having weighed, therefore, all that is said before, and considered seriously with myself whether in this juncture of affairs in Italy the times were disposed for the advancement of a new prince, and whether there was competent matter that could give occasion to a virtuous and wise person to introduce such a form as would bring reputation to him and benefit to all his subjects, it seems to me that at this present so many things concur to the exaltation of a new prince that I do not know any time that has been more proper than this; and if, as I said before, for the manifestation of the courage of Moses it was necessary that the Israelites should be captives in Egypt; for discovery of the magnanimity of Cyrus, that the Persians should be oppressed by the Medes; and for the illustration of the excellence of Theseus, that the Athenians should be banished and dispersed; so to evince and demonstrate the courage of an Italian spirit it was necessary that Italy should be reduced to its present condition; that it should be in greater bondage than the Jews, in greater servitude than the Persians, and in greater dispersion than the Athenians; without head,

without order, harassed, spoiled, overcome, overrun, and overflown with all kinds of calamity; and though formerly some sparks of virtue have appeared in some persons that might give it hopes that God had ordained them for its redemption, yet it was found afterwards that in the very height and career of their exploits they were checked and forsaken by fortune, and poor Italy left half dead, expecting who would be her Samaritan to bind up her wounds, put an end to the sackings and devastations in Lombardy, the taxes and expilations in the kingdom of Naples and Tuscany, and cure her sores which length of time had festered and imposthumated. It is manifest how she prays to God daily to send some person who may redeem her from the cruelty and insolence of the barbarians. It is manifest how prone and ready she is to follow the banner that any man will take up; nor is it at present to be discerned where she can repose her hopes with more probability than in your illustrious family,* which by its own courage and interest and the favor of God and the Church (of which it is now chief), may be induced to make itself head in her redemption; which will be no hard matter to be effected if you lay before you the lives and actions of the persons above named; who though they were rare and wonderful were yet but men, and not accommodated with so fair circumstances as you. Their enterprise was not more just nor easy, nor God Almighty more their friend than yours. You have justice on your side; for that war is just which is necessary, and it is piety to fight where no hope is left in anything else. The people are universally disposed, and where the disposition is so great the opposition can be but small, especially you taking your rules from those persons which I have proposed to you for a model.

Besides, many things that they did were supernatural, and by God's immediate conduct the sea opened, a cloud directed, a rock afforded water, it rained manna; all these things are recompensed in your grandeur, and the rest remains to be executed by you. God will not do everything immediately, because He will not deprive us of our free will and the honour that devolves upon us. Nor is it any wonder if none of the

* "The Prince" was addressed to Lorenzo, son of Piero de' Medici.

aforenamed Italians have been able to do that which may be hoped for from your illustrious family; and if in so many revolutions in Italy, and so long continuation of war, their military virtue seems spent and extinguished, the reason is, their old discipline was not good, and nobody was able to direct a better. Nothing makes so much to the honour of a new prince as new laws and new orders invented by him, which, if they be well founded, and carry anything of grandeur along with them, do render him venerable and wonderful; and Italy is susceptible enough of any new form. Their courage is great enough in the soldier if it be not wanting in the officer; witness the duels and combats in which the Italians have generally the better by their force and dexterity and stratagem; but come to their battles, and they have often the worse, and all from the inexperience of their commanders; for those who pretend to have skill will never obey, and every one thinks he has skill, there having been nobody to this very day raised by his virtue and fortune to that height of reputation as to prevail with others to obey him. Hence it came that, in so long time, in the many wars during the last twenty years, whenever an army consisted wholly of Italians, it was certain to be beaten; and this may be testified by Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri. If therefore, your illustrious family be inclined to follow the examples of those excellent persons who redeemed their countries, it is necessary, as a true fundamental of all great enterprises, to provide yourselves with forces of your own subjects, for you cannot have more faithful nor better soldiers than they. And though all of them be good, yet altogether they will be much better when they find themselves not only commanded, but preferred and caressed by a prince of their own. It is necessary, therefore, to be furnished with these forces before you can be able with Italian virtue to vindicate your country from the oppression of strangers. And though the Swiss and Spanish infantry be counted terrible, they have both of them their defects; and a third sort may be composed that may not only encounter but be confident to beat them; for the Spanish foot cannot deal with horse, and the Swiss are not invincible when they meet with foot as obstinate

as themselves. It has been seen by experience, and would be so again, the Spaniards cannot sustain the fury of the French cavalry, and the Swiss have been overthrown by the infantry of Spain. And though of this last we have seen no perfect experiment, yet we had a competent essay at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish foot being engaged with the German battalions (which observe the same order and discipline as the Swiss), the Spaniards, by the agility of their bodies and the protection of their bucklers, broke in under their pikes and killed them securely, while the poor Germans were incapable to defend themselves; and had not the Spaniards been charged by the horse, the German foot had been certainly cut off. It is possible, therefore, the defect of both those foot being known, to institute a third which may buckle with the horse and be in no fear of their foot; which will be effected not by the variation of their arms, but by changing their discipline. And these are some of those things which, being newly reformed, give great grandeur and reputation to any new prince. This opportunity, therefore, is by no means to be slipped, that Italy, after so long expectation, may see some hopes of deliverance. Nor can it be expressed with what joy, with what impatience of revenge, with what fidelity, with what compassion, with what tears such a champion would be received into all the provinces that have suffered by those barbarous inundations. What gates would be shut against him? What people would deny him obedience? What malice would oppose him? What true Italian would refuse to follow him? There is not anybody but abhors and nauseates this barbarous domination. Let your illustrious family, then, address itself to the work with as much courage and confidence as just enterprises are undertaken; that under their ensigns our country may be recovered, and under their conduct Petrarch's prophecy may be fulfilled, who promised that—

Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l' arme, e fia'l çombatter corto:
Che l'antico valore
Negl' Italici cor non è ancor morto.

Virtue shall arm 'gainst rage, and in short fight
Prove the *Roman* valour's not extinguished quite.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

Born at Casatico, near Mantua, 1478, and educated at Milan. Was one of the most distinguished diplomats of his time, taking service first under Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, later with the dukes of Urbino, and in 1524 was sent to Spain, to arrange a dispute between Clement VII. and Charles V. His mission was unsuccessful; but he remained in Spain, was made bishop of Avila, and died at Toledo in 1529.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COURTIER.*

Letters not Beneath the Notice of a Courtier.

But besides goodnesse the true and principall ornament of the minde in every man (I believe) are letters, although ye Frenchmen know onely the nobleness of armes, and passe for nothing beside: so that they not only doe not set by letters, but they rather abhorre them, and all learned men they doe count very rascalles, and they think it a great villany when any one of them is called a clarke.

Then answered the Lord Magnifico, you say very true, this error in deed hath longe raigned among the Frenchmen, But if Monseigneur de Angoulesme have so good luck that he may (as men hope) succeede in the Crowne, the glory of arms in France doth not so florish nor is had in such estimation, as letters will be, I believe.

For it is not long sins I was in France, and saw this Prince in the Court there, who seemed unto mee beside the handsomnesse of person and bewtie of visage, to have in his countenance so great a maiestie, accompanied nevertheless with a certaine lovely courtesie, that the realme of France shoulde ever seeme unto him a small matter.

I understood afterwarde by many gentlemen both French and Italian, very much of the most noble conditions, of the greatness of courage, prowesse and liberalitie that was in him: and among other things, it was told me, that hee highly loved and esteemed letters, and had in very great reputation all

* The Courtier of Count Baldesar Castilio, devided into foure Bookes, verie necessarie and profitable for young Gentlemen and Gentle women abiding in Court, Pallace or Place, done into English by Thomas Hobby, London, Printed by John Wolfe, 1588.

learned men, and blamed the Frenchmen themselves that their mindes were so far wide from this profession, especially having at their doores so noble an universitie as Paris is, where all the world resorteth.

Then spake the Count: It is great wonder that in these tender yeares, onely by the provocation of nature, contrarie to the manner of the countrie, he hath given him self to so good a way. And because subiectes follow alwaies the conditions of the higher powers, it is possible that it may come to passe (as you say) that ye Frenchmen will yet esteeme letters to be of that dignitie that they are in deede. The which (if they will give eare thereto) they may soone bee perswaded.

Forsomuch as men ought to covet of nature nothing so much, and nothing is more proper for them, than knowledge: which thing it were a great folly to say or to holde opinion that it is not alwaies good.

And in case I might commune with them, or with other that were of a contrary opinion to me, I would doe my diligence to shew them, how much letters (which undoubtedlye have beene granted of God unto men for a soveraigne gift) are profitable and necessarie for our life and estimation. Neither should I want the examples of so many excellent captaines of old time, which all ioyned the ornament of letters with prowesse of armes.

For (as you know) Alexander had Homer in such reverence, that he laide his Ilias alwaies under his beds heade: and he applied diligently not these studies onely, but also the Speculations of Philosophy under the discipline of Aristotle.

Alcibiades increased his good conditions and made them greater with letters, and with the instructions of Socrates.

Also what diligence Cesar used in studies, those thinges which he had so divinelye written him selfe, make triall.

It is saide that Scipio Affricanus carried alwaies in his hand the bookes of Xenophon, wherein under the name of Cyrus he instructeth a perfect King.

I coulde recite unto you Lucullus, Sylla, Pompeius, Brutus, and many other Romanes and Grecians, but I woulde doe no more but make mention of Hannibal, which being so excellent

a Captaine (yet for all that of a fierce nature and voide of all humanity, an untrue dealer, and a despiser of men and of the Gods) has also understanding in letters, and the knowledge of the greeke tongue.

And if I be not deceived (I trow) I have redde in my time, that he left a booke behinde him of his own making in the Greeke tongue. But this kinde of talke is more than needeth: for I knowe all you understand how much the Frenchmen be deceived in holding opinion letters to doe any hurt to armes.

You know in great matters and adventures in wars the true provocation is glory: and who so for lucres sake or for any other consideration taketh it in hande (beside that hee never doth any thing worthie prayse) deserveth not the name of a gentleman, but is a most vile merchant.

And every man may conceive it to be true glory, that is stored up in the holy treasure of letters, except such unluckie creatures as have no taste thereof.

What minde is so fainte, so bashfull, and of so base a courage, that in reading the acts and greatnes of Cesar, Alexander, Scipio, Annibal, and so many other, is not incensed with a most fervent longing to be like them; and doth not preferre the getting of that perpetuall fame, before the rotten life that lasteth two days? Which in despite of death maketh him live a great deale more famous than before.

But he that savoureth not the sweetness of letters, can not know how much is the greatness of glory, which is a long while preserved by them, and onely measureth it with the age of one or two men, for further he beareth not in minde. Therefore can he not esteeme this short glory so much as he would doe that, which (in a manner) is everlasting, if by his ill happe hee were not barred from the knowledge of it. And not passing upon it so much, reason perswadeth, and a man may well believe hee will never hazard himselfe so much to come by it, as hee that knoweth it.

I woulde not now some one of the contrarie parte should alledge unto mee the contrarie effects to confute mine opinion with all: and tell mee how the Italians with their knowledge of letters have shewed small prowesse in armes from a cer-

taine time hetherto, the which nevertheless is too true: but in very deed a man may well say that the offence of a few, hath brought (beside the great damage) an everlasting reproach unto all other, and the verie cause of our confusion, and of the neglecting of Vertue in our mindes (if it bee not cleane deade) proceeded of them. But it were a more shamefull matter unto us to publish it, than unto the Frenchmen the ignorance in letters.

Therefore it is better to passe that over with silence that cannot bee rehearsed without Sorrow, and leaving this purpose into the which I am entred against my wil, returne againe unto our Courtier, whom in letters I will have to be more than indifferently well seene, at the least in those studies, which they call Humanitie and to have not onely the understanding of the Latin tongue, but also of the greek, because of the many and sundrie things that with great excellencie are written in it.

Let him much exercise him selfe in Poets, and no lesse in Oratours and Historiographers, and also in writing both rime and prose, and especially in this our vulgar tongue. For beside the contentation that hee shall receive thereby him selfe, hee shall by this meanes never want pleasant intertainements with women which ordinarily love such matters.

And if by reason either of his other businesses besides, or of his slender studie hee shall not attaine unto that perfection that his writings may bee worthy much commendation, let him bee circumspect in keeping them close, least he make other men to laugh at him. Onely hee may shew them to a friende whom he may trust.

For at least wise hee shall receive so much profit, that by that exercise hee shall be able to give his iudgement upon other men's doings. For it happeneth very seldome, that a man not exercised in writing, how learned soever he be, can at any time know perfectly the labour and toile of writers, or tast of the sweetnesse and excellencey of styles, and those inner observations that often times are founde in them of olde time.

And besides that, those studies shal make him copious, and (as Anstippus answered a Tirant) bold to speake upon a good ground with every man.

Notwithstanding I will have our Courtier to keepe fast in his minde one lesson, and that is this, to bee alwaies warie both in this and in everie other point, and rather fearefull than bolde, and beware that hee perswade not himself falsly, to know the thing hee knoweth not in deede.

Because we are of nature all the sort of us much more greedy of praise than is requisite, and better do our eares love the melodie of wordes sounding to our praise, than any other song or sound that is most sweete. And therefore many times like the voyces of marmaidens, they are the cause of drowning of him that doth not well stoppe his eares at such deceitful harmony.

This danger being perceived, there hath beene among the auncient wise men that have writen bookes, how a man should knowe a true friend from a flatterer. But what availeth it? If there bee many of them (or rather infinite) that manifestly perceive they are flattered, and yet love him that flattereth them, and hate him that telleth them the troth.

And oftentimes (standing in opinion that he that prayseth them is too scarce in his wordes) they them selves helpe him forwarde, and utter such matters of themselves, that the most impudent flatterer of all is ashamed of.

Let us leave these blinde buzzards in their owne errour, and make our Courtier of so good a iudgement, that he will not bee given to understand blacke for white, nor presume more of himselfe than what he knoweth very manifestly to be true, and especially in those thinges, which (if yee beare well in minde) the Lorde Cesar rehearsed in his devise of pastimes, that we have many times used for an instrument to make many become foolish. But rather that he may be assured not to fall into any error, where he knoweth those prayses that are given him to be true, let him not so openly consent to them, nor confirme them so without resistance, but rather with modestie (in a manner) deny them cleane, shewing alwaies and counting in effect, armes to bee his principall profession, and all the other good qualities for an ornament thereof.

And principally amoı g Souldiers, least hee bee like unto them that in learning will seeme men of warre, and among men of warre, learned.

The Perfect Courtier.

But to come to some particularitie, I iudge the principall and true profession of a Courtier ought to bee in feates of armes, the which above all I will have him to practise lively, and to bee knowne among other of his hardines, for his atchieving of enterprises, and for his fidelitie towarde him whom he serveth. And he shall purchase himselfe a name with these good conditions, in doing the deedes in every time and place, for it is not for him to fainte at any time in this behalfe without a wondrous reproach.

And even as in women honestie once stained doth never returne againe to the former estate: so the fame of a gentleman that carrieth weapon, if it once take a soyle in anye litle point through dastardlinesse or any other reproach, doth evermore continue shamefull in the world and full of ignorance.

Therefore the more excellent our Courtier shall be in this arte, the more shall he be worthie praise: albeit I judge not necessarie in him so perfect a knowledge of things and other qualities that is requisite in a Captaine. But because this is overlarge a scope of matters, we wil holde our selves contented, as wee have saide, with the uprightnesse of a well meaning mind, and with an invincible courage, and that he alwaies shew himself such a one.

For many times men of courage are sooner knowne in small matters than in great. Often times in dangers that stand them upon, and where many eyes be, ye shall see some that for all their hart is dead in their bodie, yet pricked with shame or with the company, goe forwarde, as it were, blindfield and doe their duetie. And God knoweth both in matters that little touch them, and also where they suppose that without missing they may convey them selves from danger, how they are willing inough to sleepe in a whole skinne.

But such as think themselves neither marked, seene, nor knowne, and yet declare a stoute courage, and suffer not the least thing in the world to passe that may berden them, they have that courage of spirite which we seek to have in our Courtier. Yet will wee not have him for all that so lustie to make braverie in words, and to bragge that he hath wedded

his harnes for a wife, and to threaten with such grimme looks, as we have seen Berto do often times.

For unto such may wel be said, that a worthie gentle woman in a noble assemblie spake pleasantly unto one, that shall bee nameless for this time, whom she to shew him a good countenance, desired to daunce with her, and hee refusing it, and to heare musicke, and many other entertainments offered him, alwaies affirming such trifles not to be his profession, at last the gentle woman demanded him, what is then your profession? he answered with a frowning look, to fight.

Then saide the gentle woman: seeing you are not now at the warre nor in place to fight, I would think it best for you to bee well besmered and set up in an armory with other implements of warre till time were you should be occupied, least you ware more rustier than you are. Thus with much laughing of the standers by, she left him with a mocke in his foolish presumption.

The ende therefore of a perfect Courtier (whereof hetherto nothing hath beene spoken) I believe is to purchase him, by the meane of the qualities which these Lordes have given him, in such wise the good will and favour of the Prince he is in service withall, that he may breake his minde to him, and alwaies enforme him franckly of the truth of every matter meete for him to understand, without feare or perill to displease him. And when hee knoweth his minde is bent to commit any thing unseemely for him, to be bold to stand with him in it, and to take courage after an honest sorte at the favor which he hath gotten him through his good qualities, to diswade him from every ill purpose, and to set him in the way of virtue. And so shall the Courtier, if he have the goodnesse in him that these Lordes have given him accompanied with readiness of wit, pleasantness, wisedom, knowledge in letters, and so many other things, understand how to behave himself readily in all occurrents to drive into his Prince's heade what honour and profit shall ensure to him and to his by iustice, liberallitie, valiantness of courage, meekeness, and by the other vertues that belong to a good prince, and contrariwise what slander and damage commeth of the vices contrarie to them.

And therefore in mine opinion, as musicke, sportes, pastimes, and other pleasant fashions, are (as a man would say) the floure of courtlinesse, even so is the training and helping forwarde of the Prince to goodnesse, and the fearing him from evil, the fruite of it.

And because the prayses of well doing consisteth chiefly in two pointes, whereof the one is, in choosing out an end that our purpose is directed unto, that is good in deede, the other, the knowledge to finde out apt and meete meanes to bring it to the appointed good ende: sure it is that the minde of him which thinketh to worke so, that his Prince shall not bee deceived, nor lead with flatterers, railers, and lyers, but shall know both the good and the bad, and beare love to the one, and hatred to the other, is directed to a verie good end.

Me thinke againe, that the qualities which these Lords have given the Courtier, may bee a good means to compasse it; and that, because among many vices that we see now a dayes in many of our Princes, the greatest are ignorance and selfe liking.

And the roote of these two mischiefs is nothing els but lying, which vice is worthely abhorred of God and man, and more hurtfull to Princes than any other, because they have more scarsitie than of any thing els, of that which they neede to have more plentie of, than of any thing; namely, of such as should tell them the truth, and put them in mind of goodnesse; for enimies be not driven of love to doe these offices, but they delight rather to have them live wickedly and never to amend: on the other side, they dare not rebuke them openly for feare they be punished.

Music.

Then saide the Lord Gasper Pallavicin. There are many sortes of musicke, as well in the brest as upon instruments, therefore would I gladly learne which is the best, and at what time the Courtier ought to practise it.

Me thinke then answered Sir Fredericke, prick-song is a faire musicke, so it be done upon the booke surely and after a good sorte. But to sing to the lute is much better, because all

the sweetness consisteth in one alone, and a man is much more heedfull and understandeth better the feat, manner and the aire of veyne of it, when the eares are not busied in hearing any more than one voice: and beside every little error is soone perceived, which happeneth not in singing with company, for one beareth out the other.

But singing to the lute with the dittie (me thinke) is more pleasant than the rest, for it addeth to the wordes such a grace and strength, that it is a great wonder.

Also all Instruments with Freats are full of harmony, because the tunes of them are very perfect, and with ease a man may doe many things upon them that fill the mind with sweetnesse of musicke.

And the musicke with a sette of Violes doth no lesse delite a man: for it is very sweet and artificiall.

A mans brest giveth a great ornament and grace to all these instruments, in the which I will have it sufficient that our Courtier have an understanding. Yet, the more cunninger he is upon them, the better it is for him, without medling much with the instruments that Minerva and Alcibiades refused, because it seemeth they are noysome.

Now as touching the time and season when these sortes of musicke are to bee practised: I believe at all times when a man is in familiar and loving company, having nothing else adoe. But especially they are meete to be practised in the presence of women, because those sights sweeten the mindes of the hearers, and make them the more apt to bee pierced with the pleasantnesse of musicke, and also then quicken the spirits of the very doers.

I am well pleased (as I have saide) they flee the multitude, and especially the unnoble.

But the seasoning of the whole must be discretion, because in effect it were a matter impossible to imagine all cases that fall. And if the Courtier bee a righteous iudge of him selfe, hee shall apply him selfe well inough to the time, and shall discerne when the hearers minds are disposed to give eare and when they are not. He shall know his age, for (to say the truth) it were no meete matter, but an ill sight to see a man of

any estimation being old, horeheaded and toothlesse, full of wrinkles, with a lute in his armes playing upon it, and singing in the middest of a company of women, although he coulde doe it reasonably well. And that because such songes containe in them wordes of love, and in olde men love is a thing to be iested at: although otherwhile he seemeth among other miracles of his to take delite in spite of yeares to set a fire frosen heartes.

Then answered the Lord Julian: doe you not barre poore olde men from this pleasure (Sir Fredericke) for in my time I have knowne men of yeares have very perfect brestes and most nimble fingers for instruments, much more than some yong men.

I goe not about (quoth Sir Fredericke) to barre old men from this pleasure, but I wil barre you and these Ladies from laughing at that follie.

And in case olde men will sing to the lute, let them do it secretly, and onely to rid their minds of those troublesome cares and grievous disquieting that our life is full of: and to taste of that excellencie which I believe Pythagoras and Socrates savoured in musicke.

And set case they exercise it not at all: for they have gotten a certaine habite and custome of it, they shall savour it much better in hearing, than he that hath no knowledge in it: For like as the armes of a Smith that is weake in other things, because they are more exercised, bee stronger than an other bodies that is sturdie, but not exercised to worke with his arms: even so the armes that be exercised in musicke, doe much better and sooner discerne it, and with more pleasure judge of it, than other, how good and quicke soever they be that have not beene practised in ye variety of pleasant musicke: because those musical tones pearce not, but without leaving any taste of themselves passe by ye eares not accustomed to here them, although the verie wilde beastes feel some dilite in melodie.

This is therefore the pleasure meete for olde men to take in musicke.

The selfe same I say of daunsing, for in deede these exer-

cises ought to be left off before age constraineth us to leave them whether we will or no.

It is better then, answered here M. Morello, halfe chafed, to except all old men, and to say that onely yong men are to be called Courtiers.

Then laughed Sir Fredericke and saide: Note (maister Morello) whether such as delite in these matters, if they bee not young men, doe not strive to appear young, and therefore dye their haire and make their bearde grow twice a weeke, and this proceedeth upon that nature saith to them in secrete, that these matters are not comely but for yong men.

All these Ladies laughed, becaused they knew these wordes touched maister Morello, and he seemed somewhat out of patience at the matter.

MATTEO BANDELLO.

Born at Castelnuovo, near Tortona, circa 1480. Entered the church and resided at Mantua, as tutor in the family of Gonzaga. The battle of Pavia caused him to leave Lombardy, and he made his way to France. Made bishop of Agen in 1550, where he resided for some years before his death in 1562. The *Novels* are his chief literary work.

*Bandello to the Reverend Doctor in Theology Fra Cristoforo Bandello, Administrator of the Order of the Minor Brethern in the Province of Genoa.**

If Pope Leo X had, when as first Martin Luther began to spread abroad the pestilent venom of his heresies, lent a favorable ear to the Master of the Sacred Palace, it had been an easy matter to quench those nascent flames, which have since waxed to such a height that, except God put hand thereto, they are more like to increase than abate. And certes me knoweth not what spirit was this of Luther's, which so many admire, as if he were a profound dialectitian, an ingenious philosopher and a profound theologian, he having in all his various idle devisings adduced no single plausible argument of his own

* *The Novels of Matteo Bandello, Bishop of Agen: now first done into English prose and verse by John Payne.* London, 1890: printed for the Villon Society.

invention, but having only tricked out anew the false opinions condemned and reproved by so many Councils-general and ultimately by that of Constance. The following he hath cometh from no otherwhat than that he and his followers open the way to a licentious and wanton way of living. In truth, he is to be blamed and there should be no audience given to his fables, which are all void of true foundation. Algates, I cannot deny that the lewd life of many churchmen is a cause of scandal to unstable minds, but it behoveth us not therefor to fall away from the faith of our forefathers. Moreover, those indiscreet and ignorant friars, (whom we wot of) should, when they are in the pulpit, take good heed lest they say ought to the people which may give rise to scandal and not (whereas they ought to incite their hearers to devoutness) provoke them to indecent laughter, the which nowadays bringeth the things of the faith into little esteem. I am not presently concerned to speak of the follies which idiots oftentimes say in the pulpit, but will speak of those who follow indiscreetly after certain fables which bring preachments into derision, as it befel Fra Bernardino da Peltro in Pavia, according to that which I heard one day told of Fra Filippo da San Columbano, a minor Brother of the Franciscan Order, who, being in company of certain gentlemen at their place of the Garden in Milan, related the thing for their diversion, as it happened in the days when he was a student of the law at Pavia, and for that it is a thing to be noted, I have chosen to send and give it to you, so that, we being of one blood, you may eke be a sharer in my novels. Fare you well.

THE SIXTH STORY.

Fra Bernardino da Peltro, seeking to set St. Francis over all the other saints, is confounded by a student.

You must know, sirs, that when I was a student and abode at Pavia to learn the civil law, Fra Bernardino da Peltro, a man of exceeding consideration in our order, preached a whole year long in the Cathedral Church of Pavia to as great a concourse as was ever seen in that city. He had preached the foregone year at Brescia, where he had let publicly burn in the market-

place the false tresses which the women wore on their heads, to enhance their native beauty, and other like womanish vanities. Moreover, he let burn all such copies of Martial's Epigrams as were in the city, and did many other things worthy of memory. Now, being in the pulpit at Pavia on the feast day of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, he entered, in the presence of a great concourse of people, upon discourse of the many virtues of that saint, and having descanted thereon at large and recounted store of miracles by him wroughten in his life and after his death, he bestowed on him all those praises, excellences and dignities which behoved unto the sanctity of so glorious a father; and having, by most effectual arguments, authorities and examples, proved that he was full of all the Christian graces and was altogether serafic and afire with charity, he kindled into an exceeding fervor and said, "What seat now shall we assign thee in heaven, holiest father mine? Where shall we set thee, O vessel full of every grace? What place shall we find apt unto such sanctity?" Then, beginning with the virgins, he ascended to the confessors, the martyrs, the apostles, to Saint John Baptist and other prophets and patriarchs, still avouching that St. Francis merited a more honored place than they; after which, raising his voice, he went on to say, "O saint most truly glorious, thou, whom thy most godly gifts and singular merits and the conformity of thy life unto Christ exalt and uplift over all the other saints, what place shall we find sorting with such excellence! Tell me, my brethern, where shall we set him? Tell me, you, gentlemen students, who are of exalted understanding, where shall we place this most holy saint?" Whereupon Messer Paolo Taegio, then a student of laws and nowadays a very famous doctor in Milan, who was seated on a stool over against the pulpit, being weary of the friar's useless and indiscreet babble and belike misdoubting him he meant to put St Francis above or at least on a level with the Holy Trinity, rose to his feet and uplifting his settle with both hands, said so loudly that he was heard of all people, "Father mine, for God's sake, give yourself no more pains to seek a seat for St. Francis; here is my settle; put him thereon and so he may sit down, for I am off." And so, departing he gave occasion

unto all to arise also and depart the church; therefore it behoved the Feltrine come down from the pulpit, without finding a place for his saint, and return, all crestfallen, to San Giacomo. And indeed that which a man saith in the pulpit should be well considered, lest indiscreet preachments bring the word of God into derision.

Bandello to the right illustrious and valiant Signor Livio Liviani, Captain of Light Horse.

Albeit we are here in Chierasco in daily expectation of the Emperor's army, numerous in Italian, German and Spanish footmen, who threaten to send us all underground, there is not withal the least sign of fear to be seen in these our soldiers; nay, meseemeth they await the siege with an inexpressible allegresse, as they were to have double or treble pay, over and above their due wage. I hear from every quarter that all are prepared to give the enemy such an account of their valour and to make such approof of themselves that I cannot believe but we shall abide with the honour of the emprise; more by token that my patron, Signor Cesare Fregoso, although previously sick of a violent fever, leaveth nothing undone that may be to our profit and the enemy's hurt. Moreover, your coming voluntarily to shut yourself up here, on your way to the court of the Most Christian King, giveth me good augury and maketh me hope from good to better, and so our Lord God grant that it ensue! Now, betaking myself, three days agone, to the bastion over against the San Francisco gate, I found there many good fellows in discourse of the various usances of men of various nations concerning drinking, and among them were many different opinions; but, it having been debated amain of the matter, Ludovico da Sanseverino, who was in command of the bastion, a discreet youth and doughty of his person, recounted a pleasant anecdote to the purpose; which pleasing me, I wrote it down and send and give it unto you, seeing how much appreciation you still show of my compositions. Fare you well.

THE THIRTEENTH STORY.

A quaint and merry saying of a German anent drinking at a public festival holden at Naples.

We do but cudgel our brains in vain, comrades mine, an we think to say determinately that such a nation drinketh more than such another, for that of every nation I have seen very great drinkers and have found many Germans and Frenchmen who love water more than wine. True, it seemeth there are some nations who love wine more than others; but in effect all are mighty fain to drink. I warrant me, indeed, I have known Italians so greedy and such drinkers that they would not yield to whatsoever famous winebibber amongst the Albanians, or the Germans. And what would you say if I should name to you a Lombard, whom I have seen toast it with Germans at a German Cardinal's table and overcome them all, and eke carry off the Bacchic palm amongst the Albanians? The French drink often and will have good and costly wines, but water them well and drink little at a time. The Albanians and Germans will have the beaker full, and would fain be winebibbing from morning to night. Nay, the Spaniard, who at home drinketh water, an he drink at another's expense, will hold the basin to any one's beard. However, in general, methinketh the Germans of every sort and condition, whether nobles or commons, gentle or simple, love better than any other nation to play at drinking and publicly fuddle themselves at noblemen's tables, so that needs must one after another be carried home drunken and senseless; nor is this accounted a shame among them. And to this purpose, remembering me of a goodly saying of a German I will tell you a pleasant anecdote.

After Francesco Sforza, first of that name, Duke of Milan, to maintain peace in Italy, made the famous league and union of all the Italian powers, in the time of Pope Pius the Second, he married Ippolita his daughter to Alphonso of Arragon, first-born son of King Ferdinand the Old of Naples, where the nuptials were solemnized with all pomp and splendor, as behoved unto two such princes. All the princes of Italy sent ambassadors to honor the nuptials, and Duke Francesco appointed the

bride an escort of the most worshipful feudatories and gentlemen of Lombardy. Now, among many other festivities, carrousels and sports which were holden, there was ordained a solemn and most magnificent tournament, which befell one day of exceeding great heat, for it was then in June. The jousters appeared all arrayed in the richest of accoutrements, with quaint and well-ordered devices, according to each one's humor, and mounted on fiery and spirited horses. All ran and many lances were broken, to the honor of the jousters and the no small pleasure of the spectators. The jousts ended, there was naught heard but praise of these and those and sayings such as, "Such a lord hath broken so many lances," "Such a baron hath made so many strokes," "Such a knight hath done so and so, and such another so and so." But behold, what time silence was made to proclaim who had the honours of the tournament, a German in one of the galleries, without waiting for the victory to be declared, fell to crying out and saying, as loudliest he might, "For my part, accursed be that sport and and accursed be all the festivals and carrousels whereat folk drink not!" You need not ask if there was matter for laughter, more by token that he fell to crying, "Wine! wine! wine!" wherefore I know not if there was ever a word spoken among such a multitude whereat it was laughed so much as it was for a pretty while at this speech of the German's.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Born at Florence, 1500. At the age of fifteen apprenticed to a goldsmith; aided the pontifical forces in the attack on Rome by the Constable de Bourbon in 1527; produced works of art in Rome, Florence and Paris. Besides medals, and vessels of gold and silver, his most distinguished work is the Perseus, placed in front of the old Ducal Palace in Florence. Wrote treatises on the goldsmith's art, on sculpture, and on design; but the most important of his writings is the *Autobiography*. Died at Florence in 1569.

*Certain of his Exploits at the Sack of Rome, 1527.**

XXXVII. I pursued my business of artilleryman, and every day performed some extraordinay feat, whereby the credit and the favour I acquired with the Pope was something indescriba-

* From Symonds' translation of the *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*.

ble. There never passed a day but what I killed one or another of our enemies in the besieging army. On one occasion the Pope was walking round the circular keep, when he observed a Spanish Colonel in the Prati; he recognized the man by certain indications, seeing that this officer had formerly been in his service; and while he fixed his eyes on him, he kept talking about him. I, above by the Angel, knew nothing of all this, but spied a fellow down there, busying himself about the trenches with a javelin in his hand; he was dressed entirely in rose-color; and so, studying the worst that I could do against him, I selected a gerfalcon which I had at hand; it is a piece of ordnance larger and longer than a swivel, and about the size of a demi-culverin. This I emptied, and loaded it again with a good charge of fine powder mixed with the coarser sort; then I aimed it exactly at the man in red, elevating prodigiously, because a piece of that calibre could hardly be expected to carry true at such a distance. I fired, and hit my man exactly in the middle. He had trussed his sword in front, for swagger, after a way those Spaniards have; and my ball, when it struck him, broke upon the blade, and one could see the fellow cut in two fair halves. The Pope, who was expecting nothing of this kind, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight, both because it seemed to him impossible that one should aim and hit the mark at such a distance, and also because the man was cut in two, and he could not comprehend how this should happen. He sent for me, and asked about it. I explained all the devices I had used in firing; but told him that why the man was cut in halves, neither he nor I could know.

Upon my bended knees I then besought him to give the pardon of his blessing for that homicide; and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. Thereat the Pope, raising his hand, and making a large open sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated; or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church. When I left him, I went aloft, and never stayed from firing to the utmost of my power; and few were the shots of mine that

missed their mark. My drawing, and my fine studies in my craft and my charming art of music, all were swallowed up in the din of that artillery; and if I were to relate in detail all the splendid things I did in that infernal work of cruelty, I should make the world stand by and wonder. But, not to be too prolix, I will pass them over. Only I must tell a few of the most remarkable: which are, as it were, forced in upon me.

To begin then: pondering day and night what I could render for my own part in defence of Holy Church, and having noticed that the enemy changed guard and marched past through the great gate of Santo Spirito, which was within a reasonable range, I thereupon directed my attention to that spot; but, having to shoot sideways, I could not do the damage that I wished, although I killed a fair percentage every day. This induced our adversaries, when they saw their passage covered by my guns, to load the roof of a certain house one night with thirty gabions, which obstructed the view I formerly enjoyed. Taking better thought than I had done of the whole situation, I now turned all my five pieces directly on the gabions, and waited till the evening hour, when they changed guard. Our enemies, thinking they were safe, came on at greater ease and in a closer body than usual; whereupon I set fire to my blow-pipes. Not merely did I dash to pieces the gabions which stood in my way; but what was better, by that one blast I slaughtered more than thirty men. In consequence of this manoeuvre, which I repeated twice, the soldiers were thrown into such disorder, that being, moreover, encumbered with the spoils of that great sack, and some of them desirous of enjoying the fruits of their labour, they oftenimes showed a mind to mutiny and take themselves away from Rome. However, after coming to terms with their valiant captain, Gian di Urbino, they were ultimately compelled, at their excessive inconvenience, to take another road when they changed guard. It cost them three miles of march, whereas before they had but a half mile. Having achieved this feat, I was entreated with prodigious favours by all the men of quality who were invested in the castle. This incident was so important that I thought it well to relate it, before finishing the history of things outside

my art, the which is the real object of my writing; forsooth, if I wanted to ornament my biography with such matters, I should have far too much to tell.

Fixing the Value of the Perseus.

XCV. Next day I presented myself, and, after a few words of conversation, the Duke addressed me cheerfully: "To-morrow, without fail, I mean to dispatch your business; set your mind at rest, then." I, who felt sure that he meant what he said, waited with great impatience for the morrow. When the longed for day arrived, I betook me to the palace; and as it always happens that evil tidings travel faster than good news, Messers Giacopo Guidi, secretary to his excellency, called me with his wry mouth and haughty voice; drawing himself up as stiff as a poker, he began to speak to this effect: "The Duke says he wants you to tell him how much you ask for your Perseus." I remained dumbfounded and astounded; yet I quickly replied that it was not my custom to put prices on my work, and that this was not what his Excellency had promised me two days ago. The man raised his voice, and ordered me expressly in the Duke's name, under penalty of his severe displeasure, to say how much I wanted. Now I had hoped not only to gain some handsome reward, trusting to the mighty signs of kindness shown me by the Duke, but I had still more expected to secure the entire good graces of his Excellency, seeing I never asked for anything, but only for his favour. Accordingly, this wholly unexpected way of dealing with me put me in a fury, and I was especially enraged by the manner which that venomous toad assumed in discharging his commission. I exclaimed that if the Duke gave me ten thousand crowns I could not be paid enough, and that if I had ever thought things would come to this haggling, I should not have settled in his service. Thereupon the surly fellow began to abuse me, and I gave it him back again.

Upon the following day, when I paid my respects to the Duke, he beckoned to me. I approached, and he exclaimed in anger: "Cities and great palaces are built with ten thousands of ducats." I rejoined: "Your Excellency can find multitudes

of men who are able to build your cities and palaces, but you will not, perhaps, find one man in the world who could make a second Perseus." Then I took my leave without saying or doing anything farther. A few days afterwards the Duchess sent for me, and advised me to put my difference with the Duke into her hands, since she thought she could conduct the business to my satisfaction. On hearing these kindly words, I replied that I had never asked any other recompense for my labours than the good graces of the Duke, and that his most illustrious Excellency had assured me of this; it was not needful that I should place in their Excellencies' hands what I had always frankly left to them from the first days when I undertook their service. I farther added that if his most illustrious Excellency gave me but a *crazia*, which is worth five farthings, for my work, I should consider myself contented, provided only that his Excellency did not deprive me of his favour. At these words the Duchess smiled a little and said: "Benvenuto, you would do well to act as I advise you." Then she turned her back and left me. I thought it was my best policy to speak with the humility I have above described; yet it turned out that I had done the worst for myself, because, albeit she had harboured some angry feelings toward me, she had in her a certain way of dealing which was generous.

XCVI. About that time I was very intimate with Girolamo degli Albizzi, commissary of the Duke's militia. One day this friend said to me: "O Benvenuto, it would not be a bad thing to put your little difference of opinion with the Duke to rights; and I assure you that if you repose confidence in me, I feel myself the man to settle matters. I know what I am saying. The Duke is really getting angry, and you will come badly out of the affair. Let this suffice; I am not at liberty to say all I know." Now, subsequently to that conversation with the Duchess, I had been told by some one, possibly a rogue, that he had heard how the Duke said upon some occasion which offered itself: "For less than two farthings I will throw Perseus to the dogs, and so our differences will be ended."

This, then, made me anxious, and induced me to intrust Girolamo delgi Albizzi with the negotiations, telling him any-

thing would satisfy me provided I retained the good graces of the Duke. That honest fellow was excellent in all his dealings with soldiers, especially with the militia, who are for the most part rustics; but he had no taste for statuary, and therefore could not understand its conditions. Consequently, when he spoke to the Duke, he began thus: "Prince, Benvenuto has placed himself in my hands, and has begged me to recommend him to your Excellency." The Duke replied: "I too am willing to refer myself to you, and shall be satisfied with your decision." Thereupon Girolamo composed a letter, with much skill and greatly to my honour, fixing the sum which the Duke would have to pay me at 3,500 golden crowns; and this should not be taken as my proper recompense for such a masterpiece, but only as a kind of gratuity; enough to say that I was satisfied; with many other phrases of like tenor, all of which implied the price which I have mentioned.

The Duke signed this agreement as gladly as I took it sadly. When the Duchess heard, she said: "It would have been better for that poor man if he had placed himself in my hands; I could have got him five thousand crowns in gold." One day when I went to the palace, she repeated these same words to me in the presence of Messer Alamanno Salviati, and laughed at me a little, saying that I deserved my bad luck.

The Duke gave orders that I should be paid a hundred golden crowns in gold per month, until the sum was discharged; and thus it ran for some months. Afterwards, Messer Antonio de' Nobili, who had to transact the business, began to give me fifty, and sometimes later on he gave me twenty-five, and sometimes nothing. Accordingly, when I saw that the settlement was being thus deferred, I spoke good-humoredly to Messer Antonio, and begged him to explain why he did not complete my payments. He answered in a like tone of politeness; yet it struck me that he exposed his own mind too much. Let the reader judge. He began by saying that the sole reason why he could not go forward regulary with these payments, was the scarcity of money at the palace; but he promised, when cash came in, to discharge arrears. Then he added, "Oh heavens! if I did not pay you, I should be an utter rogue." I was

somewhat surprised to hear him speak in that way; yet I resolved to hope that he would pay me when he had the power to do so. But when I observed that things went quite the contrary way, and saw that I was being pillaged, I lost temper with the man, and recalled to his memory hotly and in anger what he had declared he would be if he did not pay me. However, he died; and five hundred crowns are still owing me at the present date, which is nigh upon the end of 1566. There was also a balance due upon my salary, which I thought would be forgotten, since three years had elapsed without payment. But it so happened that the Duke fell ill of a serious malady. Finding that the remedies of his physicians availed nothing, it is probable that he betook himself to God, and therefore decreed the discharge of all debts to his servants. I too was paid on this occasion, yet I never obtained what still stood out upon my Perseus.

XCVII. I had almost determined to say nothing more about that unlucky Perseus; but a most remarkable incident, which I do not like to omit, obliges me to do so; wherefore I must now turn back a bit, to gather up the thread of my narration. I thought I was acting for the best when I told the Duchess that I could not compromise affairs which were no longer in my hands, seeing I had informed the Duke that I should gladly accept whatever he choose to give me. I said this in the hope of gaining favour; and with this manifestation of submissiveness I employed every likely means of pacifying his resentment; for I ought to add that a few days before he came to terms with Albizzi, the Duke had shown he was excessively displeased with me. The reason was as follows: I complained of some abominable acts of injustice done to me by Messer Alfonso Quistelli, Messer Jacopo Polverino of the Exchequer, and more than all by Ser Giovanbattista Brandini of Volterra. When, therefore, I set forth my cause with some vehemence, the Duke flew into the greatest rage conceivable. Being thus in anger, he exclaimed: "This is just the same as with your Perseus, when you asked those ten thousand crowns. You let yourself be blinded by mere cupidity. Therefore I shall have the statue valued, and shall give you what the ex-

perts think it worth." To these words I replied with too much daring and a touch of indignation, which is always out of place in dealing with great princes: "How is it possible that my work should be valued at its proper worth, when there is not a man in Florence capable of performing it?" That increased his irritation; he uttered many furious phrases, and among them said: "There is in Florence at this day a man well able to make such a statue, and who is therefore highly capable of judging it." He meant Bandinello, Cavaliere of S. Jacopo. Then I rejoined: "My lord, your most illustrious Excellency gave me the means of producing an important and very difficult master-piece in the midst of this the noblest school of the world; and my work has been received with warmer praises than any other heretofore exposed before the gaze of our incomparable masters. My chief pride is the commendation of those able men who both understand and practise the art of design—as in particular Bronzino, the painter; this man set himself to work, and composed four sonnets couched in the choicest style, and full of honor to myself. Perhaps it was his example which moved the whole city to such a tumult of enthusiasm. I freely admit that if sculpture were his business instead of painting, then Bronzino might have been equal to a task like mine. Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, again, whom I am proud to call my master; he, I admit, could have achieved the same success when he was young, but not with less fatigue and trouble than I endured. But now that he is far advanced in years, he would most certainly be found unequal to the strain. Therefore I think I am justified in saying that no man known upon this earth could have produced my Perseus. For the rest, my work has received the greatest reward I could have wished for in this world; chiefly and especially because your most illustrious Excellency not only expressed yourself satisfied, but praised it far more highly than any one beside. What greater and more honorable prize could be desired by me? I affirm most emphatically that your Excellency could not pay me with more glorious coin, nor add from any treasury a wealth surpassing this. Therefore I hold myself overpaid already, and return thanks to your most illustrious Excellency with all my heart."

The Duke made answer: "Probably you think I have not the money to pay you. For my part, I promise you that I shall pay you more for the statue than it is worth." Then I retorted: "I did not picture to my fancy any better recompense from your Excellency: yet I account myself amply remunerated by that first reward which the school of Florence gave me. With this to console me, I shall take my departure on the instant, without returning to the house you gave me, and shall never seek to set my foot in this town again." We were just at S. Felicitá, and his Excellency was proceeding to the palace. When he heard these choleric words, he turned upon me in stern anger and exclaimed: "You shall not go; take heed you do not go!" Half terrified, I then followed him to the palace.

On arriving there, his Excellency sent for the Archbishop of Pisa, named De'Bartolini, and Messer Pandolfo della Stuffa, requesting them to order Baccio Bandinello, in his name to examine well my Perseus and value it, since he wished to pay its exact price. These excellent men went forthwith and performed their embassy. In reply Bandinello said that he had examined the statue minutely, and knew well enough what it was worth; but having been on bad terms otherwise with me for some time past, he did not care to be entangled anyhow in my affairs. Then they began to put a gentle pressure on him, saying: "The Duke ordered us to tell you, under pain of his displeasure, that you are to value the statue, and you may have two or three days to consider your estimate. When you have done so, tell us at what price it ought to be paid." He answered that his judgment was already formed, that he could not disobey the Duke, and that my work was rich and beautiful and excellent in execution; therefore he thought sixteen thousand crowns or more would not be an excessive price for it. Those good and courteous gentlemen reported this to the Duke, who was mightily enraged; they also told the same to me. I replied that nothing in the world would induce me to take praise from Bandinello, "seeing that this bad man speaks ill of everybody." My words were carried to the Duke; and that was the reason why the Duchess wanted me to place the matter in her hands.

THE RENAISSANCE IN GERMANY.

*INTRODUCTION TO THE GERMAN RENAISSANCE.**

The humanistic movement in Germany repeats, in many particulars of its development, the features of the earlier and greater Renaissance in Italy. It differs, however, from its Italian prototype in this important particular at least, that the various phases of its progress are compressed into a period of little more than half a century, whereas the Italian movement covers two centuries from its rise to its decline. Just before the middle of the fifteenth century, Aeneas Sylvius, himself an accomplished man of letters, who had, moreover, as secretary at the imperial court of Frederick III., abundant opportunity of observing the intellectual development and tendencies of the Germans, as the result of his experience declares that the Germans were still in their medieval period; that such intellectual activity as they possessed was of a character exclusively theological; that they still moved within the narrow circle of scholasticism. "They are good people," he said, "but they are not interested in the things that interest me." Of the nobles, the future patrons of humanism, he remarked further: "They prefer horses and dogs to poets, and like horses and dogs, they

* So far as I am aware, there has been no special treatment in English of the German humanistic movement, which for the sake of brevity has been termed—I hope without too much violence—the "German Renaissance." It seemed not inappropriate, therefore, to preface the selections offered here with a few remarks upon the significance and character of that general intellectual quickening in German lands, whose genial activity was merged in the struggles of the Reformation. The following account will seem less meagre if taken in connection with the introductory notices placed at the head of the various selections. Upon this subject compare Van Dyke: "The Age of the Renaissance," Scribners, 1897, an excellent account in so far as the limits of the work permit; also "The Renaissance," by Philip Schaff, Putnams, 1891.

shall go down fameless unto death." Yet such a Renaissance as Germany possesses lies between these experiences of Aeneas Sylvius and the end of the first quarter of the following century, when Luther's bold and cumulative attack upon the church of Rome turned the interests of young Germany from the sunny fields of humanism into a new arena of theological struggle.

Certain conditions existed, however, favorable for a rapid development of humanistic ideas in Germany. When that country had arrived at a point where the more material needs were satisfied, and a wider intellectual field was necessary for continued expansion, the materials for the new learning were found, already elaborated, beyond the Alps. The early steps had been taken there, the slow and tedious preliminary work had been accomplished, the enormous task of bringing to light the remains of classical culture; even the preparation of elementary treatises, whose object it was to prepare the mind for the utilization of the recovered treasures; all this had been done before the middle of the fifteenth century, and it only remained for the enterprising German pioneer to cross the Alps, bring home the results of this tremendous labor, and give it a form adapted for the German mind and inclination.

Moreover, when Germany entered upon her humanistic career, a potent instrument had been prepared for the dissemination of the new ideas. In superseding the slow process of manual reproduction, which consumed so much of the time and strength of the Italian humanists from Petrarch on, the printing-press gave a mighty impetus to the diffusion of the new learning. It permitted the more advanced ideas, in so far as they were consonant with the prevailing trend of thought, to gain a rapid victory, accomplishing thereby in a brief period what in a time of less perfect communication had required generations. It is on this account, perhaps, more than any other, that we find Germany, within the space of half a century, passing rapidly through the various phases of humanistic development, which in Italy required two centuries.

These phases are a series of stages in the emancipation of thought, and its subsequent progress from a condition of limited theological interest, characteristic of the Middle Ages, to

that condition which comprehends the wide range of human interests which we call modern. Along this track of progress are to be found a sequence of individuals, whom for purposes of illustration and study it is convenient to arrange in groups, and to characterize according to the degree of their advancement.

We have at first, as in Italy, a group of early humanists, who may be called the theological humanists, by way of indicating that they are still largely under the influence of mediæval culture. Although working earnestly for the introduction of humanistic studies into Germany, these men are not given over unreservedly to classical ideals: they are disposed to eliminate from the list of Greek and Latin authors those whose works are in any respect imbued with an anti-Christian spirit; their interest is not primarily in the works themselves, but in their adaptation for Christian purposes. Humanists of this description were conscious of a divided allegiance, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that their arguments in favor of the new learning are intended to serve quite as much for self justification as for the persuasion of their readers. It is quite in the nature of things that with these men youth is the period of rationalism, and that as they advance toward the inevitable solution, in their individual cases, of the great problem of the future, their conservatism asserts itself and they recoil from the enterprises of their earlier days. Many of them, in fact, revert to a condition of total obscurantism, and pass the evening of life in retirement and religious meditation, doing penance for the literary aberrations of their youth.

In Germany the theological group seems to include a great part of the well-known men of letters. There are several reasons for this. It is not strange that in a country where learning had been almost exclusively an affair of the clergy, the first recruits for humanism should be drawn from a class whose earlier impressions rendered a separation from conventional theological ideas a matter of great difficulty. Then, too, the German mind, perhaps because less composite in origin, and less subject to extraneous influences in its national development, seems to have shown a relatively great tenacity in respect

to a small number of ideas, of which the religious idea had been for generations one of the most prominent. Such men were not likely to carry the new learning beyond the pale of Christianity, and their predominant number and influence gave to the German Renaissance a more truly religious character and a deeper sincerity of purpose than resulted from similar intellectual impulses in Italy. It also happened that the leaders of this group, men like Rudolf Agricola and Jakob Wimpheling, turned their attention to educational matters and embodied their principles in the organization of the German school system. In the same manner the principals of the more important secondary schools, as for example, Alexander Hegius, of Deventer, were representatives of the same deeply religious spirit, which was not without determining influence in their contact with the rising generation of literary workers.

Another and later group of humanists may be called, for want of a better term, the scientific group. The chief characteristic of its members is that their interest in the new learning is for the thing itself, and not for the use to which it may be put in advancing the interests of religion. They are not necessarily irreligious; in fact such an element has almost no representation in German humanism; they have simply advanced to a point, where, without denying that religion is one of the most important, if not the most important department of thought, they recognize that the circle of human interests has grown to embrace other considerations which, if not antagonistic, have yet no necessary connection with religion. Another characteristic of these humanists is that they are not necessarily clergymen. The humanities have come by this time to attract men from all departments of life. At the high tide of the German Renaissance, at the close of the fifteenth century, lecturers upon theology, medicine and law were speaking to empty benches; the interests of the student body had turned toward the new learning. The dethronement of theology, from its supreme position at the head of the university curriculum made place for the introduction of other studies. Greek came more and more to be the mark of a liberal education, and the knowledge of a third tongue, Hebrew, was an indication of still

greater attainment. The field of speculation, loosed from its medieval entanglement, drifted away from the sole contemplation of the spiritual results of life, and came to include the facts of material existence. History came to be regarded as something other than the melancholy confirmation of the results of Adam's fall; the world and its contents came to demand attention, a tendency stimulated by the recent extension of the earth's known area.

This second group embraces a wide range of intellectual effort. To it belongs Erasmus, who, although conventionally and properly religious in his observances, nevertheless affords at every turn unquestionable evidence that the great interests of his life are literary and not theological. To it belongs as well von Hutten, in whom modernism has taken the form of a patriotic desire to throw aside the yoke and influence of Rome, which had prevented the formation in Germany of a centralized and homogeneous nation, capable of approaching successfully the solution of modern problems. This aspiration is in itself a recognition of the importance of human association for material purposes, and a denial of the exclusive importance of such association for the purpose of spiritual preparation and advancement. In this group also we find the mathematicians, the geographers and other men of science, whose industry responds to the expanding needs of human effort.

Moreover, in the same association we find the purely literary workers, the "poets," as all men were called at the time who were capable of original literary production. These are the men who seem least German, and most cosmopolitan; they more nearly reflect the contemporaneous idea of humanism in Italy, the striving for a pure and graceful Latin diction. The conditions of this form of literary work imply a contempt for the vernacular and an emphasis upon the necessity for style, even at the expense of content. Such skill, although highly prized and greatly striven for by men everywhere in the Renaissance, has but the faintest meaning for posterity, whose interest is in the spirit of the Renaissance rather than in its copy-books.

With this preliminary classification of German humanists, it

will be found profitable to approach the subject from another standpoint, and to note the various centres of German life in which humanistic effort finds its origin and support. In Italy the universities were not centres of the new learning. Its leaders were rather to be found in the courts of princes or in the administrative bureaux of republics. This is largely due to the fact that the universities of Italy had been for so long the great professional school of Europe. The "bread-studies" were too firmly entrenched there to be driven into a subordinate position by mere cultural studies. In Germany, on the other hand, the universities were relatively more numerous, of later growth, and their interests less definitely determined. Lecturers upon poetry and classical authors found little difficulty in filling their benches at the expense of the more respectable departments. Progress in this direction, however, varied according to the influence that presided over the direction of each separate seat of learning.[1] At Cologne, for example, where Dominican influences were paramount, the new learning was looked upon as questionable; Erfurt on the other hand, owing to the mild spirit there prevailing, became the true centre of advance. Between these intellectual poles lay the other universities, inclining to this side or to the other, according as the nature and traditional bias of the dominant territorial sovereign determined. The fact that the study of the humanities afforded preparation for no definite career, led to a vast increase in the number of students whose residence at the university was fixed by no particular curriculum, and in this manner to a feeling of contempt for those degrees and titles which, in the case of the older studies, had been the necessary qualifications for professional life. Again, by increasing the content of the university curriculum, humanism discouraged the empty routine of disputation upon points of infinitesimal importance, which in medieval times made up so considerable a part of university work.

[1]The universities of Germany at this period were: Prague (1348), Vienna (1365), Heidelberg (1385), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1392), Leipzig (1409), Rostock (1409), Griefswald (1456), Freiburg (1460), Basel (1460), Ingolstadt (1472), Mainz (1476), Tübingen (1476), Wittenberg (1502) and Frankfort-on the Oder (1506).

It was not in the universities alone that the new learning made its influence felt. Its progress was marked in the great secondary schools, such as Deventer, Münster and Schlettstadt, where thousands of young men secured such preparation as was necessary to fit them for teaching and other intellectual employments, as well as for the advanced work of the universities. The fact that it was the chief object of these schools to afford a working knowledge of the Latin language made them especially susceptible to changes which had for their object a substitution of classical models for the monkish Latin so generally in use. This change made itself manifest in the employment of new text-books in the place of the clumsy and inadequate grammars and lexicons of the Middle Ages, and furthermore, in the rejection of Latin writers of the declining Roman Empire and of the schools, in favor of the more elegant authors of classical antiquity. There also took place, in the more enterprising of the schools, an extension of the course of study, to include at least the elements of Greek and Hebrew.

There is every reason to believe that an intense interest in education reigned throughout Germany at the close of the fifteenth century, and that many of the prizes in official and in public life were to be won through the instrumentality of the new learning. The introduction of the Roman law into Germany, the increase of international communication, both diplomatic and commercial, called for men of training and culture. The crowds of scholars that thronged the highways leading to the great towns, the large attendance at the universities and the crowded condition of the lower schools give evidence of a desire for intellectual advancement which, when the obstacles in the path of the ambitious student are taken into the account, has never been surpassed in subsequent times.

Other centres of humanism were the courts of princes. Not only were skilled Latinists and students of the laws a necessary adjunct to the establishments of rulers; their ornamental qualities were equally in demand. After the middle of the fifteenth century the greater German princes were sufficiently instructed in the essentials of the new learning to recognize its importance in measuring a ruler's appreciation of the modern spirit.

Two emperors are associated with the Renaissance in Germany. Frederick III., who reigned from 1440 until 1492, was himself no humanist, either by education or by inclination, and the constantly depleted condition of his treasury prevented any considerable patronage of learning. It was only in the reign of his son and successor Maximilian I., who by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy added the rich provinces of the Netherlands to the Hapsburg possessions, that the imperial court became a potent factor in the Renaissance. Maximilian was himself a humanist of no small pretensions. His political duties, which were of the most complex and exacting nature, gave him, it is true, little opportunity for actual composition; but in addition to the fact that he made his court the centre of intellectual activity, he even found time to evolve the material for two narratives, the "*Teuerdank*" and the "*Weisskunig*," which his secretaries, under his direction, cast into literary form. A more important contribution, however, to the advancement of learning, was the stimulus he afforded to the study of German history. His project for a great collection of German *monumenta* remained for later and wealthier generations to carry out.

Maximilian's interest in the new learning was shown also in his affection for the University of Vienna, and his personal attention to its welfare. The proximity of Vienna to the Italian lands was perhaps a reason why the intellectual development at the imperial university was more of a piece with Italian humanism than with the culture that prevailed at the northern seats of learning. At Vienna the art of Latin poetry received especial attention, and the greatest of the German stylists, Conrad Celtes, who produced many volumes of verse in the manner of Ovid and other classical poets, found the atmosphere of Vienna most conducive to this phase of humanism. Here, under the auspices of Maximilian, a special faculty of poetry was organized, and the laurel crown and other insignia were conferred upon each applicant who gave satisfactory evidence of possessing the qualifications of a professional verse-maker.

Of another character was the court of the Elector of Saxony at Wittenberg. The Elector, Frederick the Wise, is an enig-

matical character, whose characteristic silence passes, as is so often the case, for evidence of latent strength. That strength, however, was wanting at a critical moment in his career, when, during Luther's absence at the Wartburg, the whole ecclesiastical and social edifice seemed likely to fall about his ears. The Elector was much less a modern man than Maximilian, both in training and in inclination. He knew little Latin, and his newly-founded university at Wittenberg bade fair to be little more than a feeble reflection of the great humanistic centre at Erfurt, until the stirring events of 1517, so fatal to the purposes of the humanists, drew the attention of the world upon the little Saxon town and supplied the Elector with one of the great rôles of modern history.

A more truly humanistic centre was the archiepiscopal seat of Mainz, where the young and energetic sovereign, Albert of Brandenburg, archbishop, cardinal and elector, gathered about him a coterie of scholars for the glory of his reign and the embellishment of his court. So long as rivers constituted the main avenues of intercourse in Europe, the Rhine valley ever exhibited a stage of material and intellectual progress in advance of the less accessible portions of Germany. Mainz itself, the seat of the new art of printing, the last station on the way to the great fair at Frankfort, was a point of first importance on this route of travel and exchange. Its university was in touch with Cologne on the north and Heidelberg on the south, and as temporal ruler of a wealthy and populous district the Elector was one of the most powerful princes of Germany.

Next to the imperial and princely courts the cities were the most important centres of the new learning. Particularly in South Germany the fifteenth century witnessed a remarkable urban development. Augsburg, Nuremberg, Ratisbon and Ulm, distributing points for the swelling stream of Eastern wares that poured into Central Europe by way of Venice and the Alpine passes, became great centres of wealth, and brought forward a new and powerful social element, the burgher class, men of the new time, keenly alive to the spirit of progress, unhampered with precedent and eager to take advantage of the new opportunities of pressing forward to importance and dis-

tinction. The sons of these shrewd tradesmen, reared in an environment of industry and thrift, were much more likely to qualify themselves for positions in private and in official life requiring intellectual skill and technical knowledge, than the sons of a rash and undisciplined nobility, accustomed only to the pursuit of inclination and pleasure.

These men of the upper middle class aided the progress of humanism in various ways—by their patronage of artists and literary men, for example. This was of especial value to literature at a time when the profits of publication could hardly be expected to afford a livelihood. All over Europe we find writers dedicating their works and fugitive pieces to men of wealth and distinction, from whom an honorarium might be expected in token of appreciation. To stand in epistolary relations with so great a humanist as Erasmus was an honor which many a wealthy burgher felt well worth a generous purse. Even if he did not recognize that such intercourse would snatch him from eventual oblivion, yet the fact that Erasmus' letters became at once the property of the literary world was sufficient to secure an honorable notice before his contemporaries. Again, these humanistic proclivities, particularly in the time of Maximilian, were often sufficient to secure intimate relations with the imperial crown. Conrad Peutinger and Willibald Pirckheimer, distinguished representatives of the burgher class in Augsburg and Nuremberg, not only materially increased their local importance, but reflected lustre upon their native cities by means of their intimate relations with the Emperor Maximilian and the assistance rendered him in his effort to collect the monuments of German antiquity. Peutinger and Pirckheimer were products of the best Italian and German culture, and were themselves productive humanists. Their wealth enabled them not only to entertain and aid their companions in letters, but also, by their patronage of artists and antiquaries, to accumulate large private collections, in which prerogative of wealth they were pioneers in Germany. Their affluence is in direct contrast with the Grub-street conditions which prevailed generally in literary circles at the time; but the contrast is softened and humanized by the fact that their wealth was so freely

employed, both in relieving the material needs of their literary contemporaries, and in making possible the publication of their works.

In another manner, however, the cities contributed even more largely to the advancement of learning. Their liberality in the foundation of bursaries made it possible for a multitude of students from rural parts to obtain such education as only towns afforded. In the eyes of the fifteenth century citizen it was one of the essential attributes of a large and prosperous town that it should be the educational centre of its commercial territory; and not only did the bursaries furnish lodging and warmth during the winter season, but the citizens themselves supported with alms a great body of poor students who spent their afternoons in singing for bread through the streets. The student and the street musician were one at the beginning of modern times.

Another institution that contributed to the advancement and direction of literary effort was the society of literati (*sodalitas literaria*). There were two of these in Germany, the Danubian and the Rhenish (*sodalitates Danubiana et Rhenana*). The former had its permanent home a Vienna, where it enjoyed the patronage of the Emperor, and the personal interests of its most important member, Conrad Celtes, threw its activity almost exclusively into the direction of verse production. The Rhenish society had no such distinctive seat, but included in its membership the patrician humanists of Augsburg and Nuremberg, the learned bishop of Worms, Johann von Dalberg, (1445-1503), the Heidelberg literary group, and Johannes Trithemius (1462-1516), abbot of Sponheim, famous not only for his general literary activity, but also on account of his supposed magical powers to which a still credulous age attributed much importance.

It is by comparing these German societies with the academies of Italy that we are able to arrive at the general relation of the German to the Italian Renaissance. The German movement is of a homelier and less aspiring character. While the Florentine academy sought nothing less than a restoration of Greek philosophy, the Danubian society was content with paraphras-

ing Ovid and Virgil. The Roman academy undertook to discern and interpret the antiquities of that centre of the classical world, while the Rhenish society attempted nothing more ambitious than the publication of the works of the nun Hrotsvitha.

But if German humanists failed to inoculate their fellow citizens with the philosophic spirit of Greece and Rome, they at least discovered many practical applications of their learning, and opened the way toward a larger view of human life. That the spirit of theological strife descended and closed this way, and filled the arena with internecine struggle, so that for two centuries Germany was shut out from the van of European progress, was a result which the ablest of German humanists predicted at the opening of the Lutheran controversy. It was not the way Erasmus would have chosen. Whether it led, after a lapse of centuries, to as good or to better results, is one of the problems of history for whose solution the material will ever be wanting.

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RUDOLF AGRICOLA

Rudolf Agricola, or Rudolf Husmann as he was called before the adoption of his scholarly name, was born in 1443 near Groningen in Friesland. His parents were in modest circumstances. Agricola received his elementary education in Groningen; at Erfurt he attained to his baccalaureate degree and went thence to Löwen in Brabant for mathematics and philosopy. Agricola's disposition is shown by the fact that during his residence in Brabant he avoided, so far as possible the rough and roystering life of his countrymen, and sought the more refined and elegant society of the French. At the age of sixteen he received the master's degree at Löwen, and continued his theological studies at Cologne. At the age of 23 he went to Pavia, and there took up the study of law, in accordance with the wish of his family and friends. His interest in the law was feeble, however, and as time advanced he gave himself up to the study of classical literature. In Pavia he became acquainted with Johann von Dalberg, who afterwards became bishop of Worms, and remained on terms of intimacy with this influential man during the remainder of his life. In order to pursue to better advantage the study of Greek, Agricola went to Ferrara, where he remained six or seven years at the court of Hercules at Este. His presence here was the more appreciated an account of his musical skill and his contribution to the services of the ducal chapel.

Upon Agricola's return from Italy he spent three years in his native country, residing mostly in Groningen. In 1484, at the urgent request of his friend, von Dalberg, who in 1482 had been chosen bishop of Worms, he made his residence at Heidelberg. Here he took up the study of Hebrew, with the intention of revising the Latin version of the Old Testament. In 1485 von Dalberg and Agricola made the journey to Rome together. On the homeward journey he fell sick and reached Heidelberg only to die in the arms of his friend and patron, at the age of 46.

In his habits and talk Agricola more nearly resembled the Italians than the Germans of his time. His interests were in music and painting, rather than in the coarser pleasures of his countrymen. One of the earliest of German humanists, his inclinations and extensive Italian experience made him the most polished of the group.

Agricola's chief work was *De inventione dialectica*, begun in Ferrara and finished in 1479 in Germany. He left also many letters, several translations and lesser works, including a biography of Petrarch (written at Pavia in 1477), whose personality he much admired.

FROM A LETTER TO JACOB BARBIRIANUS.*

In the arrangement of your studies two considerations, it

**Sammlung der bedeutendsten pädagogischen Schriften aus alter und neuer Zeit.* 15tes Band. Paderborn, 1893.

seems to me, come prominently forward. In the first place, it is necessary to determine what department of knowledge shall be chosen. Then you must consider by what method it is possible to achieve the greatest success in the department already chosen. I wish to make myself clear on both these points. For some persons the compelling force of circumstances, having its origin either in external conditions or in natural capacity, determines the choice of a profession. Others, on the contrary, turn with a freedom of selection to that which they hold to be the best. If, for example, one has limited resources, he turns to that occupation in which he may hope to secure for himself, in the briefest possible space of time, the means for satisfying the needs of his existence. If, furthermore, one is by nature less energetic and possesses a weak intelligence, then for fear of wasting his effort he may not select that department which in fact most appeals to him, but will be obliged to select that in which he may achieve the greatest success. In the same way would he err, to whom abundant means and fortunate spiritual gifts have been confided, if with all his strength he did not pursue the highest aims, or, if able to reach the highest place, he should content himself with the second or the third. Therefore one chooses the civil, another the canon law, and still a third medicine. Very many devote themselves to those wordy utterances resounding with empty verbal contests, which are so often mistaken for knowledge. They pass their days in labored and interminable disputations, or, to use an expression much to the point, with riddles, which in the course of many centuries have found no Oedipus to solve them, nor ever will find him. With these things they torture the ears of the unfortunate youth. Such nourishment they provide for their pupils, with force, so to speak. In this manner they kill the most promising talents, and destroy the fruit while yet in the blossom. Nevertheless, I commend all these intellectual exercises, and would commend them still more, if they were undertaken in a proper and orderly manner. For I am not so foolish as alone to condemn what so many praise. Why should I too not approve it, when I see that many thereby have attained to wealth, position, esteem, fame and distinction? Indeed

I know and willingly acknowledge that many of the sciences, as Cicero says, are more easily converted into gain than others, of which it is said they are unfruitful and resultless, since they enrich the spirit rather than the pocket. If then you have gain in mind, you must choose one of the much celebrated professions, by the practice of which you may become rich. At the same time, you must always remember that the fame which you secure in this manner, you always have in common with every clever man of business. But if you cherish the juster view, that that which is noble should be pursued for its own sake, and if you are persuaded that your resources are sufficient for your modest demands—for when our demands are excessive even the slender means of others seem to us to great, and our own, on the contrary, were they ever so great, too small —then I advise you to turn your attention to philosophy; by which I mean to say, give yourself the trouble to acquire a competent knowledge of things in general and the ability to express adequately what you know. This knowledge, like the essence of the things that form its subject, is twofold, one branch relating to our acts and customs. Upon it reposes the whole theory of a proper and well regulated manner of living. This sphere of philosophical activity furnishes the science of ethics. It is of the first importance, and deserves our special attention. It is to be sought for, not only among the philosophers, who treat it as a branch of literature, as for example, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca and others, who have written in Latin, or who at least have been translated into Latin, so that it is worth while to read them; but also among the historians, poets and orators. They teach morality, not systematically, it is true, but they indicate it—and this is indeed the most effective—in their praise of the good and their blame of the evil, and by their use of examples of virtue and its antithesis by way of illustration. By reading them, you arrive at the contemplation of the Scriptures; because you must arrange your life in accordance with their injunctions; to the Bible you must trust, as to a certain guide in matters of the soul's salvation. All that which is furnished from other sources is more or less mixed with error; for they did not succeed in constructing an ideal

of life that was absolutely correct and irreproachable in every respect. Either they did not recognize the object and purpose of life, or they had only indistinct perceptions, and looked, so to speak, through a veil of cloud. Therefore, although they talked much about these matters, it was not because they were thoroughly permeated with their doctrine It is otherwise with Holy Writ. That is as far removed from all error as God, who has given it to us; it alone leads us on the sure and certain way. It removes all obscurity, and permits us not to be deceived, to lose ourselves, or go astray.

There are, however, other things, a knowledge of which serves rather to adorn the spirit, and the exploration of which must be regarded rather as a noble pleasure than as a necessary condition of existence. Here belong the investigations into the essence of things. Multiform and manifold is this domain, and upon its various sides it has been treated by talented men, gifted with the power of expression. If this sort of activity is not absolutely necessary for the development of a moral man, at least it contributes not a little thereto; for when a true interest in scientific investigation has once seized upon a man, there is no more room in his soul for low and common-place effort. That man learns to despise and belittle things which the common herd gazes upon with admiration. He pities those who are held to be fortunate on account of the possession of such things, because he recognizes how vain and transitory are these possessions in their nature, and because he recognizes that no greater misfortune could fall upon the universe than that all its parts, even the most subordinate, should be transformed into such things as gold and jewels, to which the blindness of humanity has attributed so high a value. With the aid of this knowledge we recognize also the frailty and transitory nature of our bodies, exposed to the mutability of events. Thereby we see that we must give our whole attention to the soul, that to its care we must devote our time, since in its care no pains are thrown away, no success is perishable. I pass over much in my discussion, for everything that could be said in this connection would fill a book and not merely a single letter. It is sufficient, moreover, to have merely indicated what is already

known to you, that this branch of knowledge is worthy the highest efforts of an able man.

I am not willing, however, that you should assimilate merely the rudiments of this science as at present—we are conscious of it daily—it is presented in the schools; for that you have already done with zeal and willingness, in a manner worthy of recognition. It is rather my meaning that you must come nearer to the things themselves, and investigate the situation and the natural qualities of countries, mountains and rivers, the customs of peoples, their boundaries and their conditions, the territorial possessions which they have inherited or extended, the virtues of trees and plants, which Theophrastus has recounted, and the history of living creatures, which Aristotle has treated from the literary point of view. Why should I further mention the literary treatment of agriculture and of medicine? These authors have written in many fields, one on the art of war, another on architecture, a third on painting and sculpture. These arts, it is true, do not belong exactly to that part of knowledge which explores the essence of things, but they are related to it, nevertheless, and spring, so to speak, from the same source. Therefore, I have no reason to be apprehensive, if I seem forced to present them in the same connection.

All that, however, which, as I have said, has a bearing upon our customs and upon the nature of things, you must obtain from those authors who have presented these things in the clearest light. Then you will acquire at once a knowledge of the things themselves, and that which I regard as most important in a secondary way—the gift of suitable presentation. You are aware, moreover, that upon this point the greatest men afford much guidance. But it is necessary that you should lay aside the teaching which has been given us as boys at school. Gather up all that you have learned in this field, together with the prejudices that accompany it, condemn it, and make up your mind to give it up, unless you are again put in possession of it through the recommendation of better vouchers, as though by official decree. Therefore it will be very useful for you to translate everything that you read in the works

of classical authors into your mother tongue, using words as apt and significant as possible; for by this exercise you will bring it about that when you are obliged to speak or write, the Latin expressions will evolve themselves from your mind in immediate connection with their originals in the vernacular. If, moreover, you wish to commit something to writing, it is recommended that you first arrange the material as completely and correctly as possible in the vernacular, and then proceed to express it appropriately and forcibly in pure Latin. In this manner the presentation will be clear and exhaustive; for it is easier to detect an error in the vernacular. In the same way every one will notice most readily, in the language most familiar to him, whether a point has been expressed too obscurely, too briefly, in too labored a manner, or in a manner not in keeping with the subject. In order to avoid these mishaps, seek to express everything that you write in the purest, that is, the most accurate Latin possible. The adornment of the discourse is a matter of secondary importance. This can only be arrived at when the presentation is sound and faultless. It is with discourse as with the human body; if all parts are not in suitable condition; if, for example, they do not possess the right form and size, it is in vain that you embellish them with objects of adornment. The ornament stands in sharp contrast to the body itself, and the foreign embellishment makes the distortion all the more noticeable by comparison. But enough of the studies which you must pursue in this direction.

It remains for me to indicate the method by means of which, in my opinion, you may reach the best results. Many, no doubt, would differ with me, but my view of the matter is as follows: Whoever, in the acquisition of a science will obtain a result proportionate with his effort, must observe three things in particular: He must grasp clearly and correctly that which he learns; he must retain accurately that which he has grasped; and he must put himself in a position to produce something independently, as a result of that which he has learned. The first requisite, therefore, is careful reading; the second, a trustworthy memory; the third, continuous exercise. In reading, the effort must be, to thoroughly penetrate and comprehend in

its full meaning that which is read. It is not sufficient to understand what is treated of; with classical writers it is furthermore necessary to give your attention to the meaning of expressions, to the peculiarities of arrangement, to the correctness and fitness of the diction, to the balance of the sentences, and to the ability of the writer to clarify a subject, to clothe the weightiest and most obscure things in words and bring them forth into the light of publicity. It must not be said, however, that when by chance we come across a passage in itself obscure, or at least unintelligible to us, we shall stop and go no further. Many throw their book at once aside, give up their studies entirely, or bewail their limited intelligence. On the contrary, we persevere in our efforts, and are not necessarily vexed. If you find something, the meaning of which you cannot at once determine, it is best to pass over it for the moment, and reserve it for another opportunity, until you find a man or a book that will afford an explanation. Oftentimes repeated reading is sufficient to clear the matter up; for one day teaches the next, as I am fond of saying. If Quintilian reckoned it among the virtues of a grammarian to be ignorant of many things, how much more, I will not say necessary, but indeed pardonable it is in our case, if we now and then are ignorant of something. I wish above all things, however, not to give the impression that in this discussion I am making a plea for superficiality. On the contrary! I believe that there is no way in which I can more effectually put a spur to zeal than by making it clear, how by reading itself one opens the way to comprehension; and that all difficulties which arise in reading are by reading itself set aside.

The next requisite is an accurate memory. Memory depends immediately upon natural qualities; but even here art may be helpful. This art has been presented in various ways by different teachers. Nevertheless the essentials are the same. This art seems to me especially adapted for two sorts of uses. It often happens that you are compelled to speak or bring forward a great number of things without special preparation. The danger is that you will fail in respect of consecutiveness or in respect of completeness. If, for example, you have to

present certain claims before a prince or before a senate, or you are obliged to reply to the arguments of an opponent; then you will most appropriately seek help in this art. If it is desirable to exercise the memory, however, it can best be done in the following manner: That this method for the strengthening of the memory is in the highest degree beneficial, Quintilian assures us, and experience teaches us as well, if we but make the trial; for the memory, quite as much as any other gift, is capable of being strengthened by frequent exercises, or of being weakened by a lack of interest or by neglect. If it is wished that certain things should be firmly lodged in our mind, it is necessary first of all to grasp them as intensively as possible, then to reproduce them as frequently as possible, and thereby establish the highest degree of certainty conceivable. Finally, we must take up this exercise when our spirit is otherwise unoccupied and free from the burden of pressing thoughts. For, let us do what we will, it still remains an established fact that we cannot do two things properly at the same time. True it is, as Sallust says, that the mind is strongest when a strain is put upon it; but it cannot possibly be effective when it is directed into several channels at the same time. The third and last point that I have to raise treats of the art and manner in which we may derive an individual benefit from what we have learned, and bring our knowledge to light; for the products of our efforts ought not to remain idle and unfruitful in the depths of our minds, but like seed corn, which has been entrusted to the earth, they should bring forth abundant increase. This subject is very comprehensive and productive. It deserves an extensive treatment, which I have in mind for some further opportunity; for upon this question depends the principal reward for a long-continued effort and for much trouble expended in pursuit of knowledge. That is to say, if we can leave nothing to posterity, can transmit nothing to our contemporaries beyond that which we ourselves have appropriated, what difference is there then between us and a book? Hardly more than this, that a book preserves with accuracy for all future time that which it has once taken to itself, while we must frequently repeat and impress that which we have appropriated, in order that we may

retain it permanently. In this connection two requisites make themselves apparent. Each is in and for itself something great and fine, but the union of the two in an intellectual career unquestionably deserves especial recognition. The first requisite is this: All that we have learned we must have in constant readiness for immediate use. For you frequently find people who have acquired much and who remember many things, but they are unable to recollect just the things of which they have especial need. These people indeed know many things, but they have no exact knowledge of anything. The second requisite is the ability to discover and produce something outside the area of our acquisition, something that we may ascribe to ourselves and put forward as our own spiritual property. In this direction two things afford us great aid. In the first place, we must establish certain rubrics, for example, virtue and vice, life and death, wisdom and ignorance, benevolence and hate, etc. They are suitable for all occasions. We must recall them frequently, and, so far as possible, arrange under them everything that we have learned, or at least everything that we are learning. Then by each repetition of the rubrics, everything that we have arranged under them will be recalled; and finally it will come about that everything we have learned will be always present before our eyes, so to speak. It will often happen, however, that an example or a sentence may be brought under various rubrics. Thus, for example, you may place the account of the violation of Lucretia under the head of Chastity, because it teaches us how highly this should be valued, when Lucretia believed she must repurchase it at the price of her life. It goes equally well under the head of Beauty, for it shows us how great sorrow this may cause, and how greatly it endangers chastity. It may be included also under the rubric Death; for death is no evil, since Lucretia preferred it to a life of shame. The account comes also in the chapter of Lust, for it shows how this moral weakness has caused misfortune and war. It also justifies the aphorism that great evil often produces great good, for the whole circumstance brought to the Roman people their free constitution. In a similar manner the saying,

est virtus placitis abstinisse bonis,* may be classified in various ways. It may be placed under the head of Virtue; for it is reckoned a virtue to abstain from the benefits that fall to us. The rubric Benefits may also come in requisition, since not all benefits are worthy of effort. The idea of Continence may also be considered.

In the second place, in everything that we learn we must carefully consider, compare and thoroughly elucidate the individual expressions. Let us take, for example, a sentence from Virgil: *Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi prima fugit.*† First of all, the poet says *optima;* how must we value benefits, when those which we consider best of all not only vanish, but hasten away and torture us with fear in the face of a hopeless future, which seems the more depressing when we contrast it with conditions that have gone before? Then follow the words *dies aevi*, the day of life; how slight must that be reckoned, if it is so fleeting, and the best it contains is destroyed at its beginning, in its bloom, so to speak! What joy can there be in life, when those who rejoice in it are called, not only mortals, but also miserable? Why should they not be so called? Are not their goods and their very lives as fleeting as the day itself! They are indeed made subject to the law of death. Finally come the words *prima fugit.* We have not come to know the day sufficiently well through use of it Therefore, all that follows, no matter how good in itself, seems cruel in remembrance of that which is lost. The day vanishes, is not released or sent away. How deceptive and how uncertain is fortune! How little is it in our power! How little does it depend upon our approbation!

If, then, you will pursue such a subject through all the points of dialectic—that is to say, of course, so far as it responds to your spiritual disposition—you will find yourself in possession of abundant material for presentation, and also for your inventive faculties to work upon. The method, however, I cannot perfectly present in the narrow compass of a letter. I

* It is a virtue to renounce the things that please us.

† The happiest day of life most quickly escapes unhappy mortals.

have treated this question more at length in the three books *De inventione dialectica*.

Whoever carries out these instructions properly and carefully, especially when the theoretical development of dialectic is added thereto, will obtain in a high degree the ability, which will be always at his command, of discoursing over almost any theme that may be presented. It must be assumed, of course, that the theme concerns that department of knowledge with which he is acquainted. It is in this manner, it seems to me, that the old masters, whom the Greeks called Sophists, that is, wise men, have developed their powers, and attained to so great readiness and ability in discourse, that they, as is seen in the case of Plato and of Aristotle, caused any theme whatsoever to be advanced, and then discoursed upon it as extensively as was desired.

Thus Gorgias of Leontini, the originator of so bold an undertaking, thus Prodicus of Ceos, thus Protagoras of Abdera and Hippias of Elis have first educated themselves and then taught others. Moreover, that which I have treated of in the second instance will afford great capacity for judgment in the appropriation of knowledge, and lead to new demonstrations, to new conclusions, or at least to a new arrangement of those already on hand. When to this a suitable style is added, eloquence is attained and the way is opened to the attainment of oratorical distinction. But enough of this! Demetrius of Phalerus, in his *περὶ ἑρμηνείας*,* says that a too extensive letter is really no letter, but a book with a formula of salutation at its beginning. Whatever may be thought of this disturbs me not; for I have set myself the task of furthering in every possible way your studies, and in the event of my failure, to show at least that I have made the effort. The will may indeed be of little account, if measured by the result; but in the domain of friendship, where the will stands for the deed, it has so great a value that nothing greater can be asked or given.

And now to add a word concerning my personal affairs; let me tell you that on the second of May I came to Heidelberg.

* Exposition.

My lord, the bishop, received me kindly, and has shown me nothing but amiability and benevolence. Let me tell you of my folly, or, to speak more accurately, of my stupidity. I have resolved to learn Hebrew, as though I had not spent enough time and pains on the little Greek that I have acquired. I found a teacher, who a few years before accepted our faith. The Jews themselves gave him credit for an extensive acquaintance with their learning, and were accustomed to oppose him to our theologians, when they were challenged to disputations on the subject of religion. Out of kindness to me the bishop undertook to care for him at the court. I shall do the best I can, and hope to accomplish something. Perhaps I shall arrive at this result, because I am confident of doing so. Joseph Rink has informed me of your misfortune. It came to you from a source, as I well know, whence it was most difficult to endure. I am not certain whether I most lament your misfortune or such perfidiousness. At any rate I have sympathized deeply with you in your sorrow, and should have given my sympathy expression in elegy—this form of verse being specially adopted for such complaints—had I been so quiet and collected that I might have brought myself to poetical composition. I beg of you, send me something in the way of vocal music of your own composition; but something finished, that will earn you praise. We have singers here to whom I have often spoken of you. Their leader composes for nine and twelve voices. Of his compositions for three or four voices I have heard nothing that especially pleased me. But my impression is in no sense a proper judgment; very likely his compositions are too good for my limited comprehension. Farewell, and be assured of my friendship; give my regards to the distinguished and learned magister, Ambrosius Dinter, our Nicholas Haga, the elegantly cultured magister, Jacob Crabbe, your neighbor, and especially to Joseph Rink, an amiable young man, who is very devoted to you.

The verses which I sent you I have carefully read through a second time. I found three or four errors in the poem to Mother Anna; the printer had transposed the letters. Therefore I send you this manuscript, in order that you may correct

your copy by it. See to it, I beg of you, that this, together with the letter, is delivered to the regular canon of St. Martin's, Adam Jordan in Löwen. Again farewell! Heidelberg, June 7, 1484. Send me exact information concerning your affairs through this messenger.

JACOB WIMPHELING.

Jacob Wimpheling (1450-1528) was born at Schlettstadt, in the Upper Rhine country. His education was acquired in the schools of his native town and at the universities of Freiburg, Erfurt and Heidelberg. Although for a considerable time connected with the university of Heidelberg in the capacity of teacher, the productive period of Wimpheling's life was spent at Strasburg, where his more important works were written. These works were mostly pædagogical. The *Isidoneus*, a guide for the German youth; the *Adolescentia*, of a similar character; and the *Agatharchia*, or book for the direction of princes, were all of them attempts to raise the standard of education in Germany The *Germania*, written in 1501, during Wimpheling's residence at Strasburg, was an appeal to that municipality to establish an advanced system of public schools. Incidentally, however, he appealed to the sentiment of German patriotism, defending the thesis that Alsace had ever been a German land; a contention which was opposed by another famous German humanist, Thomas Murner (1475-1537). Out of this difference of opinion arose one of the most celebrated literary controversies of the time.

Wimpheling's interest in educational matters won for him the distinguished title of the "Schoolmaster of Germany." His writings obtained a wide circulation and did much to determine the character of German education for two centuries. Apart from this special work, Wimpheling was a typical humanist of the earlier type, selecting his material with reference to its value for purposes of Christian culture, and possessing all the homely and substantial virtues of his race. He valued the new learning chiefly for its adaptability to the purposes of practical life, and the methods he advocated looked to the production of able and conscientious men rather than accomplished scholars.

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Isidoneus.**

Chapter 25; The Study of Greek.

In the matter of Greek I am not competent to render judgment or give an estimate, since in the best years of my youth

* *Sammlung der bedeutendsten pädagogischen Schriften.* Band 13. Paderborn, 1892.

I had no teacher in this branch. If I wished to follow the example of Marcus Cato, and learn it in my mature years, there would be no lack of excellent teachers in Germany. Thus Rudolph Agricola has learned and taught Greek. Johannes Camerarius Dalberg, Bishop of Worms, devotes himself with ardor to the study of Greek—he who is the ornament of Germany, the glory of his generation, the especial pride of Duke Philip of Bavaria, the crown of bishops—he whom, on account of his astonishing erudition, I regard as born for something even more distinguished. With no slight ardor does Johannes Trithemius, Sponheim's pious abbot, devote himself to the study of Greek. Among those who at the present time are competent to teach Greek is also Johannes Capnion, or as he is commonly called, Reuchlin of Pforzheim, and the poet laureate, Conrad Celtes. It is, moreover, well known that Augustine in his second book of Christian Doctrine advances the opinion that for those who speak Latin a knowledge of Greek is necessary for the understanding of Holy Writ. It is also known that teachers out of their ignorance of this tongue have communicated much of error to their pupils. For example, they were of the belief that the name of Christ, which was written by our ancestors, who for the most part knew Greek, with three Greek letters, XPC, had been incorrectly indicated with three Latin letters, although it is beyond doubt that the first of these three letters indicated to the Greeks not "x" but "ch;" that the second stood not for "p" but for "r," while by the third not "c," but "s" was meant.

Chapter 26: The Aim of Grammatical Instruction.

Contemplate, O teachers, the aim of grammatical instruction! Bear in mind that this instruction is to enable the pupil to speak Latin correctly and agreeably on all occasions, to understand it perfectly and to be able to apply it to branches of knowledge that promise greater rewards. This is the object, this the aim, this the sum and substance of your instruction. But when it is possible for any one to reach this goal with small pains and slight exertion, is he not foolish to wander here and there through by-ways and all sorts of turns and twistings at

the expense of greater effort? But many remain obstinate in their err rs and close their ears even to the plain truth. Although a straight path is offered to them for the study of grammar, yet they pursue a crooked way, which brings them from the direct route; they abandon the level road, in order to forge ahead over a way full of inequalities; they give up the short road, in order to deceive their uninstructed youth with meaningless and windy discourses, together with great loss of time and interruption of mental development; to weaken and unnerve them. They remain themselves, together with their pupils, blind and lame, for their ignorance in respect to the elements of grammatical instruction permits them to grope about in darkness. He will never attain to the object of grammar, who during his entire youth has busied himself with his Alexander,* with the meaning of words, with figures and examples, all of which is superfluous, and at the end can neither thoroughly grasp nor understand the smallest preface of Jerome, nor any homily of the fathers, nor anything whatsoever that is agreeably written, with all the grammar which he is supposed to have learned.

Therefore it is for you, who are placed at the head of the public schools, to conduct your pupils by the nearest possible way to an understanding and a knowledge of the Latin tongue. Leave untouched the old established explanations, which are full of absurdities, and above all such as are calculated to cause one to forget rather than to learn, in which there is nothing either graceful or dignified, and which, moreover, are useless either for the acquisition or the comprehension of Latin.

The Latin language I regard as the noblest of tongues; it can be learned and understood by the people of every nation; it makes the noble-born still nobler; one who knows it not is thereby rendered unworthy of the Roman imperial crown; in it have countless things been written, which can scarcely be translated into the German or any popular speech; he who despises it

* The *Doctrinale puerorum* of Alexander de Villa Dei, written in 1209 (1199), a famous Latin grammar, which came into extensive use in the Middle Ages. With singular perversity the text was tortured into hexameter verse.

shows himself unworthy of it; he who refuses to become a Latinist, remains forever a wild beast and a two-legged donkey. Our princes and their trusted courtiers and flatterers—not to call them "worshippers," with Augustine—as despisers of the Latin language and literature, might be called barbarians by foreigners; and such in truth they are. But you, admirable youths, love this tongue; no other language is nobler, more graceful, and more expressive; no other language surpasses it in abundance and splendor of high and enlightened thought.

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Adolescentia.*

Chapter I. The Choice of Books.

If I did not fear to be accused by others of presumption, I should advise teachers to observe, in the introduction of the grammar, the orderly succession and the principles which I have presented in my "*Isidoneus.*" I permit myself to hope that immediately after the instruction in the alphabet they will put into your hands the Donat,* to which I have nothing to add, and from which I have little to take away. Then will they make you acquainted with the varieties and declensions of nouns and verbs, with the easier forms of sentences and terminations according to Sulpicius,† or some other good exercise book for boys. Then they will place before you Basil the Great‡ and the letter of Æneas Silvius to King Ladislaus.§ After these have been completed, this book of mine may, I think, without detriment, be placed in your hands, by means of which you may become acquainted with Cicero, Sallust, Seneca, Tranquillus and Valerius Maximus. In this manner you will be able more easily to attain to an understanding of the re-

*Or *Donatus;* the *ars grammatica* of Aelius Donatus (IV century A. D.). This book, in two forms, the *ars minor* and the *ars major*, came into general use as an elementary Latin grammar after the middle of the twelfth century.

† Johannes Sulpicius Verulanus (Giovanni Sulpicio of Veroli), a humanist of the XV century; taught at Rome, and composed works upon grammar.

‡St. Basil (329-379), Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia.

§ *Vide* Source-Book of the Italian Renaissance, pp. 59 66.

maining historical works; among others to an understanding of Christian history, of the noble deeds of the Germans, especially in the account of Otto of Freisingen, in whom your noble father, who possesses a carefully revised and perfect edition of this work, takes great delight.

When you will read something of a more sprightly character, to cheer you up or for amusement, turn to Lucian. Whenever any sad mischance has shaken you, take your flight to Francesco Petrarca, who for all the turns of fortune, be they good or ill, has ever a perfect remedy and in a tasteful form, as well against arrogance and presumption as against discouragement and sadness. If, however, you love brevity, take up the equally interesting and instructive book of Baptista Mantuanus, *De patientia*. If you take pleasure in learning of the tasks and duties of an upright prince or count, or if for the relief and unburdening of your conscience you will give to God an account of the days of your life, then you may peruse my *Agatharchia*.

Chapter III. Boys of noble birth more than others should be instructed in the humanities.

If it is the duty of all parents to afford a good education to their children, it is of especial importance that those boys who later in life are to occupy prominent positions, and whose words and deeds may not lie in obscurity, should be instructed in the higher branches of learning, so that they may be worthy of their fortune, their dignity and their prominence. It is a reasonable condition, that those who demand for themselves the highest should also produce the highest. There is no safer nor more enduring basis for dominion than that those who rule should be considered most worthy of their lordship.

Chapter IV. Learning and virtue are more to be esteemed than all else.

Every one should strive for learning and virtue, which alone confer nobility. These are to be striven for above all other things to which the human mind directs itself. For money, honor and pleasure are changing and transitory. The possession and fruits of virtue on the contrary are unassailable and permanent, and make their possessor immortal and happy.

The youth, therefore, especially when he comes of distinguished parents, should be reminded with especial emphasis, that he may value the soul's advantage and not the gifts of fortune and physical accomplishments. Each day he should exert himself, in order that he may not become an awkward, lazy, stupid, foppish, wanton fellow, as in our day most of the noble-born are; but that he shall be intelligent and educated; that he may be well instructed from his youth and not ignorant of the humanities; that he shall apply himself to the reading of Holy Writ; that he may be well-bred, just, gentle and pious; that he may be no friend of wastlings and buffoons, or of such as find their joy in biting calumny, or of such as in any way outrage good breeding; in order that he may be rather a friend of clever and cultured men.

Chapter V. A boy's disposition has to be determined at the start.

In the first place, each one has to give proof of his talents and capacity. Since on account of their age this cannot be adequately determined in the case of boys, it will be necessary for their parents, or the teachers to whom the youths have been entrusted, to observe carefully the general direction of their mind, and talents, according to their natural dispositions. Their studies should then be diverted into this same direction, and with these studies they should occupy themselves exclusively.

Chapter VII. The sons of the great shall not apply themselves exclusively to the chase.

What special signification has the art of the chase—if indeed this employment deserves to be called an art—for a king or for a noble prince, that for it he despises and neglects all other skilled labors and exercises of the body? Is it not true that an ordinary man of base extraction, devoid of all distinction, of all cleverness and aptitude, may be quite the equal of a prince in the exercise of the chase? The worst gallows bird, empty of all ability, of all cleverness, of all fear of the Lord, is qualified to apply himself to this "delight." He too may carry the horn which hangs about his neck; he too may jump about like mad,

and race his horse here and there through field and forest, and fill the air with cries; he too in peril of life and health may follow the game and shoot it with bow or gun or run it down with hunting-spear.

For a prince, however, that would be a more laudable art, in which a man of common birth and low intelligence could not equal him. Therefore he shall apply himself to use with ease the noblest of tongues in reading and in speaking and particularly in oral intercourse with foreigners; he shall consider it furthermore his duty to learn the customs of the ancients and the manners of foreign lands; he shall make himself acquainted with historical statements and relations, such as serve for agreeable and witty entertainment or for elevating instruction; then too, the holy councils, which attend to the interests of the individual and of the state, as well as to public and civic welfare, should not be unfamiliar to him; in the range of his knowledge he should include the arts of peace and war, as well as the proper training of children, and law and equity, which may serve for the defence of justice and the maintenance of right. Then will he rise above his subjects; then will he be distinguished from them in his actions; then will he draw upon himself beyond a doubt the love and veneration of his people.

Chapter VIII. The indications of good natural gifts.

One indication of ability and of a spirit worthy of a free man is shown in the striving after praise and the desire for honor. Hence arises the contest for honor and distinction. It is another token, when great things are dared for praise and honor. A third token betrays itself in the readiness for good deeds, in the disinclination for idleness and in the desire always to accomplish something of importance. A fourth is shown in a dread of threats and blows, and a still greater dread of dishonor and shame. Hence arises that feeling of modesty and awe, which is of the highest value at this time of life. It is also a good indication when boys blush on being reproved, and when they mend their ways after having been chastised. A fifth sign when they love their teachers and bear neither dislike nor hatred against them or their discipline. A sixth sign is this:

that children listen willingly to their parents and are not deaf to their well-meant admonitions; for youth is inclined to sin, and when it is not held in bounds by the example and counsel of older people, it often seeks in haste the road of destruction.

Chapter XLVI. The fifteenth rule forbids carousing.

The youth shall avoid most carefully immoderate use of wine and intoxication. Immoderate use of wine injures the health, and seriously limits the use of reason; it arouses strife and war and excites evil desires. For this reason the Lacedæmonians permitted drunken slaves to come before them at their meals, not that they might enjoy their disgusting conversation or their filthy actions—for it is only a worthless man who takes pleasure in the faults or in the vices of others—but that they might place before their young sons a living example of the shamefulness of intoxication. Was there ever an evil greater than this infamy? If then the disfigurement of the body is so disgusting, how great is to be regarded the deformity and repulsiveness of the soul disfigured with this vice? Whoever possesses the sense of shame that deters him from that so-called pleasure of eating and drinking, which man has in common with swine and donkeys, he may consider himself fortunate. Socrates indeed said that many men lived in order to eat and drink; he, however, ate and drank in order to live.

A youth, therefore, who desires to be accounted wise, must never smell of wine; he flees drunkenness as he would poison; he follows not the seductions of the palate, for a full stomach does not sharpen his senses. A pleasure-seeking and immoderate youth bequeaths to age an exhausted body. The youth must know that human nature is content with little, so far as needs are concerned; in respect to pleasure, however, nothing is able to satisfy it. He should know, finally, that food, taken in moderation, is conducive to health; but that the contrary is the case when taken in excess. Thus saith John Chrysostom; "Nothing is so pleasing as well-prepared and well-cooked food; nothing more conducive to health; nothing so effectually sharpens the wits; nothing drives away an indisposition so quickly as a moderate refreshment. An excess, however,

produces sickness and disorders, and calls forth discord. The effects of hunger are equally produced, and even to a greater degree and with more disastrous consequences by immoderate indulgence; for hunger carries a man off in a few days, and delivers him from pains of this life. Immoderation in food and drink destroys the human body and causes it to wither and saps its strength through illness, and then finally takes it hence in painful death." Jerome held this view, and appealed to the physician Hippocrates and his expositor, Galen.

Let the German youth accustom himself, therefore, to be moderate and careful with his food and drink, so that the opinion of foreigners may not be justly applied to him, when they say, with injustice, and without ever giving thought to their own shortcomings, that all Germans are given to intoxication and drunkenness. Young men may believe me when I say that I have known many a young man who has wasted his patrimony in debauchery and riotous living, and finally has seen himself compelled in misery either to beg his bread in shame and degradation or to end his life in the poorhouse.

Chapter XLVII The sixteenth rule forbids curling the hair.

The young man shall turn his thoughts to neatness, but not to such a degree that it may be too evident or seem labored; he shall avoid negligence, which betrays a rustic mind and lack of culture. In the same way he shall look to his attire, and in this matter, as in most others, the golden mean is to be preferred. If in Holy Writ long hair is forbidden to man and youth, as being conducive to dishonor, how much heavier an offence is it then, not only to roll up and curl the hair, which naturally grows smooth and straight and is adorned with pleasing colors, but also to moisten and dye it with artificial color. A well-mannered and modest youth will hold himself aloof from such deceit and feminine practices; for nothing was so certain a sign of the worst of all vices to the ancients as this wicked and shameful custom of curling the hair. Thus Plautus says of a certain one: "Thou voluptuary with the curly hair!" Curling the hair makes a woman of a man; it softens the youth; it produces an abundance of vermin; it strives in vain for that which

nature has forbidden; it is a sign of arrogance and bluster; it betrays epicureanism and sensuality; it offends God the Lord and frightens away the guardian angel; it makes the head heavy and affects the brain; it weakens the memory and deforms the countenance; it gives old age a horrid, mangy look; it is evidence of great simpleness. Is there anything more absurd than to hold the hair in estimation above the head; than to care more for the color of the hair than for sprightliness of mind, as the brave and honest poet Diether has said with playful grace to your distinguished father. Finally, crimping the hair shuts one out from the kingdom of Heaven; for how will God, the best and highest One of all, deem those worthy of the kingdom of the blest who, dissatisfied with the form, with the countenance, with the hair which he has given them, are not ashamed to wear false hair, to slight and despise that divine gift, and to seek strange gifts. On the last day the Judge will be able to confront those who crimp and curl the hair with these words: "I have not created this man; I have not given him this countenance; this is not the hair which I gave him at birth." Augustine bears us witness with these words: "God is against the arrogant and those that curl their hair."

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Agatharchia.*

Chapter XIV. The Support and Direction of High Schools.

It should be the care and effort of a prince, that scientific studies should flourish in his principality and that many wise and energetic men should distinguish themselves therein. In this matter you will do well to imitate your father. It was his earnest desire, that the high school at Heidelberg should advance in all excellent sciences, and particularly in the humanistic studies, which before all are indispensable to young men, and of value in the still more important exercise of the sacred law; for it is not sufficient that this or the other branch of learning should enjoy especial prosperity and consideration at the high school. It is necessary that suitable arrangements should be made for each branch of learning, through the whole range of the higher arts and sciences. For in this wise such institutions of learning show themselves worthy of the name of

"University."* Thus your father acted well and advisedly, when he founded a college for jurisprudence. For it is better that teachers and pupils should dwell together, than that the latter should be separated and scattered hither and thither in nooks and corners without supervision.

Chapter XV. The Desirability of having suitable Pastors and Teachers.

A prince shall nominate or appoint for his pastors and for the direction of his scholars, able, learned and cultured men, who are qualified to give instruction. And although in other cases princes are accustomed to state their desires rather violently—as some one has said: "When princes ask, it is a specially emphatic form of command," or "The mighty put their requests with a drawn sword"—yet in these two instances, that is to say, in the matter of the cure of souls and the education of children, the prince shall not advance any one he chooses to an academic standard; he shall not personally advance the claims of his favorite without due consideration; he shall not confide to an inexperienced man a responsible position as pastor, simply because his father understood his business or his service as cook, huntsman, fowler or zither-player, to the injury of the man's own soul and to the detriment of the prince himself. A prince will have to give an account of all these things. It would be more to the purpose to bestow offices of this sort upon men of distinction, mature and blameless men, who have acquired a fund of human experience, who are able to awaken confidence, who are thoughtful of the welfare of their native land, who loved God and the salvation of souls more than all other things, who allow themselves to be diverted by nothing, neither by the arrangements of this or that one, nor by the demands of the faculty or the bursary, but simply and exclusively look to the morality, the intellectual advancement, the eloquence and the progress of those who are entrusted to their care. It is also not to be permitted that at a high school one faculty should subordinate, encroach upon or oppress another. The prosperity of the high school and due respect for the

**Academia Universitatum.*

founder demand rather, that the faculty which was first established should not give way; reason suggests that equilibrium should be preserved; equal labor and equal remuneration, and in a similar way, equal consideration on the part of those whose privilege it is to bestow rewards and favors. Especially are those self-seeking souls to be kept at a distance who do not hesitate, for their own advantage and with unseemly pertinacity in their own behalf, to undermine the whole academic structure, to violate every approved regulation, to destroy the sacred harmony and break down a just distribution of stipends.

Chapter XVII. The Training of Princely Children.

A prince should see to it, that his children are well educated and well trained, and that from their earliest years they are directed toward humanistic studies. They should be able also to use the Latin language in a satisfactory manner. This will redound to their honor in the assemblies of princes, in their intercourse with ecclesiastical dignitaries, in the reception of cardinals or in their intercourse with foreigners. Julius and Augustus, Marcus Cato, King Robert of Sicily, Constantine, Charles the Great and other princes and their sons have neither impaired the honor of their names in any way through such study, nor have they discovered therein any diminution of their martial glory. What the characteristics of a good teacher are, I have already indicated in my *Isidoneus*. As to how they should bring up their boys, they may peruse the letter of Aeneas Silvius to Ladislas.* In the training of older pupils they should govern themselves by Holy Writ and the writings of the heathen. They may find inspiration also in the treatise which John Gerson addressed to the confessor of Charles VII. King of France; above all they should not neglect the *Summa* of John Gallensis.†

Chapter XXII. Precautions against the Artificial Raising of Prices.

A prince should take care that well-filled granaries are at hand for the benefit of his people, so that an occasional famine

Cf. Source-Book of the Italian Renaissance, p. 59, *et seq.*

†English Franciscan monk. Taught at University of Paris in 1279. His *Summa Collationum* was a book of aphorisms.

may be mitigated by means of the surplus of foregoing years. He shall also take precautions; so that when, to punish us for our sins, God in his wisdom limits the increase of fruits or sends destructive storms upon us, prices shall not rise out of reach through the insatiable avarice of priests or citizens. He shall see that just prices are made, so that the scarcity may be more endurable for the poor; for there are such as collect and heap together the harvests of several years, and hold them back purposely, in order that they may sell these products at advanced prices. People of this kind sometimes bring about an advance in prices merely by their avarice. If your father Philip had not broken this up and forbidden, in years past, that the price of a bushel of wheat should exceed 16 solidi,* the price of the same would have risen to a pound denarii or nearly to two pounds and this merely through the wantoness of avaricious people, who cared not whether poor people suffered hunger or even died of hunger, if they themselves could get rich. I speak from experience.

Chapter XXIII. To Prevent the exportation of Gold and Silver.

A prince shall take precautions, in so far as it is possible without offence toward God, that neither gold nor silver shall be taken out of his territory into foreign lands, unless a complete equivalent therefore is returned. I do not know why it is that other people have contracted the habit of draining the German nation dry, while no gain comes to us from foreign lands. The Roman annates, the spices and fabrics of Venice, the Italian rectorates, the French jugglers and players, the regular orders, their hospitals and settlements carry enormous sums out of our lands. Our people, however, have only one order founded for the Germans, and this has obtained in all France not one cloister, nor a single settlement, nor any kind of income what soever. The French, on the contrary, have in our midst the Antonines,† the Valentinians, the Benedictines and many

*According to the Carolingian coinage regulations the pound silver was divided into 20 solidi or into 240 denarii.

†Established 1095. Under Boniface VIII, changed to a congregation of Augustinians; 1774 united with the order of Malta; dissolved in the revolutionary period.

others; not to speak of the Cistercians and Praemonstratensians. So great is either the simplicity or the generosity of the Germans.

SEBASTIAN BRANT.

Sebastian Brant (1458-1521) was born at Strasburg, studied at the university of Basel, became doctor of civil and canon law, and taught at Basel until 1501, when he returned to his native town. There he held several municipal offices and in 1521 was given charge of an embassy to Ghent by the emperor, Charles V.

Brant's *Narrenschiff*, or Ship of Fools (Basel, 1494) was one of the most popular books of the sixteenth century. The work passed through numerous editions and was translated into many modern languages. Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fooles* (1509) is based upon Brant's work, but is so expanded and diluted that the vigor of the original is lost. The *Narrenschiff* has no purpose, other than that of a satirical presentation of the weaknesses and foibles of society. Along with other classes of society it handles somewhat roughly the shortcomings of the clergy, and in this wise furnished material for the opponents of the church. Brant, however, was thoroughly orthodox, and wrote without polemical motive and without hostility to the religious institutions of his time.

FROM THE *Narrenschiff*.*

The foremost rank they've given me,
Since I have many useless books,
Which I neither read nor understand.

(1) *Of Useless Books.*

That I sit in this ship foremost
A special meaning has in truth,
And is not done without a cause.
For I rely upon my books,
Of which I have a great supply,
But of their contents know no word,
And hold them yet in such respect,
That I will keep them from the flies.
When people speak of knowledge, I say
I have a lot of it at home;

*Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*, herausgegeben von F. Zarnke, Leipzig, 1854.

And am content with this alone,
To see a lot of books about.
King Ptolemy, he so contrived,
That he had all the books in the world,
And held them for a treasure great.
Still he had not the law of truth,
Nor knew well how to use his books.
So I have many books as well,
And very few of them peruse.
Why should I break my head on them,
And bother myself with lore at all?
Who studies much becomes a guy.
Myself, I'd rather be a man,
And pay people to learn for me.
Although I have a clownish mind,
Yet when I am with learned folk,
I know how to say "*ita*" for yes.
Of German orders I am proud,
For little Latin do I know.
I know that *vinum* stands for wine,
Cuculus for gawk, *stultus* for fool,
That "Domine Doctor" I am called.
If my ears were not hid for me
A miller's beast you you'd quickly see.

Who studies not the proper art,
He surely wears the cap and bells,
Is led forth on the string of fools.

(27) *Of Useless Studies.*

The students I cannot neglect;
They too are taxed with cap and bells,
And when they put their headgear on
The point may somewhat backward hang.
For when they ought to study hard,
They'd rather go and fool about.
To youth all learning's trivial.
Just now they'd rather spend their time

With what is vain and of no use.
The masters have the selfsame fault,
In that true learning they despise
And useless trash alone regard:
As to whether it's day or night
Or whether a man a donkey made,
Or Socrates or Plato walked.
Such learning now the schools employs.
Are they not fools and stupid quite
That go about by day and night,
Among themselves and other folk?
For better learning they've no care.
Of them it is that Origen
Speaks, when he says that they are like
The frogs and grasshoppers that once
Th' Egyptian land reduced to waste.
And so the young men get them hence
While we at Leipzig, Erfurt, Wien,
Heidelberg, Mainz and Bâle hold out.
But come back home although with shame,
The money by that time is spent.
And then they're glad to turn to trade,
And then one learns to bring in wine,
And soon turns out a serving man.—
The student cap will get its bells.

MAXIMILIAN I.

Maximilian I., emperor of Germany from 1493 to 1519, son of Frederick III., emperor and founder of the Hapsburg power in modern Europe, was born in 1459. In 1477 Maximilian married Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold, thereby securing to his line the succession to the rich possessions of the house of Burgundy.

In addition to his patronage of literature and the arts, Maximilian found leisure for literary composition. Among the works attributed to him are the *Theuerdank*, a poetical allegory, setting forth the adventures of his courtship, and the *Weisskunig*, a general record of his life, in prose. Just what part may be ascribed to Maximilian in the preparation of this work is uncertain. It is believed, however, that the emperor furnished the material, and that the literary form, of the *Weisskunig* at least, was the contribution of his secretary, Treitzsauerwein.

FROM THE *Weisskunig*.*

How the Queen gave birth to a son.

When now the time of the child's birth drew near, there was seen, but as yet not clearly, a comet in the sky, and it gave rise to many opinions. The old white king, likewise the exiled prince and all the folk of the entire kingdom cried aloud to God, with great devotion, asking that through his divine grace all the people might have occasion to rejoice in the queen's safe delivery. When any Christian man contemplates the mighty grace which Almighty God conferred upon them both in this world, as for example, the highest spiritual and temporal honor of their coronation at Rome; and when he thinks as well of their piety and humility, that in their love of God they visited and sought to honor all holy places in the City of Rome and elsewhere; then he need not doubt that God heard this prayer out of his benign tenderness, for all good things come from God. And on this day and at the hour of the child's birth the selfsame comet appeared much larger than before and gave forth a clear and brilliant light. Although comets, for many reasons, usually make melancholy the heart of him who looks upon them, yet this comet with its glow was pleasing to look upon, so that each heart was moved at the sight of the comet, and thereby its special influence was a sign and revelation of the child's birth. In the midst of this appearance of the comet, the queen, through the divine grace granted and bestowed upon her, in the city called the Neustadt, bore her child with gentle pains, and was in her delivery greatly rejoiced, because the child was a beautiful son. Then out of joy they began to ring the bells and throughout the whole kingdom were lighted countless fires of rejoicing. How great was the joy of the old white king and all the people of his kingdom, over this happy birth. Now when the child was born, the comet ceased at once with its glow, whereby it is to be recognized that the same

* *Der Weiss Kunig*; eine Erzehlung von den Thaten Kaiser Maximilian I., von M. Treitzsaurwein auf dessen Angeben zusammengetragen, nebet den von H. Burgmair dazu verfertigten Holtzschnitten. Wien, 1775.

comet was a token of the child's future rule and of his wondrous deeds. And the exiled prince recognized that by this comet his counsel was confirmed through the influence of heaven, and he also requested that he might raise the child from the baptismal font, to which office he was called by the old white king, since the prince himself was born of kingly race. One thing will I make known: that when this child came to his years and to his rule, he was most victorious and most warlike, and to look upon his countenance he was most gracious, which indeed is wonderful to see in one who is warlike and of all most warlike; in this may be recognized the comet's bold and frank appearance, and its gracious aspect, as a token of the future.

Note, that the king's countenance is likened to this gracious aspect.

How the young white king learned the black art.

In this advancement of the young white king, his father, the old white king, took great satisfaction, and his heart beat so high with joy that a terror seized him when he thought that all joys should have their source in the praise and honor of God; and in this manner his spirit was deeply moved to consider the future upholding of the Christian faith. How great was his emotion! He recalled how often in former times, powerful kings in their later years were fallen away from the true belief into a new faith, all of which had come about solely through the seduction of the black art. Much is to be written thereof, but as a proof of what I write, this same art is forbidden in the Christian faith and by the ordinances of imperial law, and exterminated, whereby it must be let alone, for the soul's salvation and for the increase of our faith. Although this art is damning to the soul and an injury to our faith, yet the human spirit is so weak and diseased in its constancy, in its determination to discover hidden things, that this art, whose false basis and unreality is hidden, is so very dear to man that many come thereby into error and despair. Now the young white king often heard speak of this art, and from time to time he chanced to see the very ablest writings, wherein this art is set forth. In the midst of the joy and the contemplation of the

old white king, as related above, the young white king came to him. Then spake the father to the son: "What think you and how do you regard the black art, which is a damnation to the soul, and a crime and seduction to men? Are you not disposed to learn it?" Thus did the father for the purpose of making evident to him the hidden seduction, and to plant future doubts. The son gave him answer: "St. Paul, that most excellent teacher of the Christian faith, writes and commands us that we shall learn all things and experience all things, but avoid the ill and cleave to that which is good." Thereupon spake the father to the son: "Go hence and take to yourself the most learned man in the black art, and investigate it thoroughly; but bear in mind the first commandment of God: Thou shalt believe in one God; and also St. Paul's teaching, which you have just indicated to me." The young white king sought out an especially learned man in the black art, who began to teach him with uncommon industry, with the idea that this same art should be looked upon by the prince as good and useful and held dear. And when the young white king had studied it for a time, and satisfied himself of its uselessness, he discovered that the art was contrary to the first commandment of God, which reads: Thou shalt believe in one God; and for the first time he understood St. Paul's teaching, for he who has not experience of it easily believes, and thereby it often comes about that he is led astray. For a while the learned man disputed with the young white king, in order to discover his spirit and his desire, and then he said to him: "This art is an art whereby great lords may increase their power." Then asked the young white king of him, whether there were more gods than one. Thereupon he answered: "There is but one God." Upon this answer the young white king said: "You have spoken truly, and thereby is the black art vain, and the learning which I have discovered in the same, the seduction of our faith." From this speech the learned man easily perceived that he was sufficiently instructed in this lore. With how great wisdom had the old white king made the reflection above related, and how prolific of usefulness was it to the Christian faith; for when the young white king came into

his years and into his powerful reign, he permitted no unbelief nor heresy to be kind'ed or spread abroad, which, however, have often obtained the upper hand; and indeed it has happened from time to time that, through the confidence and by permission of inexperienced men, men of evil have been strengthened in their desperate enterprises and have adhered to them, a thing which these kings through their careful experience and their especial wisdom have avoided, to the salvation and happiness of their souls and to the maintenance of the Christian religion.

How the young white king came to the young queen, and how he was received.

When the young white king was on his way to visit the aforesaid young queen, then was this announced to the two queens aforesaid. Thereupon they were filled with great joy and wrote at once to all their retainers, and let them know as well of the approach of the young white king. The retainers tarried not, but came without hindrance to the two queens. Then counsel was taken of them as to how the young white king should be received. Thereupon was written to the young white king, he should come into the city named Ghent, and the two queens, with their retainers, would also come hither; and as soon as this letter had been dispatched to the young white king, the two queens, with their retainers, drew into the said city and there awaited the arrival of the young white king, who, af er a few days, himself came thither; and on the same day that he entered the city there rode toward him, first, the citizens of the city, most elegantly arrayed, then all the retainers, princes, bishops, prelates, counts, lords, knights and squires, a great multitude; then the whole clergy, with all the sacred relics, in a procession, and all the people of the city, and received the young king with great honor and high distinction, and with especial joy; and he, too, rode into the city, with great concourse, in costly array and royal honors, and all who saw him felt an especial pleasure in his beautiful youth and upright bearing, and the common folk said, they had never seen a finer youth, and they were filled with amazement, that the old white king, his father, should have sent his son, in the

beauty of his youth, so far into a foreign land; and the young king was festively entertained at his lodging, which was decorated for him in the richest manner. The two queens had prepared towards evening a grand banquet, and sent to the young king persons of high degree, to invite him to the banquet, where the two queens would receive him in person; and when he would go to the banquet he dressed and adorned himself with elegant clothes and jewels, and went with his princes, nobles and knights, in royal array, to the banquet. Then night came on and the throng was great, and there were many torches, for each wished to see the young white king. Meanwhile the two young queens were alone together in an apartment, and conversing together said that they would like to see the young king secretly. Thereupon the old queen, the young queen's mother, disguised herself in strange garments and went secretly and unknown out of the apartment into the hall, where the young white king should come. Now the crowd of people was so great that for a long time the old queen was unable to get past, and was obliged secretly to seek aid, and when finally she came past the people, at that same moment the young white king entered the hall, and when he was pointed out to her at first she would not believe that it was the young white king, for she thought he was too handsome, and that she had never seen a youth so fine, and she tarried to see which of all really was the young white king. And now she saw that all honor was done to this same handsome youth, and moreover that he was escorted by the mighty archbishops and princes, and that this youth could be no other than the young white king. Thereupon the old queen went in haste to her daughter, the young queen, in her chamber, and said from the depths of her heart: "O daughter, no such beautiful youth have I seen as the young white king, and this young king shall be thy lord and consort, and no other." From these words it is seen that the king of France and his son came to grief with their secret wooing, which I have mentioned before.

For the young white king was indeed a comely youth, well built in body and bone, and had a sweet and lovely countenance and wonderfully beautiful yellow hair; he was called, on

account of his beauty and his fitness, the white king with the gracious countenance. Now when the young white king stood in the middle of the hall, the two queens advanced to him with great elegance and received him with royal honors, with great joy and friendliness. And as soon as the young queen saw the young white king she was pleased with his person, and with this same contentment her heart became inflamed with honorable love toward him. In this same hour, with her royal consent, the marriage was confidentially discussed and joyfully determined upon, and thereafter the banquet with great enjoyment carried out. How rich in joy was indeed this banquet, where such a royal marriage, between two persons of the greatest worth and beauty, was concluded!

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

Desiderius Erasmus (1467-1536), as he called himself according to the literary fashion of the time, changing the name of Gerhard to its Latin and Greek equivalent, was born at Rotterdam, a natural son of Gerhard of Praët. Left an orphan at an early age, he was induced against his inclination to take monastic vows in 1486, but effected his release from a life which he found distasteful, and went to Paris as secretary to the Bishop of Cambray. A student at the university of Paris, Erasmus' health was broken with the privations undergone, both in Paris and during the following years of scant existence. To Lord Mountjoy, whom he tutored at Paris, he owed an introduction to English society, and an acquaintance with the English scholars, More and Colet. In 1506 he made the journey to Italy, and published from the Aldine press his book of Adages (printed for the first time in 1500). In 1509 Erasmus returned to England, hoping much from the new king, Henry VIII., who as a prince was favorably inclined toward learning. At this time he composed in England the Praise of Folly, best known of Erasmus' works, perhaps because the Reformers found in it such valuable material for their attack upon the Roman church.

Dissatisfied with England as a place of residence, partly on account of the indifference of the king, and partly because of its remoteness from the great centres of publication, Erasmus returned to the continent in 1513, and took up his residence at Basel. Here he lived the greater part of his remaining years, engaged in literary work. The Reformation broke in rudely upon his labors. While sympathizing with Luther's early attempt to check the abuses of the church, Erasmus' interests were not theological. His work—and few men worked more strenuously—

was literary. To him all was unwelcome that threatened the repose necessary for the intellectual development of Europe. The Reformers, unable to recognize his position or to sympathize with a condition of indifference toward theological matters, branded him a moral coward, and traces of this unjust stigma have outlived the period of dogmatic controversy and lingered on into modern times.

Of Erasmus' numerous works the Colloquies is said to have had the greatest immediate circulation. "No book," says Hoefer, "passed through so many editions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the Colloquies of Erasmus. In them the author is found at his best, with all that nicety of observation, that caustic and incisive vein, that purity, that versatility and elegance of style which justify for Erasmus the name of the Voltaire of the sixteenth century."

For the latest contribution from a scholarly source to the history of Erasmus, cf. Dr. Ephraim Emerton's *Desiderius Erasmus*, in the "Heroes of the Reformation" series, Putnams, N. Y., 1899.

TWO COLLOQUIES.*

I. Naufragium.

A. These are dreadful things that you tell. Is that sailing? God forbid that any such idea should come into my head.

B. Indeed, what I have related is mere child's play compared with what you are about to hear.

A. I have heard more than enough of mishaps. I shudder while you narrate them, as though I myself were present at the danger.

B. Indeed, to me past struggles are pleasing. That night something happened which almost took away the captain's last hope of safety.

A. What, I pray?

B. The moon was bright that night, and one of the sailors was standing on the round-top (for so it was called, I believe) keeping a lookout for land. A globe of fire appeared beside him. It is considered by sailors to be an evil omen if the fire be single, a good omen if it be double. In ancient times these were thought to be Castor and Pollux.

A. What have they to do with sailors? One of them was a horseman, the other a boxer.

**Opera omnia (edidit J. Clericus)* Lvgd. Bat., P. van der Aa., 1703-1706.

B. Well this is the view of the poets. The captain who was sitting at the helm, spoke up. "Mate," said he, (for sailors address each other in this manner,) "do you see what is beside you?" "I see," he replied, "and I hope it may be lucky." By and by the globe of fire descended along the rigging and rolled up to the feet of the captain himself.

A. Did he perish with fear.

B. Sailors are accustomed to strange sights. The globe stayed there a while, then rolled along the side of the vessel and disappeared down through the middle of the deck. About noon the storm began to rage with great fury. Have you ever seen the Alps?

A. Yes, I have seen them.

B. Those mountains are mole-hills compared with the waves of the sea. When we were lifted up on the crest of a wave, we might have touched the moon with our fingers. As often as we went down between the billows, we seemed to be going direct to the infernal regions, the earth opening to receive us.

A. Foolish people, that trust themselves to the sea!

B. The sailors struggled in vain against the tempest, and at length the captain, quite pale, came toward us.

A. That pallor presages some great evil.

B. "Friends," says he, "I have lost control of my ship. The winds have conquered me, and nothing remains but to put our trust in God, and for every one to prepare himself for the last extremity."

A. O speech truly Scythian!

B. "But first," says he, "we shall relieve the ship of her cargo. Necessity, a stern mistress, commands this. It is better to save our lives, with the loss of our goods, than to perish along with our goods." The truth of this was evident to us;, and many vessels full of precious wares were thrown into the sea.

A. This was indeed a loss!

B. There was a certain Italian who had been upon an embassy to the king of Scotland; he had a box full of silver vessels, rings, cloth and silk garments.

A. Would he not compound with the sea?

B No; he wished either to perish with his beloved wealth, or to be saved along with it; and so he refused.

A. What did the captain say?

B. "So far as we are concerned," says he, "you are welcome to perish with your traps; but it is not right that we should all be endangered for the sake of your box, and rather than that we will throw you headlong into the sea, along with your box."

A. A speech worthy of a sailor.

B. So the Italian also made his contribution, with many imprecations upon the powers above and those below, that he had trusted his life to so barbarous an element. A little later the winds, in no wise softened by our offerings, broke the rigging and tore the sails into shreds.

A Alas! alas!

B. Again the sailor approaches us,—

A With further information?

B. He greets us. "Friends," says he, "It is time that everybody should commend himself to God and prepare for death." When certain ones who had some knowledge of the sea asked him how many hours he thought he could keep afloat, he said he could not say for certain, but that it would not be above three hours.

A. This information was more serious than the former.

B With these words he ordered all ropes to be severed and the mast cut with a saw close to the deck, and let it go by the board together with the yards.

A. Why was this done?

B. Because, since the sails were gone or torn to pieces, it was a burden rather than a help. All our hope was then in the helm.

A. What were the passengers doing meanwhile?

B. There you might have seen a miserable condition of affairs. The sailors, singing "*Salve, regina*," implored the Virgin mother, calling her star of the sea, queen of heaven, ruler of the world, harbor of safety, and flattering her with many other titles, which the holy scriptures nowhere attribute to her.

A. What has she to do with the sea, who never sailed, so far as I know.

B. Venus formerly had the care of sailors, because she was supposed to have been born of the sea; since she has ceased her care of them, the Virgin mother has been substituted for her, in her maternal, not in her virginal, capacity.

A. You are joking.

B. Some fell down upon the decks and worshiped the sea, pouring into the waves whatever oil was at hand, flattering it not otherwise than we used to flatter an angry prince.

A. What did they say?

B. "O, most merciful sea! O, most noble sea! O, most wealthy sea! Have pity, save us!" Many things of this sort they sang to the deaf sea.

A. Absurd superstition? What were the others doing?

B. Some were sufficiently occupied with sea-sickness; but most of them offered vows. Among them was a certain Englishman, who promised mountains of gold to our Lady of Walsingham, if only he might touch land alive. Some promised many things to the wood of the cross, which was in such a place; others again to the same in another place. The same was done in the case of the Virgin Mary, who reigns in many places; and they think the vow is of no avail, unless you name the place.

A. Absurd! as if the saints did not dwell in the heavens.

B. There were some who promised to be Carthusians. One promised to go to James, who lives at Compostella, with bare hands and feet, his body covered only with an iron coat of mail, begging his food besides.

A. Did nobody mention Christopher?

B. I could scarcely refrain from smiling when I heard one with a loud voice, lest he should not be heard, promise Christopher, who is in Paris, at the top of a church, a mountain rather than a statue, a wax candle as big as he himself. While he was bawling this out at the top of his voice, with now and then an additional emphasis, some acquaintance who was standing by touched him on the elbow and advised him, saying, "Have a care what you promise; for if you sell all your goods at auc-

tion, you will not be able to pay." Then says he, in a lower tone, lest Christopher should hear: "Hold your tongue, fool; do you think I am in earnest? When once I have touched land, I will not give him a tallow candle."

A. O, heavy wit! I take it he was a Dutchman.

B. No, but he was a Zealander.

A. I wonder that nobody thought of Paul the Apostle. He himself sailed, and when the ship was wrecked, leaped ashore; for he learned through misfortune to succor the unfortunate.

B. There was no mention of Paul.

A. Did they pray meanwhile?

B. Earnestly. One sang "*Salve! regina*," another "*Credo in Deum.*" Some there were who had especial prayers, not unlike magic formulas, against danger.

A. How religious we are in times of affliction! In times of prosperity neither God nor saints come into our head. What were you doing all this time? Did you offer vows to none of the saints?

B. Not one.

A. Why not?

B Because I do not drive bargains with the saints. For what is it other than a contract according to form? "I will give this, if you will do that; I will give you a wax candle, if I swim out of this; I will go to Rome, if you will save me."

A. But you sought the protection of some saint?

B. Not even that.

A. Why not?

B. Because Heaven is a large place. If I commend myself to some saint, St. Peter for example, who is most likely to hear me first of all, since he stands at the door; before he goes to God and explains my case I shall be already lost.

A. What did you do, then?

B. I went immediately to the Father himself, saying: "Our Father who art in Heaven." None of the saints hears sooner than He, nor gives more willingly what is asked.

A. But in the meanwhile did not your conscience cry out against you? were you not afraid to call him Father whom you have offended with so many transgressions?

B. To tell the truth, my conscience did terrify me a little; but presently I gathered courage, thinking to myself as follows: There is no father so angry with his son, but, if he sees him in danger, in a river or lake, would seize him by the hair and draw him out upon the bank. Amongst them all no one behaved more quietly than a certain woman who had a baby in her arms, which she was nursing.

A. What did she do?

B. She was the only one who did not cry or weep or promise. Embracing her child, she prayed silently. In the meantime the ship struck now and then, and the captain, fearing lest it should go to pieces, bound it fore and aft with cables.

A. What a miserable makeshift!

B. Meanwhile an aged priest, sixty years old, whose name was Adam, comes foreward. Casting off his clothes even to his shirt and his leather stockings as well, he ordered that we should prepare ourselves in a similar manner for swimming; and standing thus in the middle of the ship he preached to us out of Gerson the five truths concerning the usefulness of confession, exhorting us all to prepare ourselves for life or death. There was present also a Dominican. Those who wished confessed to these.

A. What did you do?

B. Seeing that confusion reigned everywhere, I confessed silently to God, condemning before him my unrighteousness and imploring his mercy.

A. Whither would you have gone, if you had died thus?

B. I left that to God as judge; nor was I disposed to be my own judge; yet in the meantime I was not without some hope. While these things were going on, the sailor returns to us weeping. "Let everyone prepare himself," says he, "for the ship will not last us beyond another quarter of an hour." For it was badly broken, and the sea was rushing in. A little later the sailor informed us that he saw a church tower, and advised us to pray to the saint for aid, whoever might be the patron of that church. All fall upon their knees and pray to the unknown saint.

A. If you had called him by name perhaps he might have heard you.

B. He was unknown to us. Meanwhile the captain steers the ship, shattered as it was, and leaking at every seam, and evidently ready to fall to pieces, had it not been bound with cables.

A. A sad condition of affairs.

B. We came so far in shore that the inhabitants of the place saw our danger; and running in crowds to the beach, they held up their coats and put their hats upon lances, to attract our attention; and threw their arms upward toward the skies, to signify that they were sorry for us.

A. I am anxious to know what happened.

B. The sea had already invaded the whole ship, so that we were likely to be no safer in the ship than in the sea.

A. Then you were obliged to flee to the holy anchor?

B. Nay, to the miserable one The sailors bail out the boat and lower it into the sea. All attempt to crowd into it, and the sailors remonstrate vigorously, crying that the boat is not able to hold such a crowd; that each one should lay hold of whatever he could find and take to swimming. There was no opportunity for deliberation. One took an oar, another a boat-hook, another a sink, another a plank; and all took to the waves, each one resting upon his means of salvation.

A. In the meantime what became of that poor woman, who alone did not cry out?

B. She came first of all to land.

A. How was that possible?

B. We placed her upon a wide board, and lashed her on so that she could not very well fall off. We gave her a paddle in her hand, which she might use instead of an oar, and, wishing her well, we set her adrift, pushing her forward with a pole, so that she might float wide of the ship, from which there was danger. She held her baby with her left hand and paddled with her right.

A. What a courageous woman!

B When nothing was left, some one pulled down a wooden image of the Virgin Mother, now rotten and hollowed out by the rats, and embracing it, began to swim.

A. Did the boat arrive safe?

B. They were the first ones to be lost.

A. How did that happen?

B Before it could get clear of the ship it tipped and was overturned

A. How badly managed! What then?

B While watching the others I nearly perished myself.

A. How so?

B. Because nothing remained for me to swim upon.

A. Corks would have been of use there.

B. Just at this time I would rather have had some cheap cork than a golden candlestick. Finally, as I was looking about, it occurred to me that the stump of the mast would be of use to me; but as I could not get it out alone, I got a companion to help me. We both threw ourselves upon it and so committed ourselves to the sea, I upon the right end, he upon the left. While we were thus tossing about, that priest, the sea chaplain, threw himself upon the middle, between our shoulders. He was a stout man. We cried out: "Who is this third man? He will cause us all to perish!" He, on the other hand, mildly replied: "Be of good cheer; there is room enough. God will be with us"

A. Why did he take to swimming so late?

B. He was to have been with the Dominican in the boat, for all deferred to him in this; but although they had confessed to one another on the ship, yet they had forgotten something, I know not what, and began confessing again at the ship's rail, and one laid his hand upon the other. Meanwhile the boat was lost; for Adam himself told me this.

A. What became of the Dominican?

B. He, the same one told me, implored the saints' help, put off his clothes and took to swimming all naked.

A. What saints did he invoke?

B. Dominic, Thomas, Vincent; but he relied most upon Catharine of Sens.

A. Did not Christ come into his mind?

B. This is what the priest told me.

A. He would have swum better had he not put off his holy cowl; with that off, how could Catharine of Sens recognize him? But go on about yourself.

B. While we were tossing about near the ship, which rolled hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, the helm broke the thigh of him who held the left end of our float, and he was knocked off. The priest prayed for his eternal rest, and succeeded to his place, urging me to hold courageously to my end and move my feet actively. In the meanwhile we swallowed a great deal of salt water. Neptune had mixed for us not only a salt bath, but a salt drink; but the priest soon had a remedy for that.

A. What, I pray.

B. As often as a wave came toward us, he turned the back of his head to it with his mouth firmly closed.

A. You say he was a stout old man?

B. Swimming thus for some time we had made considerable progress when the priest, who was a man of unusual height, said: "Be of good cheer: I feel bottom." Not having dared to hope for such happiness, I replied: "We are yet too far from shore to hope to find bottom." "No," he said: I feel the ground with my feet." "It is," I rejoined, "some of the boxes, perhaps, which the sea has tumbled thither." "No," said he, "I plainly feel the earth by scratching with my toes." We swam on for some time longer, and he felt bottom again. "You do," he said, "what seems to you best. I will give you the whole mast and trust myself to the bottom," and at the same time waiting for the waves to flow outward, he went forward as rapidly as he could. When the waves came again upon him, holding firmly to his knees with both hands he met the wave, sinking beneath it as sea-gulls and ducks are accustomed to do: and when the wave again receded he sprang up and ran. Seeing that this succeeded in his case, I did the same. Then some of the strongest of those who stood upon the beach, and those most used to the waves, fortified themselves against the force of the waves with long poles stretched between, so that the outermost held out a pole to the swimmer; and when he had grasped it, the whole line moved shorewards and so he was drawn safely on dry land. Some were saved in this manner.

A. How many?

B. Seven; but of these, two fainted with the heat, when set before the fire.

A. How many were you in the ship?

B. Fifty-eight.

A. O, cruel sea! At least it might have been content with the tithes, which suffice for the priests. Did it return so few out of so great a number?

B. We were surprisingly well treated by the people, who furnished us with all things with wonderful cheerfulness, lodging, fire, food, clothes, and provisions for our homeward journey.

A. What people were they?

B. Dutch.

A. No people are more civil, although they are surrounded with savage nations. You will not go to sea again, I take it?

B. No, not unless God sees fit to take away my senses.

A. And as for me, I would rather hear such tales than know them by experience.

II. Diversoria.

A. Why do so many people stop over for two or three days at Lyons? As for me, when I start upon a journey I do not rest until I come to my destination.

B. Indeed, I wonder that any one can be got away from the place.

A. Why, I pray?

B. Because that is the place the companions of Ulysses could not have been drawn away from. The Sirens are there. No one is treated better in his own home than there at an inn.

A. What do they do?

B Some woman was always standing near the table to divert the guests with wit and fun. First the woman of the house came to us, greeted us, and bade us to be of good cheer and make the best of what was set before us. Then came the daughter, a fine woman, merry in manner and tongue, so that she might have amused Cato himself. Nor do they talk to their guests as if they were strangers, but as if they were old acquaintances.

A. Yes, I admit that the French people are very civil.

B. But since they could not be present all the time, and the business of the house had to be attended to and the other

guests greeted, a girl well supplied with jokes attended us during the whole meal. She was well able to repay all jesters in their own coin. She kept the stories going until the daughter returned, for the mother was somewhat elderly.

A. But what sort of fare had you with all this? For the stomach is not filled with stories.

B. Fine! Indeed, I wonder that they can entertain guests so cheaply. Then too, after dinner they divert you with pleasant conversation, lest you should grow weary. It seemed to me I was at home, not travelling.

A. How about the sleeping accommodations?

B. Even there we were attended by girls, laughing, romping and playing; they asked us if we had any soiled clothes, washed them for us and brought them back. What more can I say? We saw nothing but women and girls, except in the stables; and even there they burst in occasionally. They embrace departing guests and send them away with as much affection as if they were all brothers or near relations.

A. Very likely such manners suit the French; as for me, the customs of Germany please me more. They are more manly.

B. I never happened to visit Germany; so tell me, I beg of you, in what manner the Germans entertain a guest.

A. I am not certain that the process is everywhere the same. I will relate what I have seen. Upon your arrival nobody greets you, lest they should seem to court a guest; for they consider that mean and unworthy of the German gravity. When you have shouted yourself hoarse, finally some one puts his head from the window of the stove-room (for they live there up to the middle of the summer), just as a snail pokes its head out of its shell. You have to ask him if you may be entertained there. If he does not tell you no, you understand that place will be made for you. To your inquiries, with a wave of his hand, he indicates where the stables are. There you are permitted to take care of your horse as you choose; for no servant lifts a finger. If the tavern is a large one, a servant will show you the stables and a rather inconvenient place for your horse. They keep the better places for those who are to come, especially for the nobility. If you find fault with anything,

you are told at once that if it does not please you, you are at liberty to hunt another tavern. In the cities it is with difficulty that you can get any hay, even a little, and then they sell it almost as dear as oats. When your horse is provided for, you go just as you are to the stove-room, boots, baggage and mud. There is one room for all comers.

B. Among the French they show the guests to sleeping-rooms, where they may change their clothes, bathe and warm themselves, or even take a nap, if they please.

A. Well, there is no such thing here. In the stove-room you take off your boots and put on slippers. If you like, you change your shirt; you hang your clothes, wet with rain, against the stove; and you sit by it yourself, in order to get dry. There is water at hand if you care to wash your hands, but it is generally so clean that you have to seek more water to wash off that ablution.

B. I cannot refrain from praising men who are so little softened with the elegancies of living.

A. Even if you arrive the fourth hour after noon you cannot get your supper before the ninth, and sometimes the tenth.

B. Why is that?

A. They serve nothing until they see all the guests assembled, in order that the same effort may serve for all.

B. They have an eye to labor saving.

A. You are right. And thus very often eighty or ninety persons are assembled in the same stove-room, footmen, horsemen, tradesmen, sailors, coachmen, farmers, boys, women, healthy people and sick people.

B. That is in truth a community of living.

A. One is combing his head, another wiping the perspiration from his face, another cleaning his winter shoes or boots, another reeks of garlic. What more could you desire? Here is no less confusion of tongues and of persons than there was once in the tower of Babel. But if they see a foreigner, who shows some evidence of distinction in his dress, they are all interested in him, and stare at him as if he were some animal from Africa. Even after they are at the table they turn their heads to get a look, and neglect their meals rather than lose sight of him.

B. At Rome, Paris and Venice no one wonders at anything.

A. Meanwhile you may not call for anything. When the evening is far advanced and no more guests are expected, an old servant appears, with gray beard, cropped head, a savage look and shabby clothes.

B. It was necessary that such should be cup-bearers to the Roman Cardinals.

A. He casts his eye about and silently reckons how many there are in the stove-room. The more there are present the more violently the stove is heated, although the weather may be uncomfortably warm outside. This is the certain indication of hospitality, that everybody should be dripping with sweat. If anyone who is not used to this steaming, should open a chink of a window, lest he be stifled, immediately he hears: "Shut it!" If you reply: "I cannot bear it!" you hear: "Then look out for another tavern!"

B. It seems to me there is nothing more dangerous than for so many persons to breathe the same air, especially when the pores are open, and then dine and stay there several hours. Not to speak of the odor of garlic and bad breaths. There are many, too, who are affected with secret diseases, and every distemper is to a certain degree infectious. Certainly many have the Spanish, or as some call it, the French evil, although it is common enough to all nations. I think there is not much less danger from these than from lepers. Just think, too, how great danger there is from the plague!

A. Oh, they are sturdy fellows. They laugh at these things.

B. But at the same time they are brave at the expense of many.

A. Well, what can you do about it? They are accustomed to it, and it is a sign of a constant mind not to depart from established customs.

B. Twenty-five years ago nothing was more common among the people of Brabant than public baths; now there is hardly one to be found, for the new ailment has taught us to avoid them.

A. But listen to the rest. The bearded Ganymede returns and spreads with linen cloths as many tables as he considers

necessary for the number of guests. But heavens and earth! how far from fine are the cloths. You would say they were sail-cloths taken down from the yard arms of a ship. He has reckoned on eight guests to each table. Those who know the custom of the country now sit down, each one where he pleases; for no distinction is made between a poor man and a rich man, between a master and a servant.

B. That is the old equality which tyranny has driven out of existence. Thus, I believe, Christ lived with his disciples.

A. Well, after all are seated, the grim Ganymede comes out and counts over his company once more. By and by he returns and sets before each guest a wooden dish and a spoon of the same kind of silver; then a glass and a little piece of bread. Each one polishes up his utensils in a leisurely way, while the porridge is cooking. And thus they sit not uncommonly for upwards of an hour.

B. Does no guest call for food in the meantime?

A. No one who is acquainted with the temper of the country. At length wine is served—good Lord, how far from being tasteless! Those who water their wine ought to drink no other kind, it is so thin and sharp. But if any guest seeks to obtain some other kind of wine, offering to pay extra for it, at first they dissemble, but with an expression as if they wished to murder you. If you insist upon it they answer that a great many counts and margraves have lodged there and none of them has complained of the quality of the wine; if it does not suit you, why then, look out for another tavern, for they look upon their noblemen as the only men of importance, and exhibit their coats of arms everywhere. Already, then, the guests have a crust to throw to their barking stomachs. By and by the dishes come on in great array. The first usually consists of pieces of bread soaked in meat-broth, or, if it be fish-day, in a broth of herbs. After this comes another kind of broth, then some kind of warmed-up meat or salt fish. Again the porridge is brought on, then some more substantial food, until, when the stomach is well tamed, they serve up roast meat or boiled fish, which is not to be despised. But here they are sparing, and take the dishes away quickly. In this

way they diversify the entertainment, like play-actors who mix choruses with their scenes, taking care that the last act shall be the best.

B. This is indeed the mark of a good poet.

A. Moreover, it would be an unpardonable offense if anybody in the meantime should say: "Take away this dish; nobody cares for it." You must sit there through the prescribed time, which they measure, I suppose, with an hour-glass. At last, the bearded fellow, or the inn-keeper himself, who differs very little from the servants in his dress, comes in and asks if there is anything wanted. By and by some better wine is brought on. They admire most him who drinks most; but although he is the greater consumer he pays no more than he who drinks least.

B. A curious people, indeed!

A. The result is that sometimes there are those who consume twice the value in wine of what they pay for the whole meal. But before I end my account of this entertainment, it is wonderful what a noise and confusion of voices arises, when all have begun to grow warm with drink. It is unnecessary to say that the riot is universal. So-called jesters thrust themselves in everywhere, and although there is no kind of human beings more despicable, yet you would scarcely believe how the Germans are pleased with them. They sing and prate, shout, dance and thump, so that the stove seems ready to fall. No one can hear another speak. But it seems to please them, and you are obliged to sit there, whether you will or not, until late into the night.

A. Now, do finally finish the entertainment; for I too am worn out with the length of it.

B. Very well. When at last the cheese, which hardly pleases them unless rotten and full of worms, has been taken away, the bearded fellow comes forth, bearing a trencher in which are drawn with chalk some circles and semi-circles, and lays it upon the table, so silent, meanwhile, and sad, that you would say he was some Charon. Then they who comprehend the design lay down their money, then another and still another, until the trencher is filled. Then having observed who has contributed,

he reckons it up silently; and if nothing is wanting he nods with his head.

B. What if there should be something over?

A. Perhaps he would return it. As a matter of fact, this sometimes happens.

B. Does nobody ever cry out against the reckoning as unjust?

A. Nobody who is prudent. For he would hear at once: "What sort of a fellow are you? You are paying no more than the others!"

B. This is certainly a frank kind of people you are telling about.

A. And if anybody, weary with his journey, asks to go to bed soon after supper, he is ordered to wait until the rest also go to bed.

B. I seem to see a Platonic city.

A. Then each is shown to his rest, and it is truly nothing more than a bed-chamber, for there is nothing there but a bed, and nothing else that you can use or steal.

B. Is there cleanliness?

A. Just as at dinner; linen washed six months ago, perhaps.

B. In the mean time what had become of the horses?

A. They were treated according to the same method as the men.

B. But do you get the same accommodations everywhere?

A. Sometimes more courteous, sometimes harsher than I have told you; but on the whole it is as I have said.

B. How would you like me to tell you how guests are treated in that part of Italy which is called Lombardy, or in Spain, or in England and in Wales? For the English have assimilated in part the French and in part the German customs, being a mixture of these two nations. The Welsh boast that they are the original English.

A. I should like you to tell me, for I never had occasion to see them.

B. At present I have not time, for the sailor told me to meet him at the third hour, or I should be left behind, and he has my baggage. Some other time we shall have an opportunity of chatting to our heart's content.

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

Ulrich von Hutten (1488 1523) was born in the Castle of Steckelberg, in Franconia, of the knightly class, and was destined, on account of his slight stature and delicate health, for the church. He broke through the parental plans, however, and gave himself to a life of literary effort. Von Hutten's career was full of adventure and disorder, and lacked purpose, until his association with the Reformers turned his ardent energies into a distinct channel. With all the impetuosity of his race he took up the cudgels against the papacy. Although co-operating with Luther, von Hutten's interests were never doctrinal, but economic and political. He looked forward to a united Germany, in which the emperor, with the free knights at his back, should sweep away the territorial barriers to his power, and rid the land of the Italian yoke as well. Although he contributed much to the advancement of the Lutheran movement in its early and critical stage, yet it was well for him and for the Reformers that he passed away before the movement came to be defined. He would have had little sympathy with its doctrinal tendencies, or with that alliance with the decentralizing forces in the empire, which alone assured its success.

INSPICIENTES.*

(*Sol, traversing the heavens in company with Phaeton, his son, having finished the uphill journey, employs his leisure in discussing with his young companion the manners and customs of the Germans, over whose land his chariot is now passing. Beneath him is Augsburg, where the diet of 1518 has just been assembled, whither Caietano, legate of Pope Leo X., has been sent for the purpose of adjusting a trifling controversy which has lately broken out at Wittenberg. The habitual drunkenness of the Germans has just been mentioned with regret*).

Sol. This fault is inborn with them, as deceit with the Italians, thievery with the Spaniards, pride with the French, and other vices with other peoples.

Phaeton. If indeed they must have a fault, I should rather they would have this one than those you have just mentioned. I hope, however, that time, which mends all human faults, will remove this as well. But let us turn our attention again to the Reichstag and the Pope's legate, for he (just look, father!) is moved to anger and heated with rage. Now he is shouting

* (*The On-lookers.*) *Ulrichi Hutteni equitis Germani opera.* Ed. E. Böcking, Vol. IV. Lips. 1860.

out something to us from his place in the procession; and I really believe that he is angry at us; for he is looking this way.

Sol. Yes, he is enraged at me. Listen, then, to what the little fellow says, as with wrinkled brow and haughty air he threatens me.

Caietan. Here, you! At my merest suggestion, not to speak of my command, you ought to shine clearer and brighter than you have been doing!

Sol. What's that you say, legate? What's that you say? Is this the way you talk to me?

Caietan. To you! As though you did not know you were guilty of a great crime!

Sol. In truth I do not. Tell me then, what evil thing have I done?

Caietan. I'll tell you then. So you are coming out a little, you rascal? You are shedding your rays upon the world? You who ought, upon my slightest hint (let alone my command) to shine clearer and brighter than you do.

Sol. I don't see yet, what evil I have done.

Caietan. You don't see? You who for ten whole days have shed no beam of your brightness; you who have obstinately wrapped yourself in clouds, as though you begrudged the world your light.

Sol. That is the fault of the astrologers and star-gazers, if it is anybody's fault, for they with their prognostications have arranged that I should not shine during this time.

Caietan. But you should have considered what would be agreeable to a legate of the pope rather than what would please the star-gazers. Don't you know what I promised you, when I left Italy, if you did not warm up the German lands, which are so unseasonably cold, and make them quite summer-like for me, so that I should have no need to wish myself back in Italy?

Sol. I paid no attention to your orders; for it has never been my opinion that mortal man could command the sun.

Caietan. It hasn't been your opinion? Perhaps you are not aware that a Roman bishop (who has in this instance endowed me with all his powers) has the power to bind and loose whate'er he will, in heaven and on earth?

Sol. I have heard of it, but I did not believe that what he claimed was true, for I have never known a mortal man to change anything up here.

Caietan. What? You do not believe it? Perverted Christian that you are, they ought to put you under the ban and hand you over to the devil for a heretic.

Sol. Would you cast me out of heaven and give me over to the devil, and, so to speak, blot the sun out of the skies?

Caietan. Indeed I will do it, if you do not quickly confess to one of my secretaries and seek absolution from me.

Sol. When I have confessed, what will you do with me then?

Caietan. I shall lay a penalty upon you, that you may hunger with fastings, or perform some difficult task, or tire yourself with pilgrimages, or give alms, or contribute something toward the Turkish war, or give money for an indulgence, wherewith the cathedral of St. Peter, which now is fallen into ruins at Rome, may be rebuilt; or if you wish to save your money, that you be scourged with rods for your sins.

Sol. That is rather severe. What will you do with me after that?

Caietan. Then I will absolve you and make you clean.

Sol. Thus, as the proverb runs, you will brighten up the sun?

Caietan. Yes, I will do that, if it please me, by virtue of the powers which the tenth Leo has conferred upon me.

Sol. What trickery do I hear! Do you mean to say, that any one, even amongst mortals, is silly enough to believe you have this power? Not to speak of the sun, that has oversight upon all. You had better go and take a dose of hellebore; for it seems to me you are losing your mind.

Caietan. "Losing my mind!" You are *de facto* under the ban; for you have spoken disrespectfully to the Pope's legate, whereby you have fallen into great and intolerable damnation. Therefore will I shortly proclaim you publicly and with all the pomp of a great assembly under the ban, because you have angered me.

Phaeton. Father, I should scorn this arrogance. What may a wretched mortal do against immortal creatures?

Sol. Let us rather treat him with contempt. He is indeed to be pitied, for he has gone mad through illness.

Phaeton. What sort of illness?

Sol. He is sick with greed. Since the matter which he has in hand in Germany will not come his way, he has fallen into a rage and lost his mind in consequence. But I am disposed to chaff him further. What say you, holy father? Would you condemn me unheard and guiltless?

Phaeton. Just as I have said. It is not customary to permit all those to have a hearing, who have been condemned by the Pope and his legates.

Sol. That would be wrong, however, if anybody but you should do it. But be gracious, I beseech you, and forgive me my sins just this once.

Caietan. Now you are talking properly; for whoever will not be damned, must sue for grace. Wherefore I command you, to look out for me, wherever I may be; and now, so long as I remain in Germany, to make good weather, and by virtue of your heat to banish that cold which tortures me yet even in the month of July.

Sol. Why don't you put the cold under the ban?

Caietan. That is worth thinking of; but you attend to that which I command.

Sol. I should have done this before, but I thought that you were engaged in some secret undertaking which you did not wish these ordinary German people to see. Wherefore I feared that if I should shine brightly, and display these secrets of yours to the eyes of the people, your affairs might miscarry.

Caietan. How could you show my secret affairs to others, when you do not know them yourself?

Sol. I don't know them? Do you think I don't know that your present wish is to prevent Charles from being chosen Roman King in accordance with the desires of his subjects? That you have many other things under way, in which, if the Germans knew, they would no longer assist you, but would hate you with a deadly hatred.

Caietan. Let them hate me, for they must fear me too. I have indeed not wished to have you disclose such things. Moreover, if you do it, you are under the ban.

Sol. What a tyrant you are, to be sure.

Caietan. Furthermore, I command you that you shall direct your arrow and shoot pestilence and sudden death amongst the Germans, in order that many benefices and spiritual fiefs may become vacant, that pensions may accrue and money flow to Rome, and something of all this shall be mine. For it is now a long time since clerics have been dying frequently enough in Germany. Do you hear what I tell you?

Sol. Perfectly.

Caietan. But first of all shoot at the bishops, that the *pallia* may be bought. Then hit the provosts and the wealthy prelates, in order that the Pope's new creatures may have wherewith to live; for they must be considered each according to his rank, in order that they may want nothing.

Sol. In order that I may bring about a pestilence it will be necessary to bring on clouds, to drop a mist upon the earth and darken the atmosphere; wherefore I fear that this bad weather will displease you.

Caietan. Well, I prefer that the pestilence should take place, so that the benefices may be vacant. So far as the atmosphere is concerned, darken it as little as you may; but if you cannot avoid it, do what is best and most useful.

Phaeton. O miserable rascal! Now for the first time I perceive where the shoe pinches, what pleases and displeases him, what makes him sad, what joyful! Let the stream flow to his desire, and he can endure all kinds of air, cold and bad weather. I will address him. Listen, wretched man. A shepherd should pasture his sheep, not murder them.

Caietan. What say you, church-thief? What say you, wicked driver? You, whom I shall crush and crunch in a moment with my curse. Will you seek to hinder my affairs!

Phaeton. Indeed, I certainly shall, if I am able. For why do you seek to kill those from whom you are forcing money in every way without this means?

Caietan. You accursed one, you malefactor, you condemned, a son of Satan, how dare you yelp against me? Is it wrong that a shepherd should shear his sheep?

Phaeton. That he should shear them is not wrong; for the

good shepherds do that as well; but they do not kill and flay them. Tell that to your Pope Leo, and say to him as well, that if he does not send henceforth more temperate legates into Germany, he will some day see a conspiracy of the sheep against an unjust, harsh and blood-thirsty shepherd, and they will perhaps do a deed that is both right and merited. Already indeed they sing and talk about you, and it is my opinion that they will no longer tolerate you, not even if you should send wagons full of excommunications against them across the mountains.

Caietan. You are letting out a thing that should not be talked about. Wherefore be you excommunicated! I lay this punishment upon you for the discourteous, thoughtless talk which you have addressed to me.

Phaeton. Then I leave you, an object of derision to the Germans, whom you are in the habit of plundering; and may they drive you hence with ridicule and abuse, even handle you roughly, and so use you, that you may be an example to posterity. Scorn be upon you! Thus I punish you.

Sol. Cease with your scurrility; it is time to guide our car down the slope and make way for the evening star. Let him lie, cheat, steal, rob and plunder at his own risk.

Phaeton. The devil fly away with him! Come, then, I will prick up the steeds and get us hence.

Jacta est alea.

LETTERS OF OBSCURE MEN.

Johannes Pfefferkorn, a converted Jew of Cologne, desiring to give evidence of his zeal for the Christian faith, secured from the emperor Maximilian I. an order which called for the suppression and destruction of all rabbinical writings, as hostile to Christianity. It was the belief of German humanists that Pfefferkorn was nothing more than the instrument of the Dominicans at Cologne, who sought in this manner to counteract the growing interest in the study of Hebrew. The archbishop of Mainz suspended the execution of the order until the matter could be more thoroughly investigated. Opinions regarding the value of the Hebrew writings were requested from several universities, from Jacob von Hochstraten, papal inquisitor of Cologne and from Johann Reuchlin. Of

**Epistolae obscurorum virorum* Ed. Böcking, Leipzig, 1864, *passim.*

these, Reuchlin alone went deeply into the subject. His report was favorable to the Hebrew writings as a whole, excepting certain ones which dealt in witchcraft or were abusive of Christian doctrine. These he considered worthy of extinction. In general, however, he was unfavorable to this method of combatting error, and suggested the foundation in each university of a chair of Hebrew, for the better understanding of these works. Other opinions were unfavorable, and thus Reuchlin stood alone as the champion of Hebrew lore and the defender, in this particular, of the claims of humanism.

Pfefferkorn continued to be the instrument of the Cologne party. His *Handspiegel*, which he sold, with his wife's help, at the great Frankfort fair of 1511, was a violent attack upon Reuchlin, who replied in the *Augenspiegel*, which in turn elicited a *Brandspeigel* from his detractor. The controversy was seasoned on both sides with the violent abuse of the time. The faculty of Cologne condemned the *Augenspiegel* as heretical in 1513. The University of Paris followed in 1514. Reuchlin was cited before the tribunal of the inquisition, and although his case was transferred to the curia, his book was publicly burned. A commission appointed by Leo X. sat at Speir and declared Reuchlin free of heresy, adjudging the costs to Hochstraten, whereupon the inquisitor proceeded to Rome, well supplied with funds, and secured a reversal of the decission. A protest of Reuchlin suspended execution, and the matter drifte l on in the curia without result.

But the case, if silenced in the ecclesiastical courts, was taken up before the bar of public opinion. Reuchlin, feeling the need of public rehabilitation, published in 1514 a book containing a selection of letters of sympathy addressed to him by men of note in the world of humanism. This was the *Clarorum virorum epistolae etc.* The title proved a source of inspiration for certain waggish scholars, humanists, and partisans of Reuchlin, whose identity even at this time is imperfectly known. In 1515 appeared at Hegenau the first series of letters, known as the *Epistolae virorum obscurorum.* The letters are addressed for the most part to Ortuin Gratius, a distinguished member of the faculty of Cologne, a man of high attainments and of ability as an author. The writers of the letters are supposed to be clergymen, at Rome and elsewhere, who seek or desire to impart information regarding the Reuchlin affair, or who appeal to Gratius to settle some point of dispute. The general effort of the letters is to expose the ignorance and baseness of the clergy and to throw ridicule upon the rank and file of the Cologne party. It is a part of the internal protest against the bigotry and shortcomings of the clergy, a protest that became schismatic only under the lead of Luther. The letters are supposed to be the work of half a dozen men ; but among them the most prominent are Crotus Rubeanus (1480-1540) and Ulrich von Hutten.

MASTER JOHANNES PELLIFEX PRESENTS HIS GREETING TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Friendly greeting and endless service, most worthy Master! Since, as Aristotle says in the Categories, it is not wholly useless in certain cases to give way to doubt, I will confess that a certain thing is lying heavily on my conscience. Not long ago I was at Frankfort fair, and, while walking along the street toward the market with a bachelor, we met two men who, to all appearances, were quite respectable; they wore black cloaks and great hoods with tassels hanging down behind. God is my witness that I believed they were two masters, and I greeted them, therefore, with reverence. Then the bachelor slapped me on the back and said: "For the love of God, what are you doing? They are Jews, and you have taken off your hat to them!" At this such a fright seized me as if I had seen the devil, and I answered: "Sir Baccalaureus, God have mercy upon me. I have done it in ignorance; so what do you think; is that a grievous sin?" Then at first he said: "According to my view it is a mortal sin, since it comes under the head of idolatry, and therefore violates the first of the ten commandments, which says, 'I believe in one God;' because, if any one honors a Jew or a heathen as if he were a Christian, he acts against Christendom, and puts himself in the position of a Jew or heathen, and then the Jews and heathen say: 'See how we are progressing, since the Christians honor us; for if we were not progressing, surely they would not honor us; and in this way they are strengthened in their evil ways, despise the Christian faith and refuse baptism." Upon this I answered: "That is very true, if the thing be done knowingly, but I have done it unknowingly, and ignorance excuses sin; for had I known that they were Jews, and then had shown them respect, then I should have deserved the gallows, because that would be a heresy. But neither by word nor deed—God knows—had I any knowledge whatsoever, for I believed they were two masters." Then he answered: It is nevertheless a sin," and related the following: "I too went once through a church, where a Jew, made of wood, with a hammer in his hand, stood before

our Saviour. I believed, however, that it was St Peter, and that he had the key in his hand; so I bent my knee and took off my cap. Then for the first time I saw that it was a Jew, and this made me very sad and repentant. But at confession, which I made in the Dominican convent, my father confessor told me that it was a mortal sin, since you must be on your guard. He would not have been able to give me absolution if he had not had episcopal powers, for it was a case reserved to the bishop; he also added that if I had done it intentionally, it would have been a case for the pope. So I was absolved because he had episcopal powers. And, really, I believe that if you would keep your conscience clear, you must confess to the officer of the consistory. Ignorance cannot excuse your sin, for you should have taken care. The Jews have always a yellow ring on the front of their cloaks, which you certainly ought to have seen, for I saw it; so it is gross ignorance on your part, and cannot effect forgiveness of sins." Thus reasoned in my case this bachelor. But, since you are a deeply-read theologian, I want to ask you earnestly and humbly that you will solve the above question for me, and write me whether it is a question here of a mortal or venial sin; whether it is a simple case, or an episcopal, or a papal reserved case. Also write me whether, according to your view, the citizens of Frankfort do right that they permit, in this wise, Jews to go about in the garb of our masters. It seems to me that it is not right, and likely to arouse great bitterness, that there should be no distinction between the Jews and our masters; also, it is a mockery of the sacred theology, and the most excellent Emperor and lord ought not to permit that a Jew, who is at the best only a dog and an enemy of Christ, should go about like a doctor of the sacred theology. I also send you a composition of Master Bernhard Plumilegus (in common language, Federleser), which he has sent to me from Wittenberg. You know him, for he was your fellow scholar at Deventer. He told me that you had jolly times together: he is a good fellow and cannot praise you enough. Then Farewell, in the Lord's name. Given at Leipzig.

NICHOLAS CAPRIMULGIUS, BACCALAUREUS, TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Many greetings, with deep respect to your excellency, as is my duty in writing to your Mastership. Most worthy Master, you must know that there is a most important question, in regard to which I desire and beseech a decision from your Mastership. There is here a certain Greek who, when he writes Greek, always puts accents over the words. Recently I had occasion to say: "Master Ortuin, from Deventer, also dealt with Greek grammar, and understood it quite as well as this man, and he never wrote the accents, and I know that he understood what he was doing quite as well as this man, and could have excelled the Greek if he had desired," But the others would not believe me, and my comrades and colleagues besought me to write your lordship that you might instruct me as to how it ought to be, whether you ought to put the accents there or not. If not, then we will make it so hot for the Greek that he will feel it, and we will bring it about that he shall have few listeners. I remember to have seen, when I was with you in Cologne at the house of Heinrich Quentel, where you were proof-reader and had to correct Greek, that you drew your pen through all accents that stood above the letters, with these words: "What is this foolishness?" And so it occurred to me that you had some reason for this, otherwise you would not have done it. You are a marvelous man, and God has imparted to you the great grace to know something of everything knowable. Therefore, you must give thanks to God the Lord, to the blessed Virgin and to all God's saints in your poetry. Take it not evil of me that I trouble your excellence with questions of this nature, since I do it for my instruction. Farewell. *Leipzig.*

MASTER JOHANNES HIPP TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, GREETING.

"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just: praise becometh the upright" (Psalms xxxii. 11). In order that you may not say in anger, "What does he want with this quotation?" you must hasten to read a piece of joyful news, which will wonderfully rejoice your excellence and which I will briefly relate. There was here a poet, by name Johannes Sommerfeld; he was very

arrogant, looked down upon masters of arts and made little of them in his lectures, saying that they were ignorant, that one poet was worth ten masters, and that in processions it was proper that poets should have precedence over masters and licentiates. He lectured on Pliny and other authors, and expressed himself to the effect that the masters of art were not masters of the seven liberal arts, but rather of the seven deadly sins; that they stood upon no good foundation, since they were not learned in poetics, but knew only Petrus Hispanus and the *Parva logicalia*. He had many listeners, and among them noble bursars, and he said there was nothing in the Scotists and the Thomists, and made sport of the holy teachers. The masters waited for convenient opportunity to avenge themselves, with the help of God, and it was the divine will that he held a discourse wherein he scored masters, doctors, licentiates and bachelors, praised his own branch and spoke slightingly of the holy theology. In this manner he aroused great anger on the part of the gentlemen of the faculty. The masters and doctors took counsel and said: "What shall we do? This man is behaving in a shocking manner; if we let him go on in this way the world will believe he is more learned than we. Let not these upstarts come and say they are of more importance than their elders, and in this way bring shame and ridicule upon our university." Then said Master Andreas Delitzsch, who, moreover, is a good poet, that it seemed to him that Sommerfeld was, in respect to the university, somewhat like the fifth wheel to a wagon, because he stood in the way of the other faculties, by whose aid the academic youth might be suitably prepared for graduation. The other masters swore that this was so, and the result was that they came to the conclusion that this poet should be expelled, or, at least, shut out, even if thereby they should draw upon themselves his enmity. They summoned him before the rector, and posted the summons on the church doors; he appeared with counsel, demanded the privilege of defending himself, and was accompanied with other friends, who stood by him. The masters demanded that these should retire, otherwise they would be forsworn if they appeared against the university. Indeed, the masters showed

themselves full of courage in this struggle; they remained firm and vowed that in the interest of justice they would spare no one. Certain jurists and courtiers plead for him. To these the masters replied that it was not possible; they had their statutes, and according to these statutes he must be dismissed. What was remarkable is, that the prince himself (Duke George) interceded for him. It did no good, however, for they said to the Duke that it was his duty to uphold the statutes of the university, for the statutes are to the university what the binding is to a book; were there no binding, then the leaves would fall apart, and were there no statutes there would be no order in the university; dissension would reign amongst its members and result in complete chaos. Therefore, the prince must look out for the best interests of the university, as his father had done before him. In this wise the prince allowed himself to be persuaded, and declared he could not stand out against the university, and that it was better for one to be dismissed than that the whole university should suffer. The masters were much pleased with this, and said: "My lord Duke, God be thanked for your wise decision." Then the rector caused an order to be posted upon the church doors, to the effect that Sommerfeld was retired for ten years. His auditors, however, expressed themselves variously in the matter, and said that the members of the council had done wrong toward Sommerfeld; but these gentlemen replied in turn that they did not care a penny's worth. Certain bursars expressed themselves to the effect that Sommerfeld would revenge himself for the insult and would summon the university before the Roman curia. Then the masters laughed and said: "Nonsense; what would the fellow accomplish?" And now that great harmony now reigns in the university, and Master Delitzsch lectures on the humanities; and also the master from Rothenburg, who has written a book quite three times as large as Virgil's complete works. He has gotten together much of value in this book in defence of our holy mother church and in praise of the saints; he has recommended especially our university, both the sacred theology and the humanistic faculty, and he blames those worldly and heathen poets. The masters also say that his poems are as good as the

poems of Virgil, and are without errors; for he perfectly understands the art of writing verse and has been a good versifier for the past twenty years. Wherefore, the gentlemen of the council gave him permission to lecture on this book instead of on Terence, for it is more valuable than Terence and inculcates good Christian doctrine, and does not deal with harlots and scalawags, like Terence. You must spread this news in your university, and perhaps it will happen to Busch as it has happened to Sommerfeld. When are you going to send me your book against Reuchlin? You often mention it, but nothing has come to me yet. You have written me you would be sure to send it, but you have not done so. May God forgive you, since you do not love me as I love you, for you are to me as my own heart. But send it to me, for "I have greatly desired to eat this Paschal lamb with you"—that is to say, to read this book. Also write me the news, and compose an essay or a few verses to my honor, if I be worth the trouble. Fare you well in Christ the Lord our God, from everlasting unto everlasting! Amen.

BROTHER SIMON WURST, DOCTOR OF SACRED THEOLOGY, TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, GREETING.

Since the defence of Johannes Pfefferkorn "against the calumnies, etc.," which he composed in Latin has been received here, we have had something new every day. One says this, another that; one is for him, another for Reuchlin; one defends, another condemns him; it is a desperate struggle, and they are angry enough to come to blows. If I should relate to you all the feuds that have arisen out of this book, the period of an Olympiad would not suffice, so I will merely make a few remarks by the way. The majority, and for the most part the worldly masters, the presbyters and brethren of the Minorites assert that Pfefferkorn could not possibly be the author of the book, for he has never learned a word of Latin. I replied that objection had no force, although it has been urged against many prominent men to this very day, but unjustly; for Johannes Pfefferkorn, who always carries pen and ink with him, could write down what he hears, whether it be in public lec-

tures, or in private assemblies, or when students or brethren from the Dominican order come to his house, or when he goes to the bath. Holy Lord, how many sermons must he have heard during twelve years! How many admonitions! How many quotations from the holy fathers! These he might retain in his memory, or he might communicate them to his wife, or write them on the wall, or enter them in his diary. In the same way I called attention briefly to the fact that Johannes Pfefferkorn says of himself—not with boasting—that he can apply to any theme, be it good or evil, everything that is contained in the Bible, or in the Holy Scriptures, either in Hebrew or in German; and he knows by heart all the evangels that are expounded the whole year through, and can say them off to a letter, a thing which those jurists and poets cannot do. Moreover, he has a son, Lorenz by name, a really talented young man, who is pale as a ghost from nothing but study; and indeed, I wonder that his father allows him to pursue his studies with those devilish poets. This son collects for his father sentences from the orators and poets upon every possible subject, as well those which he himself uses as those used by his teachers, and he also knows how to cite his Hugh. And thus Johannes Pfefferkorn has come to know much by means of this talented youth, and what he, as an unlearned man, is not able to accomplish of himself, his son does for him. Therefore, woe to all those who have spread abroad the false report that he did not himself write his books, but that the doctors and masters in Cologne are the true authors! Johannes Reuchlin has reason to blush and to sigh to eternity for having said that Johannes Pfefferkorn did not himself compose his "*Handspiegel*," whereby it has been contended amongst learned men that three men furnished him with the authorities which he cited. Whereupon a certain one said: "Who are those men?" I answered: "I do not know. I believe, however, that they are the same three men who appeared to Abraham, as we read in the first book of Moses." And when I had spoken they laughed at me and treated me as if I were a simpleton. I wish the devil would strike them with a plague, as is written in the book of Job, which we are now reading at table in our monastery. Say,

then, to Johannes Pfefferkorn, he must have patience, for I hope that God will work a miracle; and greet him in my name. Also greet for me his wife, since you know her well, but secretly. Farewell. Written in haste and without much reflection, at Antwerp.

MASTER BERTHOLD HÄCKERLING TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Brotherly love in the place of greeting, honored sir! When I left you I promised that I would keep you informed of all news, and let you know how I am getting along. Know, then, that I have been two months in the city of Rome and have as yet secured no patron. An assessor of the Roman curia was disposed to take me. I was quite delighted, and said: "It is well, sir, but will your magnificence kindly tell me what I shall have to do." He answered that I would be an hostler, and my duty would be to take care of a mule, to feed and water it, curry and rub it down, and have it in readiness when he wished to ride forth, with bridle, saddle and everything. Then I must run beside the mule to the court-room and back home again. I told him that such work was not for me; that I was a master of the liberal arts in Cologne, and could do nothing of the sort. He answered: "Well, if you don't want to do it, its your own loss." And so I believe I will go back home again. I certainly will not curry a mule or clean out stables. I had rather the devil would fly away with his mule, stable and all! And I believe, too, that it would be against the statutes of our university; for a master must conduct himself like a master. And it would be a great disgrace to the university if a Cologne master should do such a thing. For the honor of the university I shall return home. And, anyway, I do not like Rome; the people in the chancellery and in the curia are so haughty; you would not believe it. One of them said to me yesterday, he would spit upon Cologne masters. I told him I hoped he might have a chance to spit on the gallows. Then he said he too was a master, that is to say a master of the curia, and that a master of the curia stood high above a master of the liberal arts from Germany. I answered: "Impossible;" and said, moreover, "You mean to say you are as good as I, when you have passed

no examination, as I have, in which five masters have tested me thoroughly? You are a master made with a seal." Upon this he began to dispute with me and said: "What is a master?" I answered: "A person of proved ability, regularly promoted and graduated in the seven liberal arts, after he has passed the master's examination; who has the right to wear a gold ring, and a silken band on his gown, and who bears himself toward his pupils as a king toward his subjects. And *magister* is used in four senses: In one sense it is derived from *magis* and *ter*, because a master knows three times as much as an ordinary person. In the second sense from *magis* and *terreo*, because a master excites terror when his pupils look upon him. In the third sense from *magis* and *theron* (that is, *status*), because the master in his position must be higher than his pupils. In the fourth sense from *magis* and *sedere*, because the master must sit far higher than any one of his pupils." Then he asked me: "Who is your authority?" I answered that I had read it in the *Vade mecum*. At once he was disposed to blame the book, and said that it was no reliable source. I answered: "You discredit those ancients, and yet you do not know any better. I have never heard any one in Cologne discredit this book. Are you not ashamed of yourself?" And in great anger I left him. And once more I tell you that I am disposed to return to Germany, for there the masters are gentlemen, and rightly so. This I can show from the gospels, for Christ called Himself "Master" and not "Doctor" when He said, "Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye do well, for such am I." But I cannot write further, for I have no more paper, and it is far to the Campo Fiore. Farewell! Written at the Roman curia.

MASTER CONRADUS UNCKEBUNCK TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, MANY GREETINGS.

"A mouth have they and speak not; eyes have they and see not; ears have they and hear not," says the Psalmist. These words may serve as introduction and as text for what I am about to say. Master Ortuin has a mouth and speaks not; not even so much as to say to a servant of the curia on his way to Rome; "Give my regards to Conrad Unckebunck." Eyes has

he also and sees not; for I have written him many letters and he has not answered me, as if he read them not, or merely glanced at them. In the third place he has ears and hears not: for I have asked several friends to greet him when they came where he was; but he has heard none of my greetings; for he has not answered them. In this you clearly do wrong, for I am fond of you and you ought to be fond of me in return; but you are not, for you do not write me. I should be so glad if you would write me, for when I read your letters my inmost heart rejoices. I have heard, however, that you have few hearers, and that your complaint is that Busch and Cæsarius have drawn the scholars away from you; and yet they do not understand how to expound the poets allegorically, as you do, nor how to quote the holy writ. I believe the devil is in those poets. They are the ruin of all universities. I heard a Leipzig master, who has been a master for thirty-six years, say that in his younger days that university was in a flourishing condition, because there was no poet for twenty miles round about. And he also said that the students diligently prepared their lessons, as well the general as the professional, and it was reckoned a great disgrace if a student went through the streets without his *Petrus Hispanus* or the *Parva logicalia* under his arm; and if they were students of grammar they carried the *Partes* of Alexander, or the *Vade mecum*, or the *Exercitium puerorum*, or the *Opus minus*, or the *Dicta* of Johannes Sinthen. Moreover, in the schools they gave attention and held the masters of arts in honor, and when they saw a master they were as frightened as if they had seen the devil. And he said that the bachelor's degree was conferred four times a year, and that on each occasion sixty, or at least fifty, degrees were given. At that time the university was flourishing, if any one passed in half the subjects of a year's course he received the bachelor's degree, and if he passed in half the subjects for three years, a masters's degree: the result was that their parents were satisfied and willing to spend their money, for they saw that their sons were attaining to honors. But now students wished to hear Virgil and Pliny and other new-fangled authors, and when they have listened for five years, even then they are not graduated;

and when they go back home their parents ask: "What are you?" and they reply that they are nothing, but that they have studied poetry. But their parents do not know what that is; and when they see that they are not grammarians, they are dissatisfied with the university and regret having spent their money. And they say to others later on "Do not send your boys to the university, because they study nothing, but hang about the streets by night, and the money is wasted which is given for study." And this master told me further, that in his time there were quite two thousand students at Leipzig and as many at Erfurt, and at Vienna four thousand and as many at Cologne, and so on at the other universities. But now at all universities together there are not as many students as formerly at one or two. The Leipzig masters bewail the lack of students, for the poets have done them this injury. When parents send their sons to the bursaries and colleges they are unwilling to remain there, but go to the poets and study worthless stuff. He told me also that he himself formerly had forty pupils at Leipzig, and when he went to church, or to market, or to stroll in the Rosengarten, they marched along behind him, It was then a serious offense to study poetry; and when any one acknowledged in the confessional that he had secretly heard a bachelor expound Virgil, the priest imposed a severe penalty upon him, causing him to fast every Friday or to repeat each day seven penitential psalms. And he swore to me upon his conscience that a candidate for the master's degree had been turned down because one of the examiners had once seen him, on a holiday, reading Terence. If such conditions obtained nowadays in the universities, I should not be slaving here in the curia. But what can we do at the universities? There is nothing to be made. The bursars are no longer willing to stay in the bursaries or under the masters, and among twenty students scarcely one has any intention of studying for a degree; but all wish to study the humanities. And when a master lectures, he has no hearers; but the poets have at their lectures an incredible number of hearers. Thus, all the universities of Germany are losing; and we must pray to God that the poets may die, for "it is better that one should die," etc.; that is to say,

that the poets, of whom there are only a few in each university, should die, rather than that so many universities should perish. Write me now, or I will complain loudly of your negligence. Farewell. Written at Rome.

JOHANNES KALB TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

A friendly greeting, honorable sir and venerable master. It surprises me greatly that you are always pestering me with your everlasting demand: "Write me some news." You are always eager to learn the news, but I have other things to do. I cannot bother about novelties; as it is, I am obliged to run hither and thither and solicit in order to get a favorable decision and acquire that benefice. But if you will be content, I will write you once, so that in the future you may let me rest with your news. You have no doubt heard that the pope has a great animal, called Elephant, and that he holds it in great honor and loves it much. Now you must know that this animal is dead. When it was taken sick the pope was in great distress, and summoned several physicians and said to them: "If it is possible, cure Elephant for me." Then they did their best; made a careful diagnosis and administered a purge that cost five hundred golden florins, but it was in vain, for the animal died. The pope grieved much for Elephant. They say he gave a thousand ducats for Elephant; for it was a wonderful animal, and had a long snout of prodigious size. When it beheld the pope it knelt before him and cried with a terrible voice, "bar! bar! bar!" I believe there was no other animal of the kind in the world. They say, also, that the king of France and King Charles have concluded a peace for many years with mutual pledges. Many, however, are of the opinion that the peace was made with reservations and will not last long. I do not know what the facts really are, and do not care much; for when I come back to Germany I shall go to my pastorate and enjoy life. I have there many geese, chickens and ducks, and I can keep five or six cows, which will give me milk, so that I can make cheese and butter, I want to have a cook who understands such work. She must be an elderly woman; for if she were young, she would be a temptation to the flesh, and I

might sin. She must also know how to spin, for I will buy her flax. And I will also keep two or three pigs and fatten them, so that I shall have plenty of pork; for above all things I will supply my house with an abundance of material for the kitchen. Once in a while I will butcher an ox, sell half to the peasants and smoke the rest. Back of the house I have a garden, where I shall plant garlic, onions and parsley, and I shall also have cabbage, turnips and other things. In the winter I shall sit in my room and study, so that I may preach to the peasants out of the *Sermones parati* or the *Discipuli*, and also out of the Bible, and in this wise I shall be well fixed for preaching. And in summer I shall go fishing, or work in the garden, and take no heed of wars; for I shall live for myself, read my prayers and say mass, and have no care for those worldly affairs which bring destruction to the soul. Farewell. Written at the Roman curia.

*JOHANNES BUTZBACH.**

Johannes Butzbach, 1478-1526, is to be reckoned among the conservative humanists of the sixteenth century. The struggles of his earlier career, related in part below, give evidence of his high appreciation of the value of learning. This sentiment he never lost, and during the years of his administration of the affairs of the abbey of Laach, from 1507 to his death, his constant effort was to infuse into the life of his community a zeal for study and intellectual improvement. His literary activity centered upon the much debated question as to whether the reading of classical authors was conducive or detrimental to Christian morals. Butzbach, true to the traditions of Deventer, affirmed their utility, regarding their use as part of the preparation for the completer understanding of the holy scriptures, whose true significance might only be interpreted by men of universal culture. Replying to the objection, so often urged, that classical writings contained much that was contrary to Christian ethics, Butzbach founded his argument upon the saying of St. Basil, that the literary worker, like the bee, should learn to appropriate only the wholesome nectar and to reject the poisonous juices of the flowers amidst which he labored.

*The following selections are from the *Hodoporicon* or Little Book of Wandering. The sole manuscript of this autobiographical work of Butzbach is in possession of the library of the University of Bonn.

Book 1. Chapter 8.

In the earlier chapters Butzbach relates the story of his infancy and primary education. His career in the school of his native town was brought to an untimely close by repeated acts of truancy, resulting in a cruel chastisement at the hands of the master. About this time a neighbor's son, himself a wandering student, happened to be visiting at home, and offered to take the young Johannes under his protection and make a scholar of him. The parents, who resented Johannes' cruel treatment at the village master's hands, consented, and Johannes set forth with a slender store of money and a large equipment of blessings and hope.

Robbed of my parents and homeless, a living image of grief and sorrow, sobbing and crying aloud ceaselessly, I followed with hesitating steps the student striding on before. If I failed at any time to come to his bidding, he became ever freer with his harsh words and bitter reproaches as the way lengthened that seperated us from home. In this way he wounded still more my lacerated spirit. Indeed, he was by nature of unusual harshness; and the less cause he had to fear my escape, on account of the growing distance from home and my increasing ignorance of the way, the more he sought to hold me in check with fear and at the same time to spur me on with threats. After a march of two good miles, which indeed was no trifle, as they say, especially as in this instance they separated two creatures inspired with mutual love, we came from Miltenberg at nightfall to the village of Külsheim, already mentioned. Wearily I followed the student into the best inn that the place afforded.

Chapter 9.

As we entered the door of the inn, the landlord came forward to meet us, and very prudently inquired from what country we were come, whither we were bound and what might be our wish. The student gave him little satisfaction, but asked him if he could accommodate us. To this the landlord replied: "If your money is good, and you are good drinkers, you will be welcome guests." The student rejoined: "The money is all right. Just have the table prepared and an abundance to eat and drink set forth." "You talk well," replied the landlord,

"and I will do with pleasure what you ask. I wish, however, that there were more of you; for hoping that guests would arrive, I have prepared a more than usually sumptuous meal for this evening." When the student heard this he exclaimed: "That is a piece of good fortune, that you have prepared such abundant refreshment. I have here several relatives, with whom I shall be glad to pass a merry evening once more before my departure ; and since they are in service and not well-to-do, I will pay the whole reckoning, and you may rest easy on that score." "A bargain !" cried the landlord. "I will have them summoned at once."

The guests did not keep us waiting, but set themselves to the table and showed themselves valiant trenchermen. The student took no heed of what might become of his poor little companion. When the landlord inquired: "Where is the young fellow that came with you?" the student looked about him and replied; "I think he must have gone to sleep there behind the stove, tired out with the journey. Let him sleep and rest out. Sleep will do him more good than food."

Chapter 10.

I was not asleep, however, as he said; but I dared not express the feelings his words aroused. During the day, occupied with preparations for the journey, I had eaten very little, nor had I desired to eat. Now I was hungry, but I dared not come to the table without an invitation from the student. At the same time the gnawing in my stomach and the pangs of hunger let me neither sleep nor rest. I pretended to sleep, however, and surrendered myself patiently to my fate, picturing to myself my wretched and abandoned condition. When the meal was over, the student paid the reckoning for all the guests out of my money, just as though it had been his own. What could I say? What had I the courage to do or think under the circumstances? He regarded me as something delivered over to him, sold to him, indeed, or as some estray that he had picked up and made his property.

Early in the morning we got under way and came to the town of Bishofsheim, two miles distant. There we took a bite

and wandered on our way to Windsheim, an imperial city. As we entered the town I was lost in admiration of the massive walls, the houses high as the heavens, and the churches and towers, the like of which I had never seen in our native town or elsewhere.

On the following day we journeyed further and came to the city of Longenzenn. Here we were affectionately received by a citizen of the town, a weaver, who not long before had worked for several years with my father. By him we were entertained and otherwise hospitably treated. We conveyed to him the heartfelt greetings of our parents, as they had urgently requested. He consoled me for the separation from my parents as if I had been his own child, and succeeded in quieting my grief. He never tired of cheering my saddened spirit with friendly conversation; nor did he cease to sooth my wounded heart with gentle words, and cleverly cited as an example the fact that he, and my father as well, and many other persons, both of the worldly and of the spiritual order, of whom I knew, had been obliged to endure much in foreign countries, in order to learn something. The next morning, refreshed and consoled, he set me upon my way, once more urgently commending me to the student's care. Thence I wandered on with my little pack, along the hard and weary and unknown way, trotting ever along behind the student, to Nuremberg, a famous seat of trade and industry.

Chapter 11.

When at last I saw from the distance the towers and the blue smoke of Nuremberg, it almost seemed to me that I was looking, not at a single city, but at a whole world. I thought we had only a mile to go; but when we inquired of some people whom we met on the road how far it was, they replied that it was still three miles. It was not so much the distance as our impatient desire to reach the city, whose image lay before us on the horizon, that made the way so unwelcome. In order to while away the time, the student related some incidents tending to exalt his individual prowess. A song or a story generally causes the wanderer to forget the tedium of the way.

When toward evening we finally approached the city, we halted a little while under the walls, to prepare us for our entrance into the town. The student sought to spoil my expectations with his witticisms: "Since you have never been here before," he said among other things, "it will be necessary to sew up your mouth." When the tears rose in my eyes at this remark, he added: "Now follow me close behind and do not keep looking to this side and to that; and do not gape at the house-tops with open mouth. And look out that I do not have to wait for you ever now and then in the street, on account of your everlasting slowness, or when we come to the inn you will get a good thrashing."

So I slunk into the city all of a tremble, exhausted with the effort of keeping up with my companion. With very tired and bruised feet I followed the student through many streets paved with sharp stones, while from all sides crowds of school boys fell upon me. Because I gave no answer to their shout: "Are you a student?" they held their hands to their foreheads, stretched out like asses' ears, and followed me in this manner all the way to the inn. When they learned, however, that we intended to stop in the city, they ceased from further persecutions and began extolling with fulsome praises their school above all other schools in the land.

(*Here follow various adventures of travel*).

Chapter 16.

When we arrived at a village, he sent me on to beg, and waited for me at the further end of the place. If I came back with empty hands, he beat me furiously and cried: "Aha! by Heavens, I will teach you to beg yet!" If, however, I had succeeded in getting something choice, he devoured it at once, and I got only what remained. So it went on the whole time that I stayed with him. Indeed, he was so suspicious that he often forced me to rinse my mouth with water and spit it out, that he might see if I had perhaps appropriated something good from my begging; for it often happened that kindly women, moved by my modesty and my delicate youth, took me from the street into their houses, and when they had listened to the

story of my misery and of my sad parting from my parents, they were moved with pity and gave me as rich refreshment as their own children enjoyed. This dissatisfied the student greatly, on account of his envious nature, and as often as it came to his knowledge that such a piece of fortune had happened to me in his absence, he fell upon me with fist and stick.

Chapter 17.

He compelled me to beg through places so foul and muddy, that I was obliged to wade up to my ankles, sometimes up to my knees in mud, and like one who treads dough, could go neither forward nor backward. Sometimes I was attacked so savagely by watch-dogs that I believe, if the inhabitants had not come to my rescue, I should have been torn to pieces. The student himself had a great dislike for begging and did not practice it, recognizing that he would be laughed at by the peasant people as a great, lazy rascal, and he did not care to soil himself with the mud, which he knew was very deep in these places during the rainy weather. Moreover, in order not to be bothered by the dogs, it was his habit to go around the villages through the fields and meadows, a thing which he could not permit me to do, by reason of my begging. This custom he adopted on the other side of Nuremberg, and held rigidly to it until we came nearly to the town of Kaaden in Bohemia, and afterwards during the whole of the remaining time that I was with him on the journey.

In Kaaden we were invited by the rector of the school to take up our residence, and received one room for us both in the bursary. Shortly thereafter came two wandering students from Vienna with their *schützen*, and were shown into quarters with us during the day, or at least what was left of the day, after the public lesson, the chorus and the begging. I stayed in our cell, but during the night we young *schützen*, as many as there were of us, used to remain in the common room, on account of the cold, and sleep on a wooden platform over the stove. Once I fell off the platform, and although I did quite as much injury to my head as to the stove, nevertheless I was thought to deserve a severe censure on account of the damage I was guilty of.

Chapter 24.

(*After further adventures in Bohemia they came to Eger, where they secured positions in the houses of certain wealthy citizens, acting as tutors and companions to the sons of these citizens, and receiving board and lodging in return*).

The student was overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune. My own, however, which seemed to him even better, aroused his envy and anger. "It is not becoming," he said "that a *schütze* like you should be so quickly promoted among strangers, and see better times than I myself;" and since he had no longer any need, on account of his new position, of my services in begging, he handed me over to two other big students, for whom I was to forage during the winter. I complained of this to the lad who had been entrusted to me, and he told his parents, whereupon they advised me to come home with their son immediately after school and let the others go. After I had done this a few times, against the commands of the student, he caught me one day as we were coming from school and together with his companions dragged me to their quarters, where they tore the clothes from my body, beat me for a long time with rods upon my naked skin, and then left me tied in the room in the severe cold until the next day. Next morning he asked me if I was disposed to attend to my duties with the students, and I made haste to answer that I was. Then he unbound me, turned me over to his companions with threats and curses, and went his way to his dwelling.

Chapter 25.

Thus was my lad obliged to go to school alone that morning. When he learned what had happened to me, he hastened to acquaint his parents with the facts. The following evening, when we had returned from school, I related to them, at their request, all that had taken place, and they were much moved with compassion for me. They ordered me to remain in the house, to await whatever might occur. The student, however, when he became aware, both from complaints of his fellow-students, to whom he had sold me, and from my absence as well, of what had transpired, fell into a great rage, and came the fol-

lowing morning to our house, together with a great company of students and *schützen*. They succeeded in making their way up to the upper story, where we were, when the father opposed them with weapons in his hands, let drive at them promiscuously, and drove them out of the house and court-yard, calling after them that they should not presume again to enter there.

But alas for me! After this occurrence I knew not which way to turn. I had the courage neither to go to school nor even to run an errand out of doors, because my students sent me word that they would tear me to pieces, if they could catch me anywhere. Out of fear I gave up school, fled secretly from the city and betook me to the baths.* There I served the guests at an inn until the new year, when I was kidnaped by a Bohemian noble.

Thus was I forced, through the cruelty of my student, to give up school and the study of the sciences, since I could no longer endure his godless treatment of me; I, who had been so urgently recommended to him by my parents. Neither of us has met the other face to face since that time, nor have I ever learned what became of him. At the baths, however, I came across two *schützen*, who formerly had shared my room in the bursa at Kaaden, and they related that their students had been hanged for theft, committed at some place or other. Then the thought came to me, that something of the kind might have happened to mine. If this ever came to pass at a later time—which indeed I should not wish to happen—at least it was not necessary that he should have degenerated, for his father came to the gallows at home on account of theft. In the meantime I have heard, that after my departure he came once into the neighborhood of our native place, but did not enter the town, both on account of his shame, because his father had been hanged, and because he had lost me. His friends, to whom he contrived to send word secretly, went out to him, and with them my people, who had learned of his coming. When he was unable to answer their pressing inquiries as to where he

*Carlsbad.

had left me, and became involved in even greater contradictions, he took the first opportunity of getting away from them, and from that day to this he has never shown himself at our home.

Behold, you have before you all the misery to which I was exposed from my seventh to my twelfth year under the schoolmaster's rod, and you have seen what fidelity that wretched student, after all the careful recommendations of my parents, exhibited toward me in the midst of strangers. May the almighty God forgive him for that which he has done. Amen.

(*The second Book of Butzbach's narrative contains an account of his adventures among the heretics of Bohemia, during which his school experiences were wholly interrupted. He succeeded finally in returning home, where he found opportunity of resuming his studies under more favorable conditions.*

Book III. Chapter 8.

While occupied with the duties and exercises of a lay brother,* my inclination toward the higher functions of the brethren grew apace, and I deeply bewailed my misfortune, that I had been obliged to give up my studies. This did not escape the attention of the younger brethren, who had but recently come from the schools, and they secretly advised me to betake myself to Deventer. There was in our convent an elderly monk, Peter Schlarp by name, a very diligent and learned man, who gave me a letter of introduction to the rector of the high school at Deventer, Alexander Hegius.

Fortified with this letter I set out, although the abbot interposed some objections, and expressed himself as having no confidence in my success. In the preliminary examinations I was unable to answer the questions put to me, but because they were so astonished at the good and correct Latin of my letter of introduction I was put into the seventh grade, where I set out to master the rudiments of grammar, along with the little boys. But through want, hunger and cold I came into such distress that I was obliged again to give up the studies I had

* Butzbach had been accepted as lay brother in the monastery of St. John the Baptist at Johannisberg.

undertaken. With a few comrades, upon whose advice I acted, I left the place. Two noble lords, Johann G——, who afterwards died of the pest, and his brother Frederick, who is still living, interceded for me, and I was taken back into the cloister, although previous to this I had laid aside the garb and entered the cloister of Eberbach, unmindful of the commands of the abbot to return. This cloister is said to have been founded by St. Bernard at the time when he was in that region as imperial legate. Thus I received a second time the habit of the order, and a further departure, or a continuation of my studies, was no more to be thought of.

In a quiet way I had about reconciled myself to remaining here forever, when it happened one day that I had occasion to accompany the abbot to Frankfort. Here we encountered my mother. She had heard that I was already a "Lollard," had sought me in the cloister and had followed us with a heart full of sorrow. The whole day she interceded with the abbot, praying that she might be permitted to send me once more to school. But the abbot was not to be moved with the most urgent entreaty. When my mother saw that she could accomplish nothing in this way, she gave me money secretly and made me promise that upon our return I should leave the cloister, even against the abbot's will.

Chapter 9.

We returned to our cloister. I had not the courage to beg for permission to go forth. Already I was thoroughly reconciled to remaining in my humble condition. Then it happened that the abbot, disturbed in his heart by the woman's entreaty, came of his own accord to me. He spoke to me kindly, and said that I might undertake that which according to my knowledge and conscience seemed the better thing to do. All abashed at his graciousness, I confessed my fervent love for the sciences, and the desire, which had always animated my soul, to attain to the higher grades of the order.

Then the abbot said: "Go hence in the name of the Lord and remain ever steadfast in thy good resolve. Thy mother's wish shall be fulfilled. Go with zeal and endurance to thy

studies and complete them; then come hither and the order will be open to thee."

So for the third time I left the cloister and betook myself to my native town. I was a welcome guest with all my acquaintances; and when the people heard that I was going once more to school, there were certain masters who applauded my resolve and wished me luck. Others, on the contrary, thought I was too old and laughed at me. But my father expressed no little joy at the prospect, and gave me at once the money for the journey. Five guilders he gave me. Moreover he knew that my mother had still a very beautiful piece of money, which she had received from Hillig when he became engaged to her, and he urgently demanded I should have that too. But my mother was unwilling to give it up, and intended, without my father's knowledge, to give me another guilder in its place. Thereupon a serious quarrel ensued between them, the result of which was that my mother was soundly beaten and her hair severely pulled. When I saw that, I threw down my pack and the rest of my money, and with my brothers and sisters rushed to my mother's aid, against my father. I succeeded in dragging her from under his feet. Weeping bitterly, I left the house, and registered with myself a vow that after such occurrences, I would never again set foot in any school, nor would I even go back to the cloister. Meanwhile my father's anger had subsided, and when he came back once more to his senses, unable to endure the stings of conscience, he ran through the village in search of me. When at last he found me, he begged me in the agony of his spirit, not to abandon my design. I might forgive him his offence, since he had done wrong through his effort to further my plans. I should be reconciled and go on with my undertaking, which had given him so much pleasure. Thereupon he handed me the guilder obtained with so many blows, and I accepted it for the sake of peace, meaning secretly to return it to my mother at a later opportunity, when she accompanied me to the boat.

Finally, I tore myself away. Our boat sailed down the Main and onwards down the Rhine. We changed masters both at Mainz and Cologne. Unusually favorable winds filled our sails

and after nine days we landed at Deventer. Again I was examined by the rector, and put into the eighth grade. There I sat beside six other grown-up schoolmates, who in consequence of an insurrection had taken to study through fear; because a few days before our arrival a mob of seven thousand insurgents, who held a city in siege, had been overwhelmed by the Bishop of Maestricht and the Duke of Gueldres. A hundred of them had been condemned to death. These were executed on the day of my arrival and on the two days preceding, and I saw them still lying on the wheels. Of these schoolmates just mentioned, who entered upon their studies more out of fear than from any thirst for knowledge, only a few were steadfast. For the most part they were too slow of understanding and made no progress, while I strove night and day by diligent application to acquire a better degree of information.

Chapter 10.

It was not long before my classmates were dismissed. One of them, however, sat for four years in the same grade and scarcely learned to read, notwithstanding he dwelt with the teacher of his class, and had gone to considerable expense; but with no result. For my part, I had been in the eighth grade but a short time when I was permitted to pass over the seventh and to enter the sixth grade, and from this I came at Easter into the fifth. At that time I secured a place with the Brethren in the relief house, where only those from the fifth grade upward were received, and then only on condition that they intended to become monks. Moreover I was free to visit the house of a canon in the town, who was also provost at Zütphen, when I was in need; for before my entrance into the brotherhood house, while I dwelt in the city at the house of a very pious maiden lady, I had the opportunity, on several occasions, to be of service to the canon, by lending a helping hand to his sewing-people,* and on one occasion to the chief of his household. In addition to this I had made several other acquaint-

* After his return from Bohemia, Butzbach had been apprenticed to a tailor.

ances, who were favorably disposed toward me, and in time of need and suffering gave me much aid and comfort.

During this time I had to struggle against many and various difficulties in the way of ill-health and sickness; so that at times, in spite of all my eagerness for knowledge, I was half persuaded to give up the attempt. It seemed to me that never before, up to this time, had I been obliged to contend with such an insalubrious climate and such a raw atmosphere as in this place, whereby I was persecuted day by day with all kinds of torments and sickness, so continuously that I began to think seriously of hanging my studies on the nail and taking up again my old trade, if only to get away from this region and from its inhabitants. Now it was burning fevers, now tumorous affections, which threatened my life. Next came the quinsy, complicated with a swelling of the larynx; then the itch, and indeed in so horrible a form that my whole skin was stiff from it. In addition to this I often suffered from boils on various portions of my body. Then too I had a swelling of the feet, and often for considerable periods a swelling of the thigh. Finally I got help from a woman who possessed a knowledge of the art of healing. With an iron instrument she cut out the swelling from my thigh, which she called a "rose." I was almost crazed with the pain of the operation. Moreover I lived in constant fear lest some misfortune, of which they at home were also fearful, should overtake me. Almost never did I feel myself secure, and when, as it often happens, the outbreak of a war was apprehended, I feared lest I should be obliged to return home before the completion of my studies, still ignorant of the sciences, an object of ridicule to those who were of the opinion I would derive no benefit from my studies, and who, when I went seriously about it, looked upon me as insane. Moreover, it was daily rumored that the pest was at hand. At the outbreak of the pest or of war it was the custom to send scholars out of the town. Furthermore, I suffered much from an itching malady, called "fig warts," which covered the body like the bark of an oak tree. Moreover, I was constantly pestered with many other untoward conditions, with which the enemy, with divine permission, overwhelmed me, in order to

bring me from my undertaking, if such were possible. Strengthened, however, with the instructions of the pious Brethren of the Common Life, who interested themselves in the affairs of scholars with so much affection and with so much success; fortified also with the consolations of pious people, I overcame, thank God, all these tribulations with patience, and put to shame the treacherous enemy with all his machinations.

Chapter 11.

Now that all these sufferings have been lived down, I dwell upon them in my thoughts with much pleasure, because I believe that they were all sent me for the purification and advancement of my soul. Five times, however, it happened, that at the instigation of others I was on the point of giving up my studies and returning home. It even went so far at one time — it was a year after my arrival and I was then *Quintanus*—that one morning I made my preparations to depart in company with certain comrades. Suddenly, on the evening of the same day, the swelling of my feet and the abscess, of which I have spoken, attacked me. A journey under the circumstances was out of the question. I remained and was promoted to the fourth grade. Now I thank God for this dispensation. Had I departed at that time no one would have been able ever to induce me to return to so much misery.

Two reasons in particular may be adduced, which determined me to hold out and bound me fast to the sciences: my father's desire, while he was still living; and the prophecy, if I may call it so, of certain persons, that I should some time become a priest. The former was expressed at home; the latter at Johannisberg, while I was there as lay brother and cloister tailor; for on a certain occasion, while I was sitting at my work and engaged in confidential discourse with an elderly and invalid father, for whose care and service I was daily responsible; and while I was telling him how greatly to my sorrow I had been obliged, as a lad, to give up my studies—while, as I say, I was telling my story and lamenting that nothing had come out of my earlier studies and my desire to become a priest, a certain piece of round bread, which we call the host, and which

I had fastened to the wall over against my work-table, out of devotional feeling and from a desire to guard against the temptations to which the vigorous period of youth is especially subject, and also to have a remembrance of the sufferings of our Lord always before my eyes, this piece of bread, I say, to our great amazement, detached itself from the wall and fell to the floor. As the old man, who with shaking head sat behind the stove, perceived this, he stood up, in spite of the senile weakness which weighed so heavily upon him, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "See, Brother Johannes! This is without doubt a sign to thee of thy future priesthood! Thou shalt no longer doubt; but of a truth believe, that, when thou givest thyself again to study, this thing which has just happened shall have the meaning I have ascribed to it."

He also foretold the day and the hour of his death, and even after he was dead the brethren called him back to life, to make his confession.

His word I never forgot. A year passed before I again gave myself to study, and with my parents' help returned to school, and with God's grace and with the help of the blessed Virgin Mary, within four years according to the prophecy I became monk and priest. Now may this benefaction of God redound to the salvation of my soul, unworthy that I am, and the souls of my people, and to the glory of God! That is my most urgent wish.

Chapter 12.

The same was once said to my mother by a priest, a very worthy man and pastor in the town of Aschaffenburg, where once upon a time he brought me a chasuble to be repaired and heard the deep sigh I uttered to God, as I tried it on and said: "Would that I too could be a priest." Furthermore, my continuance at study was largely due to my late father's desire, who, living and dying, had expressed this as his especial wish. For this reason, during his life, he sent me to school, and on his deathbed he impressed this strongly upon my mother's mind. After his death, when I had given up the tailor's trade and was taking counsel with our friends, in reference to going

back to school, the following occurred: One morning, as my brother Kunz and I arose and were dressing, my father's spirit, just as he was in life, appeared in front of our room, remained standing a little time in the open doorway, and looked at me in an appealing way, as though he would say to me that I should carry out my plan, which had been for so long his dearest wish without fear of hesitation. More than anything else was this occurrence a spur to my zeal and it impelled me to persevere in my studies. If, indeed, I had been in some respects too little obedient to my father in his lifetime, now I desired to make amends, since he so earnestly desired that I should be a priest. God grant that now, when I am one, it may contribute to the repose of his soul!

After this digression I shall now take up the thread of my narrative, and I wish to occupy some little space with the praise of Deventer itself, where I endured all the privations which I have mentioned.

The people are wonderfully kind toward the poor, to an extent which I have observed nowhere else; and pious withal and much attached to religion. At the same time the town, by reason of its extensive trade with countries across the sea and with Holland and Zealand, is extraordinarily wealthy. May I be set down as a falsifier, if I have not known a citizen of the place, a great benefactor toward me and toward other poor people, who gave his daughter, upon the occasion of her marriage, a dowry of seventeen thousand guilders in hard cash. This same citizen's wife was also a very upright woman and wonderfully charitable toward the poor and toward strangers. No day passed that she did not invite some six or seven needy clergymen to her well-furnished table, not to speak of the alms which she was constantly giving to other poor men at her door. The kindness which this estimable woman showed me at the time of my sickness and need was truly remarkable, whether it be in the way of food, clothing and money, or with her cheering conversation. She and her family truly deserve to be rich, for they are not, as is the case with so many rich people, proud or miserly, nor do they place their trust upon the volume of their riches, but, gentle, generous and pitiful toward the prayers

of the poor, they set their hopes upon God. And this noble city has many more such God-fearing people.

In addition to this it possesses an excellent constitution and a well-regulated government. Alexander Hegius, formerly director of the high school at Deventer, has sung the praises of the city in the following brief verses, which are moreover his latest composition:

"Of the piety of Deventer
Through the town the rumor goes.
I esteem it worth the riches
Which there everywhere abound.
There the peasant is protected,
And the robber feels the law.
There each man receives what bounty,
Horse or foot, to him is due.
Ever full may stand the treasure,
Never touched by faction's hand.
Thus we pray, both youth and elder,
Night and day for native land.

As its patron saint the city reverences the holy confessor Leivin, once a monk of our order, and a pupil of St. Willibrod. In his honor was built a beautiful church, wherein his bones, together with those of certain other saints, as for example St. Margaret, whose remains were brought from Rome, and St. Rathbod, bishop of Maestricht, and many others, have been decently laid to rest in a costly chest. The holy Leivin came from England, and was the first who won this land to the Christian faith. He dwelt on the Yssel, a tributary of the Rhine, and even at the present day his house is shown by people dwelling in that neighborhood; although in truth, its appearance has much changed.

Besides the markets which are held at Deventer at various times of the year, the city has another advantage, whereby it has become famous, and rightfully so, far and wide, beyond all other cities of this region. This is due to its Latin school, renowned for a long time past, which, under the supervision of men of culture and ability, for a long time enjoyed great prosperity on account of its cultivation of the humanities. After

the death of Alexander Hegius, of whom I have spoken above, a man of the profoundest learning, versed in three languages, and withal a philosopher and poet, who died in the year of our Lord 1498, the first year of my student life in Deventer—since that time (with sorrow I chronicle the fact), the school has declined greatly, as reports from there inform me.

That was indeed a man worthy of all praise, as in fact he has been so deservedly extolled, both living and since his death, by many distinguished men. Like a brilliant light he shone above the people through his uprightness, his comprehensive knowledge and his great gifts, superior to all his learned contemporaries. His former pupil, the illustrious Desiderius Erasmus, in his *Adages*, pays high tribute to the great teacher. The accomplished Rudolph Agricola, in his time rector of the University of Heidelberg, and Johann von Dalberg, the cultured bishop of Worms, celebrated his brilliant gifts.*

Chapter 13.

The school at Deventer has been of great value to the reformed orders, insomuch as it has supplied them with many educated and scholarly men. So long as the school preserved its merited reputation, by means of good, thorough instruction and fundamental erudition, its graduates were everywhere eagerly sought. At that time you might see the better-prepared scholars and those best grounded in the humanities streaming into the orders at Deventer and at Zwoll; and they were superior material to that which I now find in the first and second classes; although at present they read, it is true, a better selection of authors in the schools than formerly. For I have heard it remarked, that outside of the Parables of Alanus, the Morals and the Ethics of Cato, the Fables of Æsop and a few writers of this type, for whom they have very little respect at present, it was seldom that anything else was read. On the other hand, a strong effort was made to broaden the student's mind by means of an inflexible industry, which yielded not to the greatest difficulties. Now, however, when all secondary

* Here follow selections from the poems of eminent humanists, written in honor of Hegius.

schools, even the least important, are filled with the various admirable works of old and new classical writers, both prose and poetry, the ardor is nevertheless weakened, and students for the most part apply themselves to their work like the donkey to his lyre, as the Greeks say, ὄνος πρὸς λύρην. All-devouring time permits nothing to endure. Hence the phenomenon that the orders began to decline as the school approached its downward path. Still, since the reformation of the orders, which is not yet a hundred years old in any cloister, they say that many men of intellect have been sent forth from this school, who have been received and provided for in the various cloisters of this section of Germany.

But it is time to return to my previous narrative. I must close with what I have already said of Deventer; moreover, these things are well known to those who have devoted themselves to the various branches of learning, and have laid the foundations of a wider culture. Many such—with joy I chronicle the fact—share with me here the holy service and bear the yoke of the Lord. Some have returned to the world's turmoil. But this digression, into which my love and my enthusiasm for the times gone by have led me, has been more extensive than I intended. Let us finally resume the course of our narrative.

Chapter 14.

I remained a half-year in the fifth class, under the guidance of an excellent man, Master Gottfried, a Baccalaureus of both laws and Master of Arts. After an examination I rose to the fourth class, where I passed a year under the industrious and well-instructed Master Johann von Venray, and with his permission, although I hardly deserved it, I came into the third class. This class was at that time under the charge of Master Bartholomew of Cologne, an unusually industrious and learned man. His writings, as well in prose as in verse, are admired by the greatest scholars and most highly praised; for he is a man of fine, broad mind, and of wonderful eloquence, and withal distinguished in many branches of knowledge. It seemed very strange to everybody that a man of his ability, versed in all departments of science, should keep to his studies,

like a perfect ignoramus, with tireless industry deep into the night. He was fond of industrious pupils and very cheerfully did for them what they desired; wherefore the energetic and zealous pupils, so far as I know, regarded him with so much love that, after they had devoted themselves to philosophic studies for several years in succession under so good a master and reader, and finally came to go away, they could hardly tear themselves from him. Although he indeed deserved it, yet he had never been honored by any university with the master's degree. For this reason he is at the present day a thorn in the side of many blockheads, who are proud of their empty titles, and his works have been criticised and unfavorably regarded as mere school exercises. In the meantime, as a true and genuine philosopher, he concerns himself not at all with such people, whose science consists merely in an empty title and certain externals, like a camel decked in purple. It is indeed better to possess the reality of knowledge than an empty name. What is a name without the thing itself? Of what avail are titles without ability? What avails an honor without the capacity? A characterization without the fact? Nowadays when any one, even without industry, has gone through his period of study, whether he knows anything of the essentials or not, it is an easy thing for him, by means of a present, to acquire the bachelor's degree, or the dignity of master or doctor. Our teacher Bartholomew for his part held to the ideas of the ancients; he despised every modern usage, and valued an earnest career of study more than empty splendor. A cultured spirit was to him more than a brow bedecked. What value has the red beretta, when within the spirit is shrouded in the darkness of ignorance? In any case knowledge without the title is more to be valued than the mere title, in which so many rejoice, without the knowledge. But of this I have more to say elsewhere.

When, as I have already remarked, I came to this highly cultivated philosopher in the third class, I made up my mind to remain until Easter, when I would go home and thence, with my parents' permission, back to Johannesberg in the Rheingau, whence I had gone forth, at my mother's urgent

request, and upon the encouragement of the brethren, to my studies. I wished to see whether I might assume the higher garb of our order, instead of that humbler garment, which I had put aside, and be received into the circle of the fathers. Scarcely had I been six weeks in the class, however, when it happened that the worthy father steward of the island of Niederwerth near Coblenz came to Deventer. Besides the other business with which he was commissioned, he had been requested by our distinguished lord, the Abbot of Laach, to bring with him several scholars, who were willing to serve the Lord in that cloister, of which he had been already ten years the head, under his secure guidance, in the monkish garb, according to the rule. When he had presented his letters, addressed to the rector, he also expressed his solicitude concerning this matter in the house of the Brethren. Moreover in other towns of this region, where his business took him, he made careful inquiries in schools, bursaries and brotherhood houses, as well as with private citizens; seeking young clerks, so-called, endowed with a sufficient knowledge of the sciences, and disposed to leave their further study for the sake of God's service, in order to devote themselves to the life of the cloister and to the investigation of holy writ. Something like three weeks elapsed, and as yet he had found no one who wished to accept his offer. Returning to Deventer, he considered it advisable to seek the coöperation of the rector, Master Ostendorp, who, as an eloquent and learned man, had succeeded the aforesaid Alexander in the government of the school. Master Ostendorp came at once to the third and fourth classes, and sought with eloquent words, such as stood to his command, to awaken enthusiasm among the scholars for the monastic life. First he spoke in praise of the Benedictines, then he spoke in terms of highest approbation of the abbey of Laach, as well as of the merit of its abbot. But all effort seemed in vain, so far as the scholars were concerned, for the lectures had already begun, and the auditors were inscribed with their new instructors. In many cases the lessons of the new classes had been begun, and the *honoraria* already discharged to the new instructors for the semester, and it was thought shameful and unbecoming to de-

mand these back from the rector and from the professors. Moreover, each one had already made his provision for food and lodging, and did not care to let these things go. Furthermore, it was an unsuitable time for traveling; a very great cold prevailed, which frightened every one from the project. (*Butzbach, however after much deliberation, accepted the offer and made the tedious winter journey up the Rhine to Laach, of which abbey he eventually became the head.*)

THOMAS PLATTER.*

Thomas Platter, 1499-1582, affords another example of the strong general impulse toward intellectual advancement which characterizes the eve of the Protestant Reformation in Germany. Born in Switzerland, in the canton of Wallis, Platter obtained the rudiments of his education at Schlettstadt, in the upper Rhine country. Successively rope-maker, proof-reader, publisher and finally chosen rector of the city school of Zürich, Platter, like Butzbach, ever displayed an ardor in the pursuit of learning, which no obstacles nor temporary interruptions of his course of study were able to extinguish. Led away in childhood upon a course of mendicancy and thievery, he came unscathed through these adverse experiences, retaining only an inflexible desire for that culture of which his wanderings had afforded so meagre a foretaste. A follower of the Zürich reformer, Platter took an active part in the struggles of the Zwinglian party, became one of the leaders in Swiss Protestant life, and died full of years and honors.

THE BACCHANTENSCHÜTZ.

When they would no longer let me herd the goats I went to a farmer who had married one of my cousins, a miserly and ill-tempered man. I had to herd his cows, for in most places in Wallis there were no common cow-herds; and whoever had no mountain pasture, whither he might conduct his cattle in summer, kept a herder for them, who pastured them on his employer's property. After I had been there for a while my cousin Fransy came, and wished to take me to my cousin, Master Antoni Platter, in order that I might learn my letters, as they say, when they put anyone in school. This cousin Antoni was no longer stationed at Grenchen, but at the church of St. Nicholas, in the village they call Gassen. When the

* Thomas und Felix Platter, bearbeitet von H. Boos. Leipzig, 1878.

farmer, who was called Antscho (that is Antoni) an der Habzucht, heard my cousin's intention, he was much dissatisfied. He said I would learn nothing; and putting the index finger of his right hand into the palm of his left, he added: "He will no more learn than I can poke my finger through my palm." I saw and heard this. Then my cousin replied: "But who can say? God has not denied him gifts. He might become an excellent priest." So she took me to the master. I was, I think, about nine or nine and a half years old. At first it was very unpleasant for me, because the master was a high-tempered man, and I an awkward peasant lad. He beat me savagely, seized me often by the ears and drew me from the hearth, so that I shrieked like a goat with the knife at his throat, and the neighbors often cried out against him, that he would murder me.

I did not stay long with him. About this time there came along another cousin, who had been away to school in Ulm and Munich and Bavaria. He was a Summermatter, son of my old grandfather's son. This student was named Paulus Summermatter. When my relatives spoke to him of me, he promised to take me with him and put me to school in Germany. As I learned of this I fell upon my knees and prayed to God the Almighty, that he would deliver me from the parson, who had taught me just nothing at all, but had beat me sore; for all I had learned was to sing the *Salve* for eggs, along with other pupils, who were also at the parson's, in the village. One time we thought we would perform a mass; so the other youngsters sent me into the church for a candle, which I stuck all lighted into my sleeve and burned me, so that I bear the mark of it to this day.

When the time came for Paulus to set out again upon his wanderings, I was to join him at Stalden. Near Stalden is a house called "The Mühlbach." There dwelt a man, called Simon zu der Summermatter, my mother's brother, who was supposed to be my guardian. He gave me a golden florin, which I carried in my hand all the way to Stalden, and often on the way I looked to see if I still had it; and there I gave it over to Paulus, and thus we went forth from home.

I had to beg now for myself and also to provide for my *bacchant*, Paulus; and on account of my simpleness and rustic speech people gave me freely. When at evening we crossed the Grimsel mountain and came to an inn, I saw there for the first time an earthenware stove. The moon was shining on the tiles of the stove and I thought it was a great calf, for I saw only two tiles, and these I took for its eyes. Next morning I saw some geese, which I had never seen before, and when they hissed at me I thought it was the devil, and that he would eat me up; and I fled screaming. At Lucerne I saw tiled roofs for the first time, and I marvelled at the red roofs. We came thence to Zürich, where Paulus waited for certain companions, who were to journey with us toward Meissen. In the meantime I went begging and completely provided Paulus' support, for whenever I entered an inn the people were pleased to hear me speak the dialect of Wallis and willingly gave to me. At that time there was a certain man in Zürich, who came from Wallis stock, an eccentric man, Karle by name, who was generally thought to be an exorcist; for he knew at all times what was going on here and there. He was well known to the Cardinal. This Karle came to me (for we had taken lodgings at a certain house), and said that if I would let him give me a certain number of stripes on my bare back, he would give me a Zürich piece of six. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and he seized me fast, laid me across a chair and lashed me well. When I was done smarting he begged of me I should lend him the money back again; he wished to sup with a lady, and was in need of a piece of six to pay the bill. I gave him the money, and never saw it again

After we had waited from eight to nine weeks for our companions, we set out for Meissen. For me it was a long journey, for I was not accustomed to go so far, and moreover I had to look out for our subsistence on the way. We set out then, eight or nine of us together, three little *schützen*, the rest big *bacchanten*, as they were called, among whom I was the smallest and the youngest *schütze* of all. When I did not travel briskly enough, my cousin Paulus who walked behind, pricked up my paces with a switch or a stick, laid upon my bare legs; for I had no hose and my shoes were worn out.

I can recollect no longer all that happened to us on the way; but some things I remember. While all sorts of things were being discussed as we marched along, the *bachanten* remarked to each other that it was the custom in Meissen and Silesia to permit scholars to steal geese and ducks and other things to eat, and that nothing would be done to them, unless they allowed themselves to be taken by the one to whom the property belonged. One day, not far from a village we saw a great flock of geese, unaccompanied by the goose-herd (for each village has its especial goose-herd), who was quite a distance away in company with the cow-herd. Thereupon I asked of my companions, the *schützen*: "When shall we be in Meissen, where I may kill geese?" They said: "We are there now." Then I took a stone, threw at a goose and hit it on the leg. The other geese flew away; the lame one, however, could not follow. Then I took another stone and hit it on the head, so that it fell; for I had learned the art of throwing stones while I was herding goats, so that no herder of my age could surpass me; and I could blow the herder's horn and leap with poles, for I had exercised these arts among my fellow herders. Then I ran up to the goose, seized it by the neck, stuck it under my coat and went on through the village. But the goose-herd came running after me and cried: "The boy has stolen one of my geese!" I and my fellow *schützen* with me took to our heels, and the goose's feet were sticking out from under my jacket. The peasants came on with spears, which they knew how to throw, and followed closely upon us. When I saw that I could not escape with the goose, I let it drop. Beyond the village I sprang aside from the road into the bushes, but two of my companions, who kept to the road, were overhauled by the peasants. They fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, saying they had done them no harm; and when the peasants saw that none of them had let the goose drop, they went back into the village, taking the goose with them. When I saw, however, how they pursued my companions, I was in deep distress. I said to myself: "Good heavens, I surely think I have not said my prayers to-day!" For I had been taught to say my prayers every morning. When the peasants returned to

the village they found our *bacchanten* at the inn ; for they had gone on ahead, and we were following. The peasants were of the opinion that they should pay for the goose ; it was a matter of two pence. I do not know whether they paid or not, but when they came back to us, they laughed and asked us how we had fared. I tried to excuse myself on the ground that it was the custom of the country ; but they said, the time for that had not yet come.

On another occasion a murderer came upon us in a wood, eleven miles this side of Nuremberg, when we happened to be all together. He sought to trifle with our *bacchanten*, in order to detain us until his companions came together. We had with us that time an honest fellow, by name Antoni Schallbetter from Visperzehenden in Wallis, who feared no four or five, as he had often shown in Nuremberg and Munich, and in many other places. He threatened the murderer, ordering him to get out of the way ; and he did so. It was so late, however, that we could only reach the nearest village. There were two inns, but few houses besides. When we entered one of the inns, the murderer was there before us, and still others, without doubt his companions. We would not stay there, and went to the other inn, but they came thither also. At supper time the people of the house were so busy that they would give us little fellows nothing to eat, for we never sat at table with our *bacchanten*. Nor would they give us any bed, but we must lie in the stables. When, however, they were conducting the big fellows to bed, Antoni said to the host: "Host, it seems to me you have rather unusual guests, and that you yourself are not much better. I tell you, landlord, you had better put us where we shall be safe, or we will kick up such a row for you, that your house will not be big enough to hold it." For the rascals made every effort to engage our fellows in a game of chess, a thing which I had never heard of before. Then they were shown to bed, and I, with the other fellows, were sent to lie supperless in the stables. There came in the night certain ones, the host himself with them very likely, to the chamber door, and sought to open it. Now Antoni had set a screw against the lock upon the inner side and rolled the bed against

the door and made a light; for he always carried candles and flint and steel with him; and quickly he wakened his companions. When the rascals heard this, they went away. Next morning we found neither host nor servant. This is the story they told to us boys. We were all rejoiced that nothing had happened to us in the stable. After we had gone a good mile we met with people, who, when they heard where we had passed the night, expressed their surprise that we had not all been murdered, for the entire village has the reputation of being a murderers' den.

About a quarter of a mile this side of Naumburg our big fellows remained behind in a village; for when they wished to feast, they sent us on ahead. There were five of us Then rode eight men out of the open country upon us with crossbows spanned, and demanded money, and turned their bolts upon us: for as yet no one bore firearms on horseback. Then one of them said: "Give us money!" One of us, who was pretty well grown, replied: "We have no money; we are poor scholars." A second time he cried: "Give us money!" But our companion said: "We have no money, and will give you no money, nor do we owe you any." Then the horseman drew his sword, and aimed a blow at his head, so that he severed the cord that held his pack. Our comrade was called Johannes von Schalen, and was from the village of Visp. Then they rode away into the wood, but we set on for Naumburg. Soon our *bachanten* came along: they had not seen the rascals We have often at other times been in danger from horsemen and murderers, both in the forest of Thuringia, in Franconia and in Poland.

At Naumburg we remained several weeks. We *schützen* went into the city. Some, who could sing, went singing, but I went begging. We attended no school, and the others would not suffer this, but threatened to force us to go to school. The school-master also ordered our *bacchanten* to go to school, or they would be arrested. Antoni sent him word to come ahead; and since there were several Swiss there, they let us know what day they were coming, so that we should not be taken unawares.

Then we little *schützen* carried stones up to the roof, while Antoni and others held the doors. When the school-master came with his whole following of *schützen* and *bacchanten*, we youngsters threw stones upon them, so that they gave way. Thereupon we learned that we had been complained of before the city authorities. We had a neighbor who was about to give his daughter a husband. He had a pen full of fat geese, of which we took three by night and retired to another quarter of the town. It was a suburb, but without walls, as indeed was the place where we had formerly been. There the Swiss joined us, and they feasted together. Then our fellows went to Halle in Saxony, and we entered the school at St. Ulrich's.

There, however, our *bacchanten* used us so shamefully that several of us conspired with my cousin Paulus, with the intention of running away from the *bacchanten*. In this manner we came to Dresden; but there were no good schools there, and our sleeping-rooms were so full of vermin, that at night we could hear them crawling under us in the straw.

Again we got under way and came to Breslau. On the way we suffered much from hunger, so that often we had nothing to eat but raw onions with salt, often for several days only roasted acorns, wild apples and pears. Many a night we lay under the open sky, when no one would suffer us to enter his house, however politely we begged for lodging; sometimes they set the dogs upon us. In Breslau, however, everything was abundant; so cheap, indeed, that the poor scholars overate and often fell into serious illness. At first we went to the school in the cathedral of the Holy Cross. When, however, we learned that there were some Swiss in the upper parish of St. Elizabeth, we went thither. There were two from Bremgarten, two from Mellingen and others, and many Swabians as well; there was no distinction made between Swabians and Swiss. We addressed each other as compatriots and protected each other.

The city of Breslau has seven parishes, and each parish has a separate school. No scholar is permitted to sing in another parish than his own, or they cry *Ad idem! ad idem!* and the *schützen* rush together and fight fiercely. There are said to have been several thousand *bacchanten* and *schützen* in the city

at one time, all of whom were supported with alms; some had been there from twenty to thirty years and even longer, and they had their *schätzen*, who begged for them. I have often of an evening carried five or six loads to my *bacchanten* at the school were they dwelt. People gave very willingly to me, because I was small and a Swiss; for they were very fond of the Swiss. There was great sympathy for the Swiss, because at this time they had fared ill in the battle of Milan,* wherefore it was the custom to say "The Swiss have lost their good luck;" for previously it was the belief that they were well nigh insuperable.

One day at the market-place I met two gentlemen or squires, and later on I learned that one of these was named Benzenauer and the other Fugger. As they were walking by I begged for alms, as was the custom with the poor scholars. The Fugger said to me, "Whence come you," and when he heard that I was Swiss, he spoke aside with Penzenauer and then said to me: "If you are really Swiss, I will adopt you and sign the papers before the authorities here in Breslau; but you must bind yourself to remain with me all your life long, and to attend me wherever I may be." I replied: "I have been entrusted to the care of a certain person from home, and I will speak to him about it." When, however, I mentioned the matter to my cousin Paulus, he said: "I have brought you from home and it is my intention to turn you over again to your people; what they tell you to do, that you can do." So I declined the Fugger's offer, but as often as I went to his house his people did not permit me to come away empty-handed.

There I remained a long time. One winter I was sick three times, so that I had to be taken to the hospital. The scholars have their special hospital and their own physician. The city gives sixteen heller a week for each scholar, and this answers very nicely. They have good care and good beds too, but there are so many insects that I preferred to lie in the common room, or, as many did, on the stove. The scholars and *bacchanten*, indeed the ordinary men, in many cases are so full of

* Marignano, September, 1515.

vermin that it is beyond belief. Many a time, especially in summer time, I went out to the Oder, which flows by the city, washed my shirt and hung it up on a bush to dry; meanwhile I picked the vermin from my coat, dug a hole in the ground, threw a handful of lice into it, covered them up with earth and set a cross upon the place. In the winter the *schützen* lay upon the stove in the school; the *bacchanten*, however, slept in their cells, of which there were several hundred at St. Elizabeth; in summer, however, when the weather was warm, we slept in the churchyard, collecting the grass, which in summer they spread in front of the houses in the fine streets on Sunday. This we carried to the churchyard, heaped it together in a corner, and there we lay like pigs in straw; but when it rained, we ran into the school, and during the thunder-showers we sang responses and other offices with the chanter almost the whole night through. Once in a while after supper in summer we went begging in the beer-houses. The drunken Polacks gave us so much beer that I often unwittingly became drunk, so that I could not get back to school, although I was only a stone's throw away. On the whole there was enough to eat in Breslau, but not much studying.

In the school at St. Elizabeth nine bachelors lectured at the same time in one room; of Greek there was no trace anywhere in that part of the country; moreover, no one had any printed books, except the teacher, who had a printed Terence. Whatever was presented had to be dictated in the first place, then analyzed, then construed, and at length expounded; so that the *bacchanten* had loads of trash to carry when they went home.

Thence eight of us went on to Dresden. We suffered greatly from hunger on the way. One day we determined to divide our forces; certain ones should go after geese, others after turnips and onions; one should bring a pot, and we little ones were to go to the town of Neumarkt, which lay not far away upon our road, and procure bread and salt. At evening we were to come together outside the town, and cook whatever we had collected. About a rifle-shot distance from the town was a spring, where we intended to spend the night. When the people in the town saw the fire, however, they came out, but

did not find us there; we took to our heels behind a ridge of ground toward a pond in the woods. The big fellows piled up bushes and made a hut; some of us plucked the geese, of which we had two, while others prepared the turnips for the pot, and put therein the heads and feet and entrails of the geese; still others made two wooden spits and began to roast the geese, and as soon as they were a little reddened with the heat we took them from the spit and ate them; and the turnips as well. In the night we heard a noise; near-by was a fish-pond; during the day the water had been drained off, and the fish were leaping in the mud. We gathered up the fish, as many as we could carry in a shirt fastened to a staff, and went hence to a village. There we gave one fish to a peasant, on condition that he should cook the others in beer for us.

When finally we came to Dresden, the schoolmaster and our *bacchanten* sent some of us boys forth to look about for geese. We agreed that I should throw at the geese, while the others were to get them and carry them away. After we had found a flock of geese, and they had caught sight of us, they flew away; then I threw a little club which I had with me up under them as they flew, and struck one of them, so that it fell to the ground. But my companions saw the goose-herd and dared not run for it, although they had considerable the start of the herder. Then the other geese flew down and surrounded the wounded goose and gabbled as though they were speaking to it; and it stood up again and went away with the others. I was vexed with my comrades, that they had not carried out their promises; but we did better after that, for we brought home two geese. These the *bacchanten* ate with the schoolmaster at a farewell feast. Thence we set out for Nuremberg and further on to Munich.

On the way, not far from Dresden, it happened that I went begging into a village and came up to a peasant's house. The peasant asked me who I was; and when he heard that I was a Swiss, he asked if I had not comrades who were also Swiss. I said: "My comrades are waiting for me outside the village." Then he answered: "Tell them to come!" He prepared a good meal for us and gave us plenty of beer. When we were quite

comfortable and the peasant with us, he said to his mother, who lay on the bed in the common room; "Mother, I have heard you say, you wanted very much to see a Swiss before you died; now here you see several of them; for I have invited them on your account." Then the mother raised herself, thanked her son for the guests and said: "I have heard so many good things said about Swiss, that I was very anxious to see one. It seems to me I shall now die that much easier; therefore, make merry!" and she lay down again. We thanked the peasant and departed.

As we came near Munich it was too late to see the city, so we had to spend the night in the lazaretto. When on the following morning we came to the city gate, they would not admit us; we had, however, an acquaintance in the city, whom we gave as reference. My cousin Paulus, who had been in Munich before, was permitted to look this man up, with whom he had lodged on the occasion of his former visit. He came and went security for us, and then they let us in. Paulus and I went to the house of a soap boiler, named Hans Schräll, who had taken his master's degree at Vienna, but was an enemy to priestcraft. He had married a beautiful girl, with whom he came, many years later, to Basel, where he worked at his trade; and many people here know him. I helped this master boil soap more than I went to school; went with him to the villages, buying ashes. Paulus, however, went to school in the parish of Our Lady and so did I, but rarely, merely because I had to sing for bread through the streets and support my *bacchant*, Paulus. The woman of the house was very fond of me; she had an old, blind, black dog, and it was my task to feed him make his bed and lead him into the court. She always said: "Tommy, take the best care of my doggy; you won't be any the worse for it." When we had been there a time, Paulus began to get too friendly with the maid. This the master would not permit. Then Paulus determined that we should go home, for we had not been at home in five years. So homeward we turned toward Wallis. My friends there could scarcely understand me; they said: "Our Tommy speaks so strangely that scarcely anybody can understand him;" for I was young then, and had

widow wrapped my feet in a warm piece of fur, which she put behind the stove, so that she could warm my feet when I came. She gave me then a dish of porridge and sent me home. I have been so hungry that I have driven the dogs from bones and gnawed at them, and I have sought and eaten out of the garbage.

Thence we went again to Munich. There I was obliged again to beg for money to make up the cloth, which, however, was not mine. A year later we returned to Ulm, with the intention of turning again toward home. I brought the cloth back with me, and begged again for the price of making. I distinctly remember that certain persons said to me: "Good heavens, is that coat not made yet? I guess you are playing us a trick." So we went away. I know not what became of the cloth, or whether the coat has been made or not. We came home, however, and went again to Munich.

On the Sunday of our arrival the *bacchanten* found lodgings, but we three little *schützen* were not so fortunate. Toward night we sought to go into the enclosure, that is to say the corn-market, in order to lie upon the sacks. Several women were sitting there near the salt-house, and asked where we were going. When they learned that we had no lodgings and that we were Swiss, one of them, a butcher woman, said to her maid: "Set the pot with what soup and meat is left over the fire. They must stop with me to-night, for I am fond of the Swiss. I once served at a tavern in Innsbruck, when the Emperor Maximilian was holding his court there. The Swiss had much to do with him at that time. They were so kind to me that I shall be fond of them so long as I live." She gave us enough to eat and to drink, and lodged us well. Next morning she said to us: "If one of you wishes to stay with me, I will give him his lodgings and his meat and drink." We were all willing, and asked which one she wanted; and as she looked us over, I seemed to her a little livelier than the others. So she took me, and I had nothing to do but hand her her beer, bring hides and meat from the shambles, and now and then accompany her to the field; but besides this I had to support my *bacchant*. That displeased the woman and she said to me:

"Good heavens, let that *bacchant* go, and stick to me! You do not need to beg." For a week I went neither to my *bacchant* nor to school. Then came my *bacchant* and knocked at the door of the butcher-woman's house. She said to me: "Your *bacchant* is there Say that you are sick;" and she let him in. She said to him: "You are a pretty gentlemen, in truth; and you want to see, do you, what Thomas is doing? Well he has been sick, and is so still." Then he said: "I am sorry, youngster. When you can go out again, come to me." Some time after I went one Sunday to vespers, and after vespers he said to me: "Here, you *schütze*, you don't mean to come to me! I will give you a good drubbing." I made up my mind, however, that he should not beat me any more, and I concluded to run away. On Monday I said to the butcher-woman: "I think I will go to school and then go and wash my shirt." I dared not say what I had in mind, for I feared that she might talk me out of it. I set out for Munich with a heavy heart, partly because I was running away from my cousin, with whom I had travelled so far, but who was so harsh and merciless with me. Then too, I was sorry to leave the butcher-woman, who had been so kind toward me. I crossed the river Isar; for I feared if I went to Switzerland, that Paulus would follow me. He had often threatened me and others, that if any one should run away from him, he would pursue him, and when he caught him he would break every bone in his body.

Across the Isar is a hill. There I sat down, gazed at the city and wept softly to myself, that I had no longer any one to take me up. My intention was to go toward Salzburg or toward Vienna in Austria. While I sat there a peasant came along with a wagon, carrying salt to Munich. He was already drunk, although the sun had just risen. I begged of him to let me ride, and he let me go with him, until he unhitched to feed. While this was going on I begged in the village; and not far beyond the village I waited for him and, while waiting, fell asleep. When I awoke, I wept bitterly, for I thought the peasant had gone along, and I grieved as though I had lost my father; but soon he came along, now thoroughly befuddled. He told me to mount again and asked me where I wanted to

go. I said: "To Salzburg;" and when evening came he left the highway and said: "Jump down: there is the road to Salzburg." We had travelled eight miles during the day.

I came to a village, and when I arose the next morning such a frost had fallen that it was like snow, and I had no shoes, only tattered stockings; no cap, only a jacket without folds. In this guise I went on to Passau, and from there it was my intention to go to Vienna by the Danube. When I came to Passau they would not let me in. Then I determined to go to Switzerland, and asked the watchman at the city gate which was the nearest way. He said: "By way of Munich;" but when I replied: "I do not wish to go by the way of Munich. I had rather make a circuit of ten miles or even further," he pointed out the way by Freisingen. There is a high school, and there I found Swiss, who asked me whence I came. But only two or three days passed before Paulus came with a halberd. The *schütze* said to me: "Your *bacchant* from Munich is here looking for you." Upon this I ran forth from the city gate, as though he were upon my heels, and made for Ulm.

I went to my saddler's wife, who formerly had warmed my feet in the rug. She took me into her house, and let me tend the turnips in the field. This I did, and went no more to school. Some weeks later a certain one, who had been Paulus' comrade, came to me and said: "Your cousin Paulus is here and looking for you." He had followed me for eighteen miles, because he had indeed lost a good thing in me. I had supported him for years. When I heard this, although it was night, I ran out through the city gate toward Constance, but grieved to myself, for it hurt me sore that I must leave my dear mistress. When I was nearly at Mörsburg I ran across a stone-mason from Thurgau. We met a young peasant, and the stone-mason said to me: "We must get some money out of this peasant." To him he said: "Here, peasant, hand out your money, or the devil fly away with you!" The peasant was frightened and I was sore afraid, and wished I was somewhere else. The peasant began to pull out his purse, but the stone-mason said: "That's all! I was just joking with you."

Thus I came across the lake to Constance. As I was crossing

the bridge I saw some Swiss peasants in their white jackets, and O Lord, how glad I was! I thought I was in the kingdom of Heaven. I came to Zürich, and found there some big *bacchanten* from Wallis. I offered to beg for them on condition that they should teach me; and they did so, as the others had done. At that time the Cardinal von Sitten was in Zürich, seeking to enroll citizens of Zürich to accompany him to the Pope's dominions; but it had rather to do with Milan, as the sequel proved some months later. Paulus sent his *schûtze*, Hildebrand, from Munich, to tell me I should come back to him; that he would forgive me. I did not care to do so, and remained in Zürich, but not to study.

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